PUBLIC LIBRARY
FORT WAYNE & ALLEN CO., IND.
ANNEX

ANNEX
cop. 1

B N16c

PUBLIC LIBRARY
Fort Wayne and Allen County, Ind.

EXTRACTS FROM RULES

A fine of ~~two~~ five cents a day shall be paid on each volume not returned when book is due. Injuries to books, and losses must be made good. Card holders must promptly notify the Librarian of change of residence under penalty of forfeiture of card.

EXTRACT FROM STATE LAW

Whoever shall wilfully or mischievously, cut, mark, mutilate, write in or upon, or otherwise deface any book, magazine, newspaper, or other property of any library organized under the laws of this state, shall be fined not less than ten dollars nor more than one hundred dollars.

Acme Library Card Pocket

KEEP YOUR CARD IN THIS POCKET

LIBRARY BUREAU CAT. NO. 1165

DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS FROM POCKET

ANNEX

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 1833 00683 4441

ANNEX

21 Mar
JUN 2

NAPOLEON
SELF-DESTROYED

JONATHAN CAPE AND HARRISON SMITH, INCORPORATED, 139 EAST 46th STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. AND 77 WELLINGTON STREET, W., TORONTO, CANADA. JONATHAN CAPE LTD., 30 BEDFORD SQUARE, LONDON, W. C. 1.

NAPOLEON

SELF-DESTROYED

BY PIERCE CLARK

blk + red

B
N16cl

FOREWORD BY
JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON

NEW YORK
JONATHAN CAPE AND HARRISON SMITH

COPYRIGHT, 1929, BY JONATHAN CAPE
AND HARRISON SMITH, INCORPORATED
FIRST PUBLISHED 1929

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
BY THE PLIMPTON PRESS, NORWOOD, MASS.
AND BOUND BY THE J. F. TAPLEY COMPANY

TO MY SON
PIERCE JR.

430446

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I GRATEFULLY acknowledge the valuable criticism of Prof. James Harvey Robinson and Prof. Harry Elmer Barnes on the historical significance of the text; and the assistance kindly extended by Dr. Rudolf M. Riefstahl, professor of Fine Arts and Dr. Herbert R. Cross, professor of the History of Art in New York University, on the validity of the portraits of Napoleon. Permission to publish illustrations was granted by the Century Company, and Braun & Cie, publishers of Napoleona.

FOREWORD

THERE is no other human being, so far as I know, about whom so much has been written as Napoleon. I cannot think even of a close second. The information in regard to him is so abundant and, as historic sources go, so authentic, that there are almost endless possibilities in interpreting his life and character. To H. G. Wells he was a "dark little archaic personage, hard, compact, capable, unscrupulous, imitative and neatly vulgar," who could do no more than strut on the crest of his "great mountain of opportunity like a cockerel on a dunghill." To the well-known historian of art, Elie Faure, writing at the same time as Wells, he can only be compared with Jesus. He was "the poet of action." "They both acted out their dream instead of dreaming their action." Havelock Ellis, who points out these opposed estimates, adjudges Wells to have been over conventional in his eloquent condemnation of "so supreme a protagonist of humanity, acclaimed by millions, of whom many gladly died for him and still occupying so large and glorious a place in human imagination." Heine's grenadier says it still better:

Was schiert mich Weib, was schiert mich Kind,
Ich trage weit besser Verlangen;
Lass sie betteln gehen wenn sie hungrig sind —
Mein Kaiser, mein Kaiser gefangen!

So there is always something new to say about Napoleon. Dr. Clark has, judged by one historical student at least, made

a very careful study indeed of a very great number of the best accounts of Napoleon we have, by writers of varying tastes who have set forth this phase and that of their intricate theme. His volume is a study of Napoleon's personality from the standpoint of recent psychological discoveries and hypotheses which could have had little weight in previous attempts to reconstruct his intimate character. This gives the book its great interest and suggests many neglected elements in the career of this supremely exciting human being.

James Harvey Robinson

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Foreword	ix
Introduction	xv
Prologue	xix
The Dawn of the French Revolution	1
"A Man Is Born to Be a Cæsar"	5
"Everyone Said of Me, 'That Boy Is No Good Except at Geometry.' I Was Dry as Parchment"	8
"Joseph May Be the Eldest, but I Am the Head of the Family"	14
"And They Have Dared to Say that I Could Not Write!"	23
"Toulon is There!"	26
A Whiff of Grapeshot	32
"I Left You with the Memories of Victory; and Now I Have Come Back to Face Defeats"	43
"I Will Answer George III from Egypt!"	50
"Patience! The Pear Is Nearly Ripe"	65
"Love Is the Most Harmful of All Passions"	77
"It Was a Crime but Not a Mistake"	82
"I Am Well"	91
"My Brave Desaix wished to die thus"	98
"I Am the State"	107
The Battle of the Three Epileptics	114
"If England Draws the Sword, I Shall Be the Last to Sheath it"	119

PAGE

" Vous êtes un homme! " 126

" I Am Obliged to Rely upon Myself Alone " 133

" The People Need a Chief " 141

" Farewell, Chère Amie! " 151

" Russia — Europe — the World! " 155

" Moscow! Moscow! " 161

" Magical Moscow Exists No More " 170

" My Game Is Going Awry " 181

" I Am the Cause of France's Unhappiness; I Must Effect a Cure " 188

" This Little Englishman Requires a Lesson " 192

" England Has Now Given Me the Greater and More Glorious Crown of Thorns " 202

" Ah, Doctor, Where Is the Blue Sky of Corsica? " 206

" After My Death, for the Nations My Name Shall Be the War-Cry of Their Struggles " 213

Evening Gun 224

" Posterity! What Will Posterity Say of Me? " 225

Bibliography 244

ILLUSTRATIONS

	OPPOSITE PAGE
St. Helena: The last phase, *by James Sant, R. A.* (Frontispiece)	
Napoleon enveloped in immortality, *by Rodin*	6
Sketch of Napoleon, *by a school companion, 1785*	10
Napoleon taunted by his companions at Brienne	18
Napoleon at Brienne	22
Lieutenant Bonaparte on the terrace of the Tuileries, *by Charlet*	26
General Bonaparte at the age of twenty-nine, *by André Dutertre*	34
Bonaparte at Le Maddelena, *by Philippoteaux*	38
Unfinished portrait of General Bonaparte, *by David*	42
Napoleon at Arcola, *by Gros*	50
The Pope and the Emperor, *by Laurens*	54
Napoleon, First Consul, *by Ingres*	70
Napoleon at the age of twenty-eight, *by Jean Guérin*	74
Napoleon, *by Ingres*	82
Napoleon crossing the Alps, *by David*	86
Coronation of Napoleon, *by David*	102
Napoleon, *by Paul Delaroche*	118
Napoleon, Emperor, *by LeFevre*	134
The distribution of the Eagles, *by David*	150
The burning of the Kremlin, *by Orange*	154
Napoleon with his troops, 1814, *by Messonier*	162

	OPPOSITE PAGE
Napoleon after his abdication, *by Paul Delaroche*	166
The emperor in 1814, *by Vernet*	182
The dethroned emperor on board the Bellerophon, *by Orchardson*	198
Last moments of Napoleon, *by Vincenzo Vela*	214
Napoleon at Malmaison, *by Isabey*	232
The dead Napoleon, *by Vernet*	234
The Awakening of Napoleon, *by Rude*	242
Death-mask	244

INTRODUCTION

THE reverses and downfall of Napoleon are generally extenuated as results of extraneous conditions; his successes, on the contrary, are lauded as manifestations of an innate spark of genius. Such estimates, even if correct in the main, are onesided. Without certain externals even Napoleon's genius might have failed, whereas on the other hand, with situations as they were, a personality free from the Napoleonic defect might have gained victory where history records the Corsican's defeat.

Every historical event admits of valid description and interpretation not only in physical but also in psychological terms. Yet, until quite recent years, most historians rejected as unscientific all attempts to go behind physical events and reconstruct the thoughts and feelings that animate human history. Although scientific tests are applied more easily to economic and behaviouristic accounts, the latter, even when accurate and complete, afford no basis for a real understanding of the things whereof they treat. Indeed, the more perfectly history succeeded in apeing the physical sciences, the more apparent it became that the mind cannot be measured by a yardstick or weighed in the physicist's balance. It soon was obvious, moreover, to every unprejudiced student that the "scientific" history of the nineteenth century disregarded a wealth of genuine data, condemning it as subjective despite the fact that it was pertinent, not to say essential, to a deeper understanding of history. Unless our scientific knowledge of the past was to remain external and devoid of insight, it was clearly necessary to develop a scientific approach and technique, not modeled

blindly on the approach and technique of the physical sciences but directly adapted to the human psychic material which is the life, the essence, of past historical events.

But while history might loiter in its search for a broader conception of its method, everyday life could not wait. Out of the practical necessity of bettering certain human situations and relationships there developed, on the basis of direct observation, a body of theory applicable to all human relationships, and hence available incidentally as a means of understanding history. We refer to the principles of dynamic or emotional psychology, or better, psychoanalysis.

Without attempting to determine the position of psychoanalytic theory among the other sciences, we attempt to apply that knowledge to the life and activities of Napoleon.

But psychoanalysis aims at understanding more than the conscious mind. In its study of the unconscious it holds a position somewhat like that of the microscope in the study of organic disease. It seeks its values beyond the vision and ken of ordinary superficial observation, hoping thus to arrive at more fundamental explanations. Psychoanalysis is not content merely to trace the stream of human conduct; it seeks to make patent the wellsprings thereof.

Several decades have passed since the first formulation and application of this " new " psychology. A wealth of data has been collected by hundreds of trained observers, and the theoretical structure raised thereon has been subject to untiring criticism. As a result psychoanalysis possesses a body of knowledge invaluable not only in advancing individual human welfare but also in understanding the history of the race in general. For it is not alone in the morbid symptoms of psychic disorders that the unconscious reveals itself. In art, religion,

and politics, it plays a rôle none the less important in that it is unseen. Efforts are now being made to gain a nearer, more detailed understanding of this secret influence.

In view of the revolution which apparently is taking place in so comparatively easy and so long established a science as physics, it would be too sanguine to regard the postulates of psychoanalysis as more than tentative. Their shortcomings, however, can be revealed most strikingly by the attempt to put them into practice, to apply them in the explanation of actual human beings. Moreover, the important thing is that in psychoanalysis we now possess for the first time a body of psychological theory sufficient to be tested by application.

It is interesting to note that although many professional historians of note are favourably disposed toward the attempt to apply psychoanalytic theory to the interpretation of history, there is a divided camp among the psychoanalysts themselves. The reason for much of their opposition is not far to seek. Psychoanalysis began as a way of discovering isolated complexes, as the placer miner discovers nuggets. Within the last decade, however, there has been a great advance in methodology, and correspondingly in pure theory. More thorough mining is now undertaken. The intricate ramifications of the personality are worked systematically. As is always the case, however, when a body of doctrine, be it scientific, religious or political, is growing, so here there are adherents of the older less developed theory who do not follow Freud's more recent "metapsychology." It is the broader principles of this later doctrine that provide the basis for such studies as the present one.

It has become a matter of common knowledge that, within certain limits, the analyst may know the nature of a neurotic individual's morbid fears or compulsions and may cure him by

removing the unconscious cause of his symptoms. Not all socially maladjusted people, however, are neurotic. Many there are with bad tempers, perverted libidinal trends and ill-defined delusions of persecution. The more recent developments of Freud's theory bring these individuals within the scope of psychoanalytic treatment and accordingly the nature of normal character formation has received appropriate theoretical interpretation.

Throughout the past century Napoleon has been accounted a classic example of the egoist. No precise analysis of this type of character has, however, been attempted. The intimate connection between Napoleon's egoism, his genius, and the psychic situation which brought about his downfall might remain mysterious but for the light thrown upon such character-formation by modern psychoanalysis.

In the present work our endeavour has been to select certain phases and episodes of Napoleon's life as most clearly illustrative of his psychological constitution, and upon this factual basis to explain the nature and evolution of his character from early childhood through his rise and fall until the time of his death. No attempt has been made to give a complete life history of Napoleon, which any number of biographers have so excellently and minutely done, but rather to touch upon the high lights of his stupendous career. The psychobiographical data have been taken from authentic historic accounts and Napoleon's own words, and the evolution of his unique makeup is freely interpreted in the terms of dynamic psychology.

If one bear in mind that the interpretations are but provisional, we may be pardoned for making use of this form of interpretative study of a great man.

PROLOGUE

NAPOLEON! This conjurer's name is a salvo of artillery which protests a decreasingly individualistic world.

It is a mistake to contend that Napoleon debauched France spiritually. This inference has been drawn from the fact that he depleted her natural resources and bled her soldiery bone-dry in so many rapidly executed campaigns. But in spirit France was not corrupted, nor did Napoleon humiliate her ever as much as have certain affairs that have taken place in our own time. Napoleon inspired the French with enthusiasm, with genuine courage to carry on and endure through national conflicts. He it is who has fired their spirit not only in his own time but through crises of more recent memory.

The zeal of the Revolutionary period had slackened into a do-nothing spiritual esotericism; the idealism of the moment attached diffuse importance to ideas which never led to action; Napoleon substituted a hero-worship that called once more not only for action but for sanguinary punishment. But for all the blood he shed the French nation looks not upon his deeds with shame. The most humble soldier and peasant feel at one with Napoleon, as if they too were cast in the same heroic mould. Though the inspiring presence soon departed it left an ecstasy to dominate all time. The life of Napoleon with all its human achievements stands forth from the legend, as a colossal and glorious performance; as such history will acclaim it more and more.

From the military standpoint, Napoleon is the general whose strategy is the model according to which modern war-

fare has been fashioned. In its general aspect it is indeed but a recrudescence of the half unconscious strategy of more remote conflicts, the great invasions the success of which so largely depended upon mass movement. But Napoleon adds conscious calculation to gain the utmost precision and *finesse* in the functioning of his war machine. The time element is everywhere calculated to a nicety and everything depends upon the temporal coöperation of the several forces at his disposal. Consequently when the rhythm of his plan is at last broken, his vast campaigns fall to pieces because of their innate self-generated disharmony. The outer impacts but emphasize the inner discord and arythmia. The same disjointed condition extends in the end to realms beyond the military, so that, as we shall see, the emperor's utter downfall is compassed primarily by this lack of inner harmony.

Although the *levée en masse* is an invention of the French revolution it gained central importance for Napoleon because it so singularly satisfied the inner promptings of his spirit. By giving him unlimited replacement of men, the *levée* enabled him to force a quick decision seemingly without regard for losses. He therefore can crush his opponents rather than slowly exhaust them by manoeuvres. In the end his method is much less costly in men and material resources, though for a time one must have a Napoleonic courage so profligately to spend materials of war.

His bold acceptance of a gambler's chance receives a certain legitimate position in all warfare, even in recent war strategy. Rapidly moving his heroic and patriotically inflamed soldiery, Napoleon is able to live for a time at the expense of the invaded country, unhampered by the necessity of keeping in touch with the base of supplies. We shall see, however, that

this device relied upon too frequently and too greatly is one of the causes of his downfall. His racehorse speed could not brook even the momentary delay occasioned by the death-throes of his beaten enemies, and the protracted struggles and forced idleness of the bleak Russian campaign finally breaks the charm which could bring victory only in situations permitting quick decision and action.

It is not the purpose of this book to bring forth new data on the Napoleonic epoch. All the incidents here related are fully recounted in standard works of reference. The object of this study is so to use incidents in the outer life of Napoleon as to illustrate the inner development of a grand neurosis of a type common even to-day, a neurosis whose victims are so often ranked as perfectly sane and normal. Until one understands the great delusion of the Napoleonic type of mind and its tragic sequellae, one must look on Napoleon's career with either unbounded admiration or unbounded scorn. We are disposed to disregard both attitudes, and to submit Napoleon's singular and unique character to analysis, noting the development and finale of this great personality which now, in the light of dynamic psychology, has become less a mystery than formerly.

Paradoxical as the phrase may seem, Napoleon may be said to have had a sane neurosis, or better, a delusional sanity. Long ago Freud observed that there are many persons who, though seriously maladjusted to life, possess no desire to gain a rapport with their environment. These persons are characterized by excessive unchecked egoistic tendencies which they have no will to bring into harmony, and are called narcists, the term being derived from the Greek myth of Narcissus, the son of a river god, who pined away because of a consuming

passion to possess his own beautiful image reflected in the depths of a pool.

The morbid excess of narcism in Napoleon as it was manifested in his overweening desire for omnipotence will be the chief object of our study. It is impossible, of course, to give as elaborate an exposition of the development of the ego as would be necessary for a full understanding of the manner in which perversions in the normal evolution of the ego take place. The barest outline must suffice. We know that the nucleus of the ego lies deeply buried in the personality even before birth, though it is only vaguely detected in the first months of infancy. Whence come those emotions that later encourage and protect the growing ego, in infancy so weak? They are drawn essentially from the first associations with the mother — not the mother as a person, but as an object present in the act of nursing; in the breast relationship. When the child is weaned it may either experience an insufficiency of living through this epoch, or the period may be too prolonged. As evidenced in Napoleon's infancy, the child may remain bound spiritually to the mother and remain fixed in the nursing relationship. Out of the unrequited longing for this situation of complete self-satisfaction all sorts of character defects arise.

Although we do not possess sufficiently sensitive instruments to gauge the living process and the beginnings of mind, in our study of the Napoleonic character type we may consider problematically the reality-principle by which it is probable man first became aware of his environment as separate from himself, and built up within his soul a feeling of omnipotence, to which the narcist is unconsciously bound throughout life.

If one defines omnipotence negatively, as the state wherein all needs are satisfied, the child before birth seems truly omni-

potent. It may be doubted, however, whether the prenatal state is really as free from desire as one at first would picture it. There is good evidence that in a limited, shadowy way, life before birth is as definitely reactive as it is after man has had independent earthly existence thrust upon him. But reaction implies dissatisfaction, and therefore the unborn child seems already to possess the experience which is always to control and shape his psychic life.

The behaviour of the human being at birth shows at all events that the environment does not then conform in all respects to his needs. The infant at this period makes very amateurish and poorly adapted motions to rid itself of the flood of disturbing stimuli. It uses types of movements that were perhaps sufficient in its former limited sphere but are now no longer adequate. At this period of life the babe imagines that he has recaptured his former state of perfection and in this imaginary repossession of the foetal situation he lives through a period of magic hallucinatory omnipotence. Napoleon in his adult twilight states and lethargies was repeating this infantile flight from unpleasant reality and thereby relieving his early infancy.

Soon, however, the normally developing ego becomes aware that this process of hallucinosis is insufficient to appease desires. Crying and other acts in the real environment are resorted to as more efficient but mysterious, magical instruments for obtaining food and other means of pleasure. As the child's wants grow in complexity, the magic signals keep pace. The child thus retains a feeling of mysterious power resident in himself. Napoleon felt that his magic presence alone gave his legions inspiration to carry the battle to a successful fruition.

With the inexorable demands of an ever-widening outer

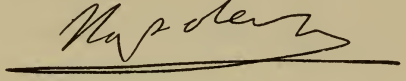
world, the individual must learn in time to become resigned to the fact that only a part of the world is at his disposal. Throughout Napoleon's eventful life the outer world often opposed his wishes. Yet he continually strove to conquer it throughout its full extent. He sought to master the universe as if his right to master were divine.

Mankind was compelled, not through spontaneous strivings towards development but through necessity, to adjust to the demanded renunciation. The first great repression is made necessary by his expulsion from his Nirvana; birth occurs without his intention or coöperation. Man is forced out into the world and has to repress the desire for those satisfactions to which he had become accustomed but which are no longer obtainable. The same cruel game is repeated with every stage of development. Napoleon was never willing to accept these inexorable demands of reality.

During infancy the objective demarcations of Napoleon's narcistic character are difficult to detect. The magic gestures of infancy having failed to overcome an unheeding environment he develops toward the outer world that attitude of hostility so characteristic of his youth. Contrasted with the hostile character of the outer world is the magic beauty of the wish-free state before birth, the Nirvana longed for so poignantly. Everyone would return to this place of morning calm; poet and artist seek only to recapture its beauty. This longing is essentially the death impulse, the deadly yearning back to the abyss wherein the self is lost.

When man's magic gestures fail, he attempts to determine the real nature and limitations of his control over the environment and make the best of his plight accordingly, but this adjustment Napoleon was never able to accomplish.

History wants no illusions; it should illuminate and instruct, not merely give descriptions and narratives which impress us. Tacitus did not sufficiently develop the causes and inner springs of events. He did not sufficiently study the mystery of facts and thoughts, did not sufficiently investigate and scrutinize their connection, to give posterity a just and impartial opinion. History, as I understand it, should know how to catch men and peoples as they would appear in the midst of their epoch. It should take account of external circumstances which would necessarily exercise an important influence on their actions, and clearly see within what limits that influence wrought.



THE DAWN OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

AT the opening of the seventeenth century England exerts an influence which overshadows all Europe. Her long campaign waged against Louis XIV ends unfavourably to the Roman religion, and when the Seven Years' War is ended she is triumphant in every quarter of the globe. But England's very triumphs prevent the success of constitutional government anywhere in continental Europe. Switzerland is remote and inaccessible. The Dutch republic, enervated by commercial success, is a warning rather than an inspiration to other nations. The other members of the European states continue to be ruled by monarchs. Great agricultural populations groan under the oppressions of an aristocracy that has ceased to exercise a useful function, and, while nominally the peasants own land, on every side the people are confronted by some confiscatory demand for labour, produce or money. In short, the civilized world is one in which institutions persist after the conditions that molded and justified them have disappeared. Against this inert mass of tradition the first attack comes from the American colonies; they begin the movement which erects the American republic. This example begins at once to suggest the great and peaceful reforms of the English constitution. England is strengthened by American independence, and a double example of prosperity under constitutional administration is now held up to the continent of Europe.

Coincident with the political speculation of the eighteenth century appears a wave of romanticism and sentimentalism.

The thought of the time is a powerful factor in determining the course of events. No nation is altogether unmoved. The center of agitation is in France, although Rousseau, prophet and writer of the times, comes from the little Calvinistic state of Geneva. Originating almost nothing himself he sets forth the ideas of others with an air of seductive practicability which brings them to bear upon the sphere of action. With consummate art he attacks the old education, seeks a new basis for government, and constructs a system of sentimental morals to supplant the old authoritative one believed to underlie all the prevalent iniquities in religion, politics and society. His structure frequently lacks foundation either in history or in reason, but popular fancy is fascinated and popular activity controlled by this new philosophy of life.

With such seductive wishful thinking is the whole of France permeated at the advent of the man who is to substitute, not an order opposite in nature, but rather one fundamentally similar to the old order. An order that seems indeed to permit the widest latitude of individualism (on the ground that individualism alone gives human nature a proper chance to realize its soul aspiration), but an order wherein unrestrained individualism inevitably defeats its own end since the competitive attrition of others narrows relentlessly the aggressive individualist's field of action.

In the eighteenth century, no land to all outward appearance can be more remote from the main channel of European history than the island of Corsica. In their periodic struggles against Genoese encroachments and tyranny, the Corsicans have produced a line of national heroes. The greatest of these is Pascal Paoli, whose skilful diplomacy enabled him to recover important domains for the state. In 1770 the King of

France is apparently in peaceful possession of the Corsican sovereignty which he claims to have bought from Genoa. But the establishment of a French administration does not proceed smoothly. The party favourable to incorporation with France has grown, and, in the rush to side with success, probably outnumbers the old patriots. The most important offices are given into French hands; the seat of government is moved from Corte, the highland capital, to the lowland towns of Bastia and Ajaccio. Thus the primeval feud of highlanders and lowlanders is rekindled. In the subsequent agitations the patriots won over by France either lose influence with their followers, or cease to support the government. Old animosities are everywhere revived, until finally the flames burst forth in open rebellion.

In this fiery crater, Napoleon is born.

Napoleon's father, Charles Buonaparte, a handsome, courtly gentleman with distinguished manners, traced his lineage back through ten generations of nobility. Naturally of an indolent temperament and in want of money, he showed considerable ingenuity in obtaining assistance. On June 2, 1764, at the age of eighteen, he married Letizia Ramolino, four years younger than himself. Like her husband, she belonged to a Florentine family, which had settled in Corsica at the end of the fifteenth century. In Corsica her family was regarded as superior to the Buonapartes. When she was five years old Letizia's father died, and two years later her mother married Captain Fesch, of Swiss origin. From this union was born, in 1763, an only son, Joseph Fesch, afterwards Cardinal, who was Napoleon's uncle and only six years older than himself. Letizia preserved her good looks and youthful appearance until old age. She was courageous and full of spirit and followed her

husband through hardships suffered during the last days of Corsican independence. She was devoted to her children but brought them up with severity. Once, when he was nearly grown, Napoleon laughed at his grandmother and called her an old witch. Knowing that he would be punished he kept out of his mother's way, but on going to his bedroom to dress she followed him and, taking advantage of his scant attire, she administered a sound thrashing.

Letizia, though well born, was by nature a peasant; she was hardy, unsentimental, frugal to an extreme. She, of all the puppets Napoleon created among his relatives in his rocket-like ascent to supreme power, remained calm and unperturbed, capable in an extremity of financing a rehabilitation of Napoleonic power. Napoleon's dominant character traits were derived from his mother and her ascendants, and it was mainly to her that the famous son owed his tremendous, even gigantic physical and nervous endurance. " My excellent mother," said Napoleon, " is a woman of courage and of great talent, more of a masculine than a feminine nature, proud, and high-minded. She is capable of selling everything, even to her last piece of clothing, for me. My opinion is that the future good or bad conduct of a child entirely depends upon the mother." Letizia continued in full possession of her mental faculties until her death at eighty-nine.

"A MAN IS BORN TO BE A CAESAR"

FROM Napoleon we have the following verbal account of his birth:

"Madame Mère had thirteen children. I am the third. On August 15, 1769, she was on her way home from church when she felt the pains of labour, and had only time to get into the house when I was born, not on a bed, but on a heap of tapestry."

Napoleon gives us the impression that after a short period his mother was no longer able to nurse him, for he states: "My wet nurse came to see me at the time of my coronation. My mother seemed quite jealous of her."

In accounting for the natural turbulence of his disposition, Napoleon was fond of saying that it could hardly be otherwise, when he was "born amid the cries of the dying, and the groans of the oppressed."

In further delineation of his character Napoleon states, "Nothing awed me; I feared no one. I was a terror to everybody. It was my brother Joseph with whom I had most to do. He was beaten, bitten, scolded, and I had put the blame on him almost before he knew what he was about, was telling tales about him almost before he could collect his wits. My mama Letizia strove to restrain my warlike temper; she would not put up with my defiant petulance." But, we may add, she was obliged to, both at this time and throughout the rest of his life.

Very early the boy avows his resolve to be a soldier. In the

playroom at Ajaccio he delights most in beating a drum and wielding a sword. His mother looks upon him as a perfect imp of a child. His elder brother is a mild, dreamy boy. It is the difference in their temperaments that decides the father to make Napoleon a soldier and Joseph a priest.

Of his earliest education Napoleon says, "Like everything else in Corsica, it was pitiful." He gains a few notions of Bible history and of the catechism from his great uncle, Lucien Buonaparte, who is a canon. By his eleven-year-old playmate, "Uncle" Fesch, he is taught his alphabet. His first professional teachers are nuns, who, recognizing a certain aptitude for figures, style him "the little mathematician."

On May 5, 1777, the family bailiff brings to their house two young and spirited horses; to the terror of everyone Napoleon mounts one of them and gallops off to the farm, laughing at their universal fright. Before he returns he inspects the mill and asks the farmer how much corn it can grind in an hour, and on being told, calculates that it can grind so much in a day and so much in a week. When the farmer brings the boy back he tells Letizia that if he lives Napoleon will become the foremost man in the world. He has such a passion for arithmetic that a shed is given him behind the house, where he may work undisturbed. Later, when in attendance at a Jesuit school, he meets a soldier with whom he exchanges the white bread his mother has given him for lunch for the other's coarse brown bread, for, he explains, he must get accustomed to soldiers' fare.

While the infancy and childhood of Napoleon show a difficult character in embryo, it is not so pathological or morbid as to require a distinctly separate education. In the home he enjoyed some degree of paternal understanding and the maxi-

Courtesy of Thomas Fortune Ryan

Napoleon enveloped in immortality, by Rodin

mum intuitive comprehension from his mother, but when at the age of five he goes to the dame's school the less facile and unyielding system of discipline brings out more saliently the unrepressed instincts of earlier childhood. The boys tease him because his stockings are always down over his heels. He meets their taunts with blows. According to his own story, he is fearless in the face of superior numbers.

Marboeuf proposes to place both Napoleon and Joseph at Autun, one of the best schools in France, sometimes referred to as the French Eton. On December 15, 1778, the father leaves Ajaccio with his two little boys, one aged nine, the other ten. They are leaving their mother for the first time.

They reach Autun, as Napoleon tells us in his notes, on January 1, 1779. Joseph appears shy, quiet, and without ambition. Napoleon is pensive and sombre, taking no part in games, walking about alone. He is cleverer than Joseph and learns with greater facility. Chardon, his schoolmaster, tells us that in three months he learned a sufficient amount of French to converse fluently if not accurately. If Chardon tells him anything, Napoleon listens with his eyes and mouth open; if the same is repeated he does not pay attention; and when rebuked he answers, "Sir, I know that already."

Apropos of the influence upon Napoleon's character of the dame's school and the more strict training at Autun, these disciplines no more than accented the continued presence of his unresolved psychic conflicts; the essential fault lay in his already established personality rather than in the strictness and unfriendliness of his environment.

"EVERYONE SAID OF ME, 'THAT BOY IS NO GOOD EXCEPT AT GEOMETRY.' I WAS DRY AS PARCHMENT"

THOUGH well endowed intellectually, Napoleon was quite one-sided in mental development. However, it is in the social or emotionally adaptive faculties that he shows the most marked traits of deficiency.

In order to exasperate him the boys at Autun bring a sweeping charge of cowardice against all the inhabitants of Corsica. "If the French had been but four to one," is the calm, phlegmatic answer of the ten-year-old boy, "they would never have taken Corsica; but they were ten to one." "But you had a fine general — Paoli," interrupts one of his tormentors. "Yes, sir," is Napoleon's reply, uttered with an air of discontent and in the very embodiment of ambition, "I should much like to emulate him."

The description of the youth at this time is not flattering. His complexion is sallow, his hair stiff, his figure slight, his expression lustreless, his manner insignificant. Moreover, he speaks broken French with an Italian accent. While at school at Autun he at least enjoyed the sympathetic society of his mild and unemotional brother, Joseph, who smoothed many a rough place; but at the Military Academy at Brienne the ten-year-old boy is entirely without companionship, resenting from the outset both the ill-natured attacks and the playful personal allusions in which the students indulge. Dark, solitary, untamed, the new student assumes the indifference of

wounded vanity, despises all pastimes, and finds delight either in reading books or in scornfully exasperating his comrades when compelled to associate with them. There are quarrels and bitter fights, and sometimes in a kind of frenzy he inflicts serious wounds on his fellow students. At length even the teachers mock him.

If one may be permitted to judge from the scanty data we have of this period, his difficulty with certain subjects is due to distaste rather than ineptitude. The internal plan of his narcism, so early formed, seemingly requires him to exclude such useless subjects as Latin from sustained attention. The same principle of elimination governs his social relationships. If his plan is for his own future predominance, and his companions think and act on quite other principles, how can there be any deep mutuality of affection? His own deep hostility and egoistic desires run ever before him and make his environment appear cold and uninviting. These same feelings are engendered in his comrades as soon as they glimpse the newcomer.

One does not know to what extent Napoleon acquiesced at this early period in wearing such peculiar apparel, nor whether, once forced into eccentricity through poverty or some other circumstance, he feigned indifference and negligence. Many narcistic youths are conceited and egotistical and given to open self-admiration and extreme personal care. Others though not foppish, derive an undeniable pleasure from being well dressed. At the other extreme, narcists are often inclined to wear inappropriate dress. Certain it is that Napoleon does not at once heed the forces that schools exercise in standardizing personal appearance. One feels that his dress and deportment were in accord not with convention but with an inner

ideal sense. Later, when proper clothing has become a matter of great moment in the affairs of state, his public reappearance in his coronation robes upon his return from Elba when the people await not Napoleon the emperor but Napoleon the general, strikes as discordant a note as ever the ridiculousness of his ill-fitting attire at Brienne.

Napoleon is quick in his perceptions; the rapid maturing of his mind by reading and reflection is evident to all his associates, hostile though they be. After the first crude beginnings, his sole purpose is the acquirement of knowledge actually essential to the practice of a military career — nothing more. One cannot hope to be a soldier without a practical knowledge of history and geography, nor can the manifold duties of the general in the field be performed without the science of quantity and number. Just so far as these things are practical he is willing to learn.

Thus we may view Napoleon as he appears to his school fellows at Brienne, who, from their French standpoint, regard him as half a savage, or at best a queer foreigner who can scarcely speak a sentence of correct French and seemingly has little inclination to learn. He is considered a bitter foe to the customs of his surroundings. He has no pocket money, yet claims to be of noble birth. Of course these sprigs of the French nobility laugh — who cares about Corsican nobility anyway?

As a foreigner with a curious name he is naturally laughed at, and Napolionné, as he pronounces it, is turned into *La paille au nez:* "the straw on the nose." He lives a solitary existence, sullen and ill tempered. Like the other students, he has a garden of his own, but he surrounds his with a palisade and plants it with trees. Here he spends his time reading,

Sketch of Napoleon, by a school companion, 1785

dreaming, driving off by force anyone who disturbs his solitude. He is equal, however, to the rest of his comrades as soon as he finds a companion who displays some liking for him. "As for you," he says to Bourrienne, "You never laugh at me; you like me." He is naturally unpopular, but he never complains to the monks.

Besides morning and evening prayers, the boys attend mass every day and go to confession once a month. This regimen rather weakens Napoleon's religious beliefs. The boys are proud of the speed with which mass can be said.

Napoleon has no respect either for his teachers or his companions, and having no respect can have no affection. At last this state of affairs reaches a crisis. The school is organized by the Principal in companies of cadets, and the command of one of these is given to Napoleon. Other commanders hold a court-martial in due form, and decide that Napoleon is unworthy to command his comrades because he disdains their affection. The sentence is read to him and he is degraded from his rank, but he bears his humiliation with such gentleness that the hearts of the schoolboys are turned towards him. He becomes more popular and mingles in their games.

During the severe winter of 1783 Napoleon builds a square fort of snow. The attack and defense are made with snowballs. In all these operations Napoleon distinguishes himself by his activity and invention, constantly designing new manoeuvers. The fame of the fort spreads beyond the school, and the townsmen of Brienne come to visit it.

During his stay at Brienne Napoleon remains short of stature; his olive complexion gives him the appearance of ill health. His eyes are bright and piercing, his forehead spacious and prominent, his lips delicately shaped; his whole appear-

ance denotes ardour and energy. He is very passionate, and his school fellows are afraid of him. His brother Lucien, who stays four months with him at Brienne, tells us that Napoleon received him without the slightest sign of emotion, that he was very serious and not at all amiable. Brienne drives him back upon himself and hardens his personality. He is nicknamed "the Spartan" because of his admiration for Spartan virtues.

During the five years Napoleon is at Brienne, his natural sensitiveness allies itself with the revolutionary feeling current among his own people. The two attitudes permit no easy conquest of his outer world, seemingly so hostile to his advancement and well being, hence his own inner confidence and narcistic self-esteem thrive apace. As a consequence of this high self-estimate the contempt felt toward him by his fellows grows proportionately. Just in proportion as he fails accurately to observe and make truce with his unmanageable outer world, his narcism — the loving protector of the ego — undergoes enlargement. Notwithstanding Napoleon gets on poorly with his fellows and takes correction from his instructors with bad grace, the master of the school has a high opinion of his mental ability, and the boy's assiduity and persevering spirit win commendation.

The wounding of his narcistic self-respect due to his failure to pass certain examinations manifests itself in an acute attack of nausea. As soon as he is reassured of a good standing in his class the nausea at once disappears. Not even his ordinarily astute mind perceives his deep unconscious desire for revenge against his masters and against his conscious mind, though he often falls ill at the threat of injury to his pride and self-respect.

Thus while seemingly self-possessed, he is in ever imminent danger of a melancholic hypochondria, and it is a question to what extent one may ultimately ascribe his final malady (cancer of the stomach) to this continued soul irritant. He continues, however, to advance steadily in his studies, and slightly improves his social standing through the obvious sincerity of his attempt to overcome the disadvantage of his poor schooling while preparing for Brienne.

But always his thoughts and feelings turn towards his native land. He hopes some day to set it free and thus triumph over the insolence and scorn of these alien people among whom he now dwells. His youthful patriotism has been intensified by the hatred he now feels for French boys, and hence, for France. "I cannot forgive my father," he cries, "for the share he had in uniting Corsica to France!"

In moments spared from arduous studies he pores over maps of his home land, for he who would make history must study history, and likewise be versed in the contemporary literature of revolt in Rousseau and in Voltaire; finally he should note carefully the war strategy of the great Frederick, who has but recently died.

While his narcistic possessivism still holds Corsica to be the chief place in all the world, soon his homesickness is to disappear and leave him completely dispassionate toward the island of his birth throughout the remainder of his life.

"JOSEPH MAY BE THE ELDEST, BUT I AM THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY"

AT fifteen Napoleon is graduated without honours and qualifies for his commission as sub-lieutenant at the Paris Cadet School. In the sharp training of hunger and privation, this Spartan-like officer makes his debut among the troubles of the period. In his letters home he is bitter, keenly aware of his sore plight caused by the fact that the family exchequer forbids even the simplest comforts, and becomes scornfully virtuous in his attitude toward the easy prodigality of the scions of the French nobility. Napoleon's self-admiration grows yet greater as a result of making a virtue of the necessity which compels denial of his appetites.

The sojourn of Napoleon at the cadet school is marked by the death of his father, which takes place on February 24, 1785. On his couch, in his agony he continually calls for Napoleon. "Where is my son," he cries, "whose sword will make kings tremble, who will change the face of the world? He will protect me from my enemies, he will save my life!" The utterance of these strange prophetic words is attested by Fesch and Joseph, both present when spoken. Charles died in his thirty-ninth year of the so-called hereditary disease of cancer of the stomach.

It is the custom of the school, in case of a family bereavement, to send the pupil to the infirmary where he can give vent to his grief, but Napoleon refuses to avail himself of this privilege, saying, "It is for women to weep, but man should

know how to suffer. I have not come to this hour without having thought of death; I accustom my soul to it the same as to life."

Napoleon writes his uncle, Archdeacon Lucien, asking him to assume the position of head of the family. But while the loss of the father makes difficult the son's career, we hear an unconsciously triumphant note when he speaks of himself as the spiritual successor of his father. "Joseph may be the eldest," he says, "but henceforth I am to be considered the head of the family," a right which, in his own mind at least, he never relinquishes.

Up to this time Napoleon was proud of his ancestry and of being a member of the Bonaparte family, but so soon as his own ego gains strength and self-esteem he reverses this attitude and annexes the family as a part of his own possessions. On his meagre and uncertain salary he begins to save money to help his mother, brothers and sisters, but the time is not far distant when he will look to them so to fit into his plans that they will play the rôle necessary to his own destiny.

The frank and fully documented estimate of his superiors in his final examination for entrance as an officer of the French Army is worthy of notice: "Reserved and diligent, he prefers study to any kind of conversation, and nourishes his mind upon good authors. . . . He is taciturn, with a love for solitude; is moody, overbearing, and extremely egotistical. Though he speaks little, his answers are decisive and to the point, and he excels in argument. Much self love, and overweening ambition."

While Napoleon has not distinguished himself at the military academy he has profited by the King's benefits and by

assiduous labour succeeded at the first attempt in entering the artillery.

A strange non-military interlude intervenes at this period in the daily life of Napoleon. The inner turmoil of revolt finds expression in a novel on Corsica and in several short stories. Some of these literary productions possess real worth, though sadly distorted and marred by bitter misanthropic motives. A hatred of France animates the majority of these literary productions and the inner projections are hard, cruel and sadistic, and end in dejection and despair.

In the privacy of his family Napoleon discards pretence and vents his inner disturbance in fevered soliloquies. Fascination and terror are mixed in the feelings of his hearers at these peculiar outpourings.

In the sharp competition of his early days as a sub-lieutenant of artillery he learns the war trade well. He needs no spur of poverty, notwithstanding it is ever present; his passion for worldly advancement is sufficient incentive.

He writes his family: "I have no refuge but my work. I only change my linen once a week. Since I was ill (a gastric attack) I have slept but little. . . . I eat only once a day." Considering his family and friends as audience, he is able thus early to play the heroic rôle which in the future becomes such a puzzling composition of conscious charlatanry and real genius. Already he is the accomplished actor, convincing, if not to his friends, at least to himself.

Meanwhile he receives from his mother a letter announcing the death of her protector, the marshal. And in the cataclysmic debacle of the family fortunes we may read the characteristic adumbrations of his gloomy mind in this curious monologue:

"Always alone in the midst of men, I come home to dream

in solitude, and to deliver myself up to my melancholy. At the dawn of my life I had some hopes of living long. For six or seven years I have been away from my country. What pleasures would I not feel if I could see again my compatriots and kinsfolk. What madness, then, drives me to seek self-destruction? . . . As I begin to feel misfortunes, and that nothing pleases me, why should I endure days void of prosperity? How cowardly, vile, grovelling, men are! What shall I see when I reach home? My compatriots charged with chains, yet kissing the hand that oppresses them. . . . The picture of my country as it is, and my inability to change it, are a new motive to make me fly from an earth where I am forced by my duty to praise those men whom Virtue bids me hate. . . . If I had but one man to destroy in order to deliver my compatriots, I would start to accomplish that work at once. I would plunge the avenging sword of my country, and of violated laws, in the bosom of the tyrant. Life is a burden to me, because I can taste no pleasure and all is pain to me. It is a burden to me, because the men among whom I live, and probably shall always live, have manners as distinct from mine as the brightness of the moon differs from that of the sun. I cannot accordingly live in the sole manner which can make life supportable, whence it is that I feel disgust at everything."

We feel that even here in the privacy of his personal diary he still is acting; one part of himself is gloomily entertaining the other part. This strange theatricality is the puzzle of his whole life. It is the epitome of the character, the play spirit of this actor who later juggles the whole western world.

In play interludes one sees Napoleon's melancholy as a phantasy-foil to the task of adapting himself to a factual world.

He plays with abstractions and indulges a religious mysticism. He even has lethargies that border on twilight states and are closely allied to, if not veritably, epileptic moments. Few men have possessed Napoleon's facility in disregarding reality and been able to maintain their sanity and adaptive balance so long.

In reviewing his life, Napoleon states:

" The happiest days of my life were from sixteen to twenty, during the *semestres,* when I used to go about from one *restaurateur* to another, living moderately and having a lodging for which I paid three louis a month. I was always so much occupied that I may say I never was truly happy upon the throne. . . . What do you think, of all things in the world, would have given me the greatest pleasure? It would have been to be able to go about incognito in London and other parts of England, with a friend, to dine in public at the expense of half a guinea, and listen to the conversation of the company; with my own ears to hear the people express their sentiments, in their unguarded moments, freely and without restraint, and to hear their real opinion of myself."

A whole year spent in Corsica amid gloomy family cares and financial worries does not improve matters for Napoleon. On the contrary from irritability and melancholy he passes to despair and is said actually to have made a half-hearted attempt at suicide. As on other occasions he overstays his furlough, thus showing his contempt for authority, though to be sure the army was so disorganized that the possibility of court-martial and dismissal was discounted by many another officer. Later Napoleon will correct somewhat this laxness, instituting strict discipline — for others at least. He never comes to regard military ethics as applying to himself; witness his returns

Napoleon taunted by his companions at Brienne
(*From an old print*)

from Egypt, the Austrian Tyrol, and even from Elba before the Hundred Days.

At last the introspective isolation of wounded vanity and pride is ended. Napoleon returns to Auxonne — not to Valence from whence he had departed for his Corsican furlough. This well informed stripling of nineteen is selected by his general to carry out some works on the parade grounds. His preferment over the older officers fosters the spite of his fellows, and Napoleon says, "They are furious because this task has been performed by me, a lieutenant."

In June, 1789, Napoleon is given a real chance to show his ingenuity. He masters his bitterness and brooding melancholy and now prefers to wage an external battle against adverse fate. He sends his *"Letters on Corsica"* to his admired exemplar, Paoli, now in exile, and adds:

"General! I came into the world when my country was perishing. My cradle was surrounded by men with the death-rattle in their throats, and by those whom despair had driven to tears. . . . With them, hope vanished. Slavery was the reward of their subjugation. To justify themselves, the traitors have heaped calumnies upon you. . . . When I read this, my blood boiled, and I resolved to scatter the mists. Now I shall blacken with the brush of shame all who have betrayed the common cause. . . . If I lived in the capital, I should find other means. . . . Owing to my youth, this undertaking may be fruitless; but I shall be helped by my passion for truth, my love for my country, and my enthusiasm. If you, General, will encourage in this work a young man whose coming into the world you saw, I shall gain confidence. . . . My mother, Madame Letizia, has charged me to remind you of the old days in Corte."

Such puerile bombast annoys Paoli. Exasperated by the lieutenant's arrogance, he replies icily that young people should not try to write history. Four weeks later young people in the persons of Napoleon and others start to make history if not to write it.

A new and radical order comes into being. The Bastille is stormed; all France leaps to arms. It is the ideal moment to inject his wishes and personality into the situation. Though Napoleon takes sides momentarily with the King's officers and shoots down the mob, he despises both equally. He cares little for Frenchmen killing other Frenchmen, but the chance for working his own will in his beloved island is at hand. He gains another furlough at the first respite and returns to Corsica in mad haste, a prophet of the new freedom; "Liberty, equality and fraternity." In the general mêlée of the breakup of the old régime he immediately sees his personal advantage, and he rallies with the cry, "Let us wrest the means of power from the King's troops, I am an artillerist and I will be your leader!"

It is dangerous for this twenty-year-old youth to scatter impossible promises to his own people as he sweeps through the streets of Ajaccio. To the crowds in the public square he seems a prophet, not a designing charlatan. To this semi-barbaric and outlaw people he is veritably "a man who soon learns to study the human heart," but his misadventure lacks solidity of support and fails in consequence. His bombast falls to the ground, and because of public policy he is not even arrested and made a martyr to the cause. He is touched, wounded, made ridiculous. And yet this feverish advent on the stage of leadership is not futile, and he bides his time, nursing such inner wounds to his narcism as he alone can bear.

But the disturbances at Ajaccio are trifling compared with the revolt carried to extremes at Bastia. Napoleon and his comrades carry their audacity to the limit. They proceed with all haste to beard the governor in his den and to disaffect the garrison. Their success is complete; citizenry and garrison alike are roused, and as a result the governor is cowed. On November 5, 1789, the people assume the tricolor cockade and the governor assents even to the formation of a national militia.

Young Bonaparte is naturally uneasy. No one can predict what the next turn of events will be, so he remains quiet until the following February, when the island of Corsica is duly incorporated with France. Then, and not until then, does he take part in a series of activities equaled in feverish energy only by those enacted in Paris. Corsica patterns its government after the Paris Directory. Napoleon, now desirous of attention from the new central constituent assembly, wishes to quaff the waters at Orezza for his health; though he realizes he is too young for membership he is determined to be present with Joseph and Uncle Fesch who are among the members of the assembly sent from Ajaccio. Thus the three journey together; Joseph enjoying the beauty of the scenery while Napoleon makes a careful study of all the strategic points along the way.

The first and most significant meeting between General Paoli and Napoleon takes place at Rostino, en route to the assembly. Paoli's anxiety to win a family so important and a patriot so ardent as this slim youth, colours the event. Napoleon in exile recalls this first meeting with the Corsican general, and declares that he then likened him to one of Plutarch's heroes of ancient mould. At the general's invitation

they visit the fatal battleground at Ponte Nuovo, when Napoleon dryly remarks that the battle arrangements fully justified the results. By this tactless criticism of Paoli's generalship Napoleon shows that he has no desire to be made the head of the new Corsican National Guard.

The assembly at Orezza sits one month. During this time Napoleon finds opportunity to make speeches in various public meetings. Bashful and embarrassed at first, the youthful orator becomes more fluent and self assured, and finally wins the attention and applause of his hearers. Paoli accepts unwillingly the presidency of the Corsican Directory and the command of the National Guard. Neither the plans of Napoleon nor those of Joseph succeed, and though Joseph urges that Ajaccio become the capital of the island that honor is given to Bastia.

With this singular clarity of vision does this precocious stripling see that boldness is more convincing than mere tact or a bid for immediate popularity. The energy of youthful narcism adds edge to a blade already preternaturally sharp.

Napoleon at Brienne
(*From an old print*)

"AND THEY HAVE DARED TO SAY THAT I COULD NOT WRITE!"

WHEN Napoleon returns to Ajaccio he frequents his club. He takes opportunity to read a very bitter denunciation of Buttafuoco's management of the island's affairs. The letter, written a year before, is of little moment except that it shows Napoleon's now developed power of writing with tumultuous feeling. This twenty-year-old youth dares insubordination to France herself if need be, and realizes full well the sweeping and radical changes to be brought about by the Revolution. All unconsciously he is but staging a complete revolt from his royalist father, Charles de Bonaparte.

Napoleon surmises that it is quite likely he will be considered a deserter when he returns to France, yet he continues to loiter, with two objects in view, one literary, one political. As the "letter" is successful he hopes for success in other literary ventures. His purse grows leaner and he eagerly grasps the opportunity to compete for a prize of 1500 louis offered by the Lyons Academy. This calls not for the loosely woven speech of an impassioned political agitator but for a sober composition to be presented to old and learned critics. The title proposed is, "What truths and ideas should be inculcated in order best to promote the happiness of mankind?"

Napoleon's paper bears the marks of carelessness, overconfidence, and even inaccuracy; nevertheless he confidently be-

gins: " Illustrious Raynal, the question I am about to discuss is worthy of your steel, but without assuming to be metal of the same temper I have taken courage, saying to myself with Correggio, I too, am a painter." Napoleon then lauds Paoli and explains that his merit lies in his endeavour to obtain for each man enough property for him to be able to subsist by moderate labour. He points out that happiness consists in living conformably to one's constitution, that wealth is a misfortune, primogeniture a relic of barbarism, and celibacy a reprehensible practice. The nature of man demands food, shelter, clothing and companionship; these are the essentials of happiness, and for its perfection both reason and sentiment are required.

So adept has this youth become in manoeuvering his affairs that he hardly anticipates inconvenience for having overstayed his leave of absence by three and a half months. On his return to Auxonne not only does he evade being punished but receives considerable regard and promotion. A part of his good fortune is due to the increasing scarcity of good officers who are loyal to the Assembly.

All Europe is rising against France. French nobles continue to flee; neighbouring powers, now preparing for an armed resistance to the spread of the Revolution, aid them in their schemes. Everywhere desertion is encouraged, and when the year 1791 opens the fighting force of France is decimated. Discipline has vanished and anyone strong enough to command is retained.

Napoleon, declaring that he had twice endeavoured to cross into France at the expiration of his furlough, produces certificates to that effect from the authorities at Ajaccio and requests that he receive his pay from that date, which is granted. But his connection with his old regiment is soon to be broken, and

after rejoining his old comrades on the 13th of February, 1791, he leaves them on the 14th of June. With these four months his total service is five years and nine months: He had been absent, however, with or without leave, something more than half the time.

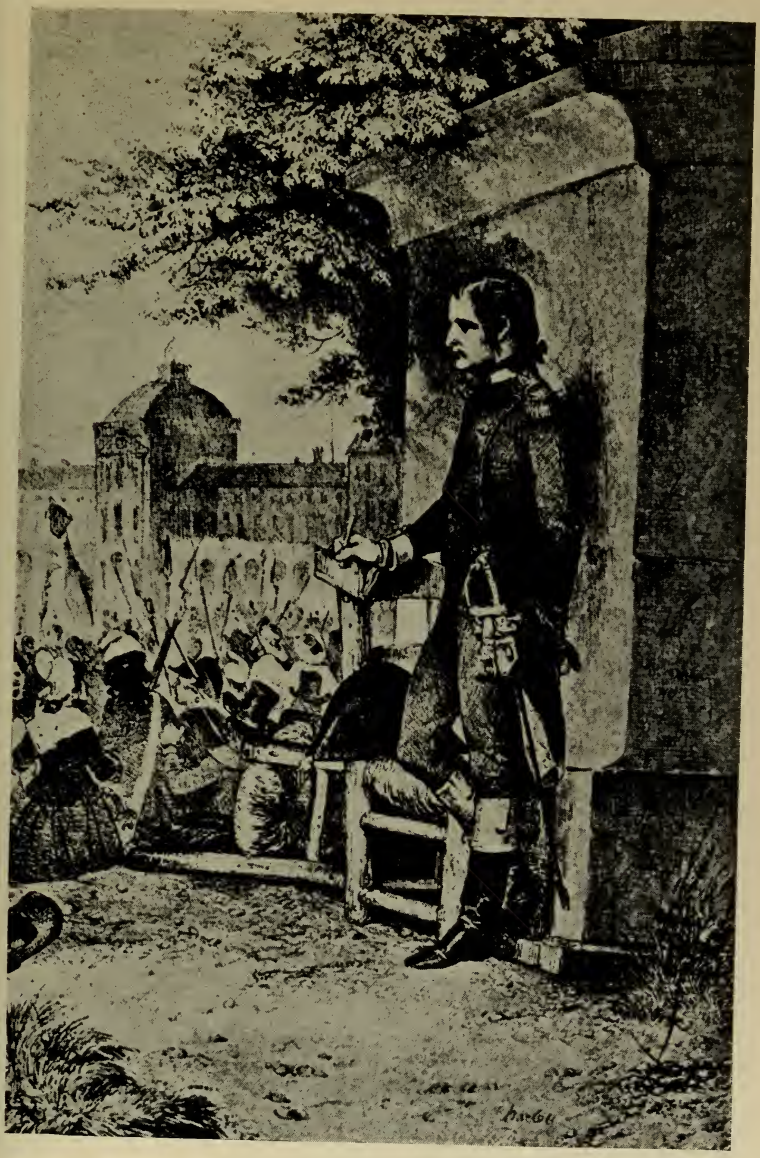
Napoleon seems instinctively aware that if he but move with circumspection he can work his will upon the petty military world. He learns more and more the necessity of caution, yet he is continually on the verge of allowing his egoistic impulses to carry him to ruin. A born gambler, he never misses a chance to overstake the game of life. He begins to develop a belief that destiny lends a paternal protection to his extra-hazardous adventures. This is but an expression of an infantile striving now deeply repressed, the desire for omnipotence, which is according to the first infantile conception, something to be achieved by magic control over all phases of reality. Napoleon will illustrate again and again how fine is the dividing line between fatuous blindness and real power.

"TOULON IS THERE!"

BANISHED from Corsica, the Bonapartes land in Toulon. Amid gloomy reflections Napoleon scarcely notes the grassy ramparts at the harbour's mouth where opportunity waits, unseen, for the penniless refugee. A soldier and officer for nearly eight years without a real command, never yet in active battle, failure is writ large on Napoleon's pallid brow as he steps ashore. The family is thrown on the charity of a government which they suspect and fear, but must perforce rely upon in their dire straits. Napoleon idles about; he seeks distraction in odd jobs.

Now we see him practically a man without a country. His birthright is gone, for Corsica has repulsed him. France he hates, for she will not adopt him. He is almost without an occupation, for he neglects soldiering. As author and politician he fails. All his former guiding principles are tethered to the urge of his own egoistic idealism.

He has neither learned truth nor experienced kindness and understanding. He is not much better or worse, however, than those about him and he singularly excels the rest in perspicacity, adroitness and persistence. These characteristics were not suddenly developed; they have been his from earliest childhood and are but becoming more obvious as he develops. He is in physical appearance not much changed withal since his appointment as sublieutenant. Now he is the little captain of artillery, slim, ill-proportioned, with long body and short legs, a still rather insignificant youth. His air, however, is one



Lieutenant Bonaparte on the terrace of the Tuileries watching the crowd of rioters who were hastening to the massacre of Swiss guards. After a lithograph by Charlet

of much greater experience than one might expect from the twenty-three years allotted to him at this time. He is growing conscious of his powers; he has dreamed many dreams both by day and night, and his conversation in the family circle is boastful in the extreme.

The fall of Avignon produces a profound effect upon Napoleon. Though his spirits are still low, he wonders how he can rise atop the boiling sea of trouble which now submerges France. He now joins the Jacobins and never again swerves from this position. Soon, under the fiery impetuosity of the Jacobin rule, the French will be winning brilliant victories everywhere. Even the companions Napoleon despised are to win laurels.

How can Napoleon bring himself to the attention of the authorities? Preferment must come here and now. The old instinct of authorship will not down, and again in the interval off duty at Avignon Napoleon writes *The Supper of Beaucaire.*

The mendacious puerile bombast of his earlier literary productions is gone. What sort of magic has wrought the change? Simply this: for the first time Napoleon lends his entire attention to writing something about which he knows something objective and specific. He writes a correct, concise and lucid argument. It is surely his and not, as some have conjectured, an article revised by someone more versed in letters. No, this style is to remain Napoleon's from now on. Not only is his political judgment sound, but he shows an almost startlingly brilliant military insight. The composition is in dialogue form, and one speaker, a soldier of Avignon is made to bring out the essential principles that rout the opposition of his chance companions who meet at Beaucaire, the little city

around which the war now rages. He shows conclusively that only veteran troops can stand the uncertainties of a siege. Nonconciliatory and immoderate political principles are decried and the professional attitude is brought to the fore. From military knowledge Napoleon proves conclusively the strategic weakness and ends with the sententious remark, "Self-conceit is the worst advisor." Emphasis is laid on moderately heavy cannon. The easy mobility and quick use of the latter are the keynote of Napoleon's later tactics.

The soldier of Avignon declares that it is an axiom in military science that the army which remains behind entrenchments is beaten; experience and theory agree on this point. The conclusion of the conversation is a triumphant demonstration that the cause of the insurgents is already lost "without a civil war by means of which they could lay down the law to their enemies. It was for them your war was really useful. Had they merited their early reputation, they would have thrown down their arms before the constitution and sacrificed their own interests to the public welfare. It is easier to cite Decius than to imitate him. To-day they have shown themselves guilty of the worst possible crimes; have, by their behaviour, justified their proscription. The blood they have caused to flow has effaced the true services they had rendered."

Thus does Napoleon write volubly — occasionally to the real point and purpose, but here as in many other documents and addresses, he relapses into banality and bombast as in the closing, "the worst possible crimes," "proscription," "effaced the true services they had rendered." Such statements may be considered excellent politics but dangerous for national ingestion, and yet this youth half believes his statements — heady wine for one so inexperienced in actual statecraft.

The pamphlet was scarcely written before its value was discerned, and *The Supper of Beaucaire* was read with attention. In a few days it was published at the expense of the state.

Though Napoleon is thwarted in his desire for enlistment with the army of the Rhine and must perforce join the Italian Army, he betakes his lagging way with new hopes, for has not his brilliant and timely pamphlet won the favour of the people and of the central government at Paris? In an incredibly short time the strong central government of the Convention is to have gone most of the way toward settling the major portion of the three wars started by the Girondists, and in this time of vigorous activity Napoleon steps fully into the limelight with his strategic siege of Toulon.

Though the siege and fall of Toulon is of little significance alongside the other achievements of Napoleon's military genius, it bears the stamp of all his later successes. The ability to eliminate the obvious, to dismiss irrelevancy in strategy and tactics, and to perceive quickly and unerringly the outstanding points of attack and defense, was a quality exhibited by Napoleon even in this the first stroke of his military arm. He seems to sense at last that his political future, all his worldly advancement, depend upon his ingenuity in mastering the minds and imaginations of men, and that he must gain this mastery before others are able to mobilize their faculties or arrange their judgments for any set purpose.

Napoleon now sits in council, his lean and brooding discontent sharply in contrast with the placid features of the expositors of the obvious needs of cannon and munitions for the siege of Toulon. The sallowness of his features is suffused by a flush of indignant protest as he rises to dissent to this endless reiteration of the obvious. He speaks to gain the atten-

tion of the council, then quickly strides over to an immense map on the wall. Placing his finger on a point of land at the harbour's mouth, several miles from the fortifications he points dramatically: "Toulon is there!"

But the British are also keenly aware of the advantageous position of this eminence, and are even now erecting fortifications on the exact spot. They give it the name of "Little Gibraltar," but, unlike its invulnerable namesake, it can be buffeted from another prominence nearby, which Napoleon quickly seizes. After two months of many vicissitudes, the success or failure of the whole siege is to hang upon this contest between "Little Gibraltar" and "Super-Gibraltar."

It is a stormy night in December. The winds howl; the rain is whipped in torrents across the harbour's mouth. Napoleon will not heed contrary advice but hurls his batteries upon the British and Spaniards into one great final assault. All day, all night, and far into the next morning, Napoleon wages his fierce attack. At last, Captain Muiron, to the admiration of Napoleon, climbs the slope of the enemy's fort, rushes a breach in its walls, and sabres the English and Spanish garrisons there. Little Gibraltar is lost. The other shore batteries are useless, and their defenders, glad to escape, leap into the bay and swim to their ships. Toulon falls at the same moment, without one shot being directed at her.

Napoleon had been so certain that artillery alone would end the siege that he is now dubbed "Captain Cannon" and the final outcome brings a special dispatch to the minister of war from Duteil, who speaks in the highest terms of Bonaparte: "A great deal of science, as much intelligence, and too much bravery; such is a faint sketch of the virtues of this

rare officer. It rests with you, minister, to retain them for the glory of the republic."

Napoleon's vision and judgment have been justified, his predictions were true enough to bring the little artilleryman promotion to the rank of brigadier-general and an assignment to the Army of Italy. The latter designation almost mortified the elevation in rank, for " scavengering and flea picking " were the revolting functions of many previous campaigns into Italy.

To what degree of disorganization must France proceed before Napoleon may put forward his strong high hand and steer it to a place of safety to gain his own personal ends? We shall see how he enters again upon a waiting game for which he is so illy equipped by temperament.

A WHIFF OF GRAPESHOT

THERE flashes across Napoleon's mind as he passes along the lovely thoroughfares, not the gayety of the Riviera but a vision of the means of outflanking the Italian passes, defended though they be by midwinter snows and the armies of Italy and Austria. Even the barriers of the precipitate cliffs overlooking the ivoried shores of the Mediterranean do not seem insuperable as he scans their towering grandeur. Napoleon never forgets the possibility of an Alpine campaign, but in the turbulence of the times he is again deterred in the projects which occupy his scheming mind.

It is Robespierre's turn at the guillotine, and all who are suspected to be his followers are threatened with a like fate. Bonaparte finds himself in a prison cell. But the guillotine is weary at last, and after eight days of confinement Napoleon is liberated. He is now assigned to the infantry in the Army of the West, but he does not want to go to Italy. He succeeds in inducing the authorities in another department to order him to Turkey to prepare the Turks as an ally of France. Napoleon awakes one morning to find that his general's commission is revoked, for the authorities who first assigned him to the Army of the West find that he has disregarded at least three orders. While in this plight a Napoleonic opportunity comes to him in the very streets of Paris. The broad steps of the church St. Roch are to be the centre of a momentous scene, for at this spot the little artilleryman will bring the Revolution to an end. For two decades at least he, and he alone, will stem the tide of its vague and futile promises.

The people, spent in new political ventures, now long for repose and peace, but a few scheming politicians and plotting Bourbons will not let the republic rest. The government of the day turns to the friendless and unemployed Bonaparte. Nor is the opposition that waves through the streets of Paris on the 13th of Vendémiaire a disorderly plebeian mob. At its back it has at least thirty thousand well-trained infantrymen of the National Guard, and Bonaparte's force has less than a fifth of this number.

Why is Bonaparte so confident? Simply because he has all or nearly all the artillery. No one better than he knows that he has a cruel advantage. As the crucial moment arrives, the insurrectionary forces draw near their goal; they are met by cannon and the small but orderly force of Bonaparte.

To this master of strategy it is but a game of chess in which all possible moves have been carefully thought out. Nothing has been left to chance. For hours the opposing forces stand stock-still, facing each other, when a chance shot wildly fired from a house close to the church starts a fierce and bloody battle. Soon the echoes of the crackling muskets are lost in the boom of cannon; the detoning reverberations break the windows of Paris. Under cannon fire the musketry wavers, then flees in precipitate terror. The battle is over in an hour, and two hundred dead lie in the Paris streets. When the bells from the church tower peal the hour of midnight the blood-drenched city is as peaceful as a countryside after a storm.

Long years of revolution are at an end, brought to this end by her master: a long-haired, slender youth. The people cannot see him clearly until the wreaths of cannon smoke have cleared away. They do not even know his name and he becomes familiarly known as " the man on horseback."

Order is restored. France breathes freely once more, although in encircling bands which restrict her desire to develop in her own way. Her natural freedom must await the military genius of Napoleon. In her demoralization why does this whole nation stake her fortunes on a war against Austria, the greatest empire of the time? Her fate is entrusted to a beardless youth of twenty-six, a young man who had indifferently preferred philosophy, literature, politics, anything to a purely military career. Bonaparte at this time has never engaged seriously in any active campaign nor has he witnessed more than one short battle.

The answer is that Napoleon not only has a specific idea but he knows to a nicety how to expand that idea in a way acceptable not only to simple minds but also to those who presume to match him in genius.

With a mind still highly stored with the keenest of military and national perceptions Napoleon is able to vision all these plans with the shrewdest narcism or self-loving engulfment of his egoistic desires. His genius here as elsewhere is a singular refutation that it is only born of slow maturation and patient years of toil. Thus early is his narcism plumed with fine feathers of predictable desires.

For a few days Napoleon withdraws from the public gaze. What is he doing? Is he engaged in planning a military operation, a civil policy for general protection? No. Napoleon is busy planning out in greatest detail a stupendous scheme which will engage the military activities of the whole nation as well as outlining a complete system of statecraft.

To a few to whom he exposes his gigantic schemes he seems wholly mad; to others the brilliancy of his plans is fascinating and plausible.

General Bonaparte at the age of twenty-nine, by André Dutertre

In his pursuit of glory the conqueror pauses long enough to seek and win the hand of the widow of de Beauharnais. Though the cable of love has many strands, in a mutuality of tenderness and disinterested affection there is no room for an intensive self-interest. Yet this is the factor which singularly brings about the marriage of the ambitious Corsican to the no less ambitious viscountess, and bars the possibility of viewing the relation in the light of a love union. There is an outstanding parallel in which they entered upon the marriage, each with an idea of obtaining the goal of his ambitions. Bonaparte, intent upon preferment, possesses but a facile and powerful sword. Contrawise, Josephine, a participant in the social intrigue of these troublous times, possesses but the graces of the drawingroom. Barras, her patron, is growing old and his power is no longer unassailable. Both Bonaparte and Josephine have need of each other's natural talents long before they meet.

430446

Their meeting is by chance. After the downfall of the Paris sections of the Vendémiaire an order for safety is put forward and every citizen is to be disarmed. After the Terror during which Josephine was imprisoned and her husband guillotined, she was allowed to keep her husband's sword. Now this, too, comes under the ban of the general order. She surrenders the sword, but sends her fourteen-year-old son to headquarters to beg its return that he may keep it as a heritage from his father. The boy weeps at sight of his father's sword; as he kneels to kiss its hilt, Bonaparte is touched at the simple emotion of the youth, and he grants permission for him to keep it. On the boy's return home his mother is so grateful at the general's kindness that she hastens to call on him in person to express her thanks.

The susceptible Bonaparte sees in this gracious widow the embodiment of that which he has always associated with the great aristocracy of the old régime. He little guessed that her origin on the island of San Martinique was from a rank more lowly than his own island nativity. At once his imagination is set aflame; he feels that, for the first time, he stands in the presence of a grandame. The arts of Josephine's boudoir carefully conceal the assaults of time; her carriage bears the exotic seduction and languorous ease of the Creole. The young general, several years her junior, succumbs to Josephine's charms more readily than had Toulon to his redoubtable cannon. In a few days they are engaged, and Bonaparte insists that they be married at once. The general's campaigns cannot wait, and Barras is willing.

The mayor is asked to be in readiness on the evening of the 9th of March, 1796, to perform a civil ceremony. In order to avoid mutual embarrassment, Bonaparte adds eighteen months to his real age, and Josephine takes several years from hers. Complications were imminent, for if the general were born on February 5, 1768, he cannot state that he was born in Corsica, for the island was not at that date French territory and he would be reckoned an alien; so he claims he was born in Paris. After all, who would see that document?

The impetuous lover would not wait for a religious ceremony. Eight years later it is to be solemnized at Notre Dame at the coronation of Napoleon and Josephine.

Perhaps in the short interval between the ardent courtship and the Corsican's insistence on immediate marriage, Josephine considered the idea that she ought to marry a wealthy man, for her first husband had left her practically penni-

less. But Josephine paid little heed to bills; she had always had what she desired, and the future would take care of itself.

La salle de mariage de Napoleon is much gilded and painted with cupids, garlands and goddesses; before the massive fireplace the graceful Josephine waits, her small, high-arched foot taps impatiently for the ardent wooer who has not yet arrived. She is not beguiled by the talkative dandy, Barras, who strives to amuse his companion of days foregone. This man seems so weak in contrast to the fiery impetuosity of General Bonaparte's nature. Though pleased at Barras' attentions she is plainly not thinking of him, for now she suppresses a yawn. How could she ever have been satisfied by such a one as Barras? And yet this man has his peculiar distinction; he is destined to help this brilliant pair on to their destiny. Tallien stands by, silent, grave, troubled; the two are to sign as witnesses. Camelet, Josephine's confidential advisor, holds himself discreetly apart from this waiting spectacle.

The bride sits down and waits. She assumes her Creole nonchalance and sweet smile. Her chestnut hair is arranged in a Greek knot, in the style which may be seen in the thousand replicas of her, for Josephine is forever posing for a new portrait. She wears a clinging tunic that disguises none of her physical charms. As the moments slip by and Napoleon does not appear, she gives a little restive sigh and holds her chin in her hand. She looks long in the fire toward which her little feet are stretched for warmth. Traffic has long since ceased, and the hack drivers are talking over the day's idleness, for few ride these evil days.

Two long hours this group waits. One wonders what is in the mind of Barras as he scans Josephine's countenance; it

was he who said early in Napoleon's career, " This young man will either end on the scaffold or on a throne."

The mayor, dozing peacefully in his armchair by his desk, seems less concerned than any of the others. But where is the general? Does he give himself over so assiduously to the planning of the minutest details of his forthcoming campaign that it completely possesses his thoughts?

Suddenly there is a sound of voices, the clank of a sabre on the stone steps. The door is thrust open and General Bonaparte hastily enters followed by his aide-de-camp. He goes straight to the sleeping mayor, shakes him rudely and in a tone of impatience says, " Come, M. le Maire, marry us quickly! " Almost as quickly it is done, and the witnesses disperse. The carriage and fine black horses which drive the bride and groom away used to belong to the king and queen of France, and were a gift from Barras to recompense Josephine for those she had long ago. Hereafter a new god is to provide for Josephine.

So soon as they arrive at the bride's home, Fortuny, Josephine's pet pup, jumps from her bed and promptly bites the bridegroom. Bonaparte wants to put the dog out of the room but Josephine will not hear of it, and there is nothing for him to do but accept the dog as a bedfellow; Bonaparte capitulates.

Early on the 11th of March, two days after the marriage, a post chaise draws up in front of the house. It is loaded with valises, books, maps and firearms. Napoleon tears himself from the wife that he so impetuously courted and wed. He mounts the steps of the carriage and waves good-bye. As the door closes behind him he is already planning the first steps of the campaign in Italy toward whose frontier he hurries by

Bonaparte at Le Maddelena
(*From a portrait by Philippoteaux*)

night and day. For many years he is to fight his way "*au destin*"—the words which he had inscribed in the ring which Josephine now wears.

It is a mistake to say that Josephine toiled not, neither did she spin. In her own peculiar way she helped Napoleon on to the height of his achievements, and her allegiance lasted through the successes and vicissitudes of fifteen eventful years.

While Napoleon is loath to leave Paris without his personality to direct it, he must perforce go in person into the "cockpit of Europe"—that long chain of fortifications stretching seventy-five miles of Legnano, southward from Verona to the mouldering walls of Mantua.

Dashing across the bridge at Lodi, Napoleon receives not only a baptism of fire but a deeply forged blade of personal courage; he now casts down his gauntlet at the feet of Austria on the Lombardy plain. The cleverness of his ruse fools the Austrian generals and he proceeds almost uninterruptedly to the main siege of Mantua.

A siege is fearfully irksome to the impetuous Bonaparte. "It depends upon luck, a dog or a goose," he comments, and places his watchdogs about Mantua while he himself withdraws to prepare to meet the new Austrian Army soon to be sent against him.

While Austria has the right of way into Lombardy and can descend upon him, Napoleon does not possess this privilege. He but waits his opportunity, however, and soon finds excuse to violate the neutrality of Venice. Disposing his army about the Venetian city of Verona so as to hold the key to the Austrian Tyrol, he reports to his other self, the Directory in Paris, "Our outposts are on the hills of Germany." For the ruler of Austria is the German emperor and Austria is at the

head of the German world. Thus easily does Napoleon compound his fluorescent fancy with his prearranged hopes.

Through a treaty with the King of Naples Napoleon easily seizes all the stores in the port of Leghorn belonging to English merchants; he captures Bologna, Ferrara and Urbino in the papal states. Having thus enriched his army by his own initiative, he proceeds to entrench himself more deeply in Italy by converting castles into munitions plants and hospital-supply factories.

In the midst of his torrential activities Napoleon breaks the glass over the miniature of his wife, which he has carried over his heart since leaving Paris. His face blanches. "My wife is ill!" he cries to Marmont in alarm, "or she is unfaithful!" Immediately he sits down and writes:

"You know that I could never endure to see you in love with any one, still less endure that you should have a lover; to tear out his heart and to see him would be one and the same thing, and then, if I could raise my hand against your sacred person — No! I should never dare, but I should at once abandon a life in which the most virtuous being in the world had deceived me. . . . A thousand kisses on your eyes, your lips!"

Now that Napoleon holds Milan and has a roof to offer her, Josephine leaves Paris full of tearful regret. Upon her arrival in Milan there is another two-day honeymoon, and then the soldier-bridegroom is off to the war again. The fierceness of his love-passion, his characteristic jealousy and demand for sole possession form but a part of this peculiar personality.

Now for all of five hot August days Napoleon does not take off his clothes, so uninterrupted is his gigantic effort to divide and beat two Austrian armies. So furious is his activity that in the course of the running fight of Castiglione he

rides five horses to death and nearly falls into the hands of the foe. Twice during this same summer he is again in peril of being taken prisoner. He is still suffering from blood poisoning he had contracted during the siege of Toulon from handling an infected artillery sponge. Symptoms of tuberculosis also develop. He hates the drugs prescribed for him and resists like a stubborn child. The only thing his physician can do to relieve his frightful headaches is to plunge him into a tub of hot water.

At the little bridge at Arcola the French officers rush to the head of their column, hoping to repeat the dash at Lodi, but their show of bravery is lost, and Lannes and several other generals are wounded in the battle. Seizing a flag Augereau leaps upon the bridge, crying to his men as they bend under the storm of the enemy's guns, " Cowards, do you fear death too much? " Napoleon himself then takes the lead. He springs upon the bridge, where he is caught in a furious swirl of fighting, while the brave Muiron, throwing himself before him to cover him with his body, is struck dead at his feet.

But the bridge cannot be taken by storm. The general-in-chief is whirled back and pushed off the steep grade of the road into a quagmire. Napoleon is literally stuck in the mud, and Marmont and Louis Bonaparte run to his assistance to rescue him from the enemy.

The third day of hard fighting is drawing to a close. Unnerved and sick of battle, both sides are only waiting for the other to quit from exhaustion when Napoleon gains the victory by a simple ruse. Placing trumpets in the hands of twenty-five horsemen he sends them across the river, and they gallop around behind Arcola. In the waning November dusk, the noise of the trumpets strikes terror to the fainting hearts

of the Austrians. At the thought of their left wing and rear being ambushed by a fresh column of cavalry, their last drop of courage leaves them and soon Alvinzi's entire army is in full retreat. Italy has been saved by the blare of twenty-five trumpets.

Perhaps no general ever had a more stubborn or doughty foe than that which Austria furnishes Napoleon in 1797. Four times Napoleon has driven the Austrians from the Lombardy plains, and now General Alvinzi debouches once more from the defiles of the Tyrol, and in the depth of winter. Is Napoleon never to be allowed to rest? No; so feverishly eager is he to meet his adversary anew that he takes the offensive, not even waiting for his own reinforcements.

Napoleon sits his horse as calmly as at a review. As the lines waver, the anxious eyes of his generals watch his imperturbable countenance. He is waiting for the Austrians to climb up and show their white coats above the edge of the plateau; then he will clasp them between artillery cross fire while his infantry engage them in front. As to the white coats in his rear, he is not alarmed, for they are just where he wants them, to be caught in their own rear by Napoleon's reinforcements from Verona.

He hears the shouts of the Austrians behind him and he chuckles as he softly says, "Now we have them!"

Every man of that flanking column is captured; the artillery smash and the cavalry dash to pieces the columns that scramble up the northern steeps of the Rivoli. In less than ten months Napoleon has vanquished the fifth army which Austria has sent against him.

Unfinished portrait of General Bonaparte, by David

"I LEFT YOU WITH THE MEMORIES OF VICTORY; AND NOW I HAVE COME BACK TO FACE DEFEATS"

AND now at twenty-six Napoleon sits at his own table in Milan. From the fields of his military victories he rushes into the city between battles to negotiate treaties and create states. He welds together the half-dozen petty states of northern Italy, and issues proclamations that these states are to be free whether they like it or not, and are to pay him promptly in cash for the privilege. Back in Paris the Directors wish to put an end to the temporal power of the pope, for the papal states are the focus of the religion which the French revolutionists have rejected. The prospect is very alluring, and they insist that Napoleon advance against Rome.

But he hesitates, for he realizes that the pope is one ruler who cannot be dethroned by the sword, and he wishes to avoid the aftermath of papal martyrdom. "The influence of Rome is incalculable. It is a serious error to break with this power, which will profit by our mistake."

He crosses the Rubicon, but there he stops, and because he is the stronger he offers a truce. The aged pope accepts the offer, for Bonaparte has wisely left all ecclesiastical questions open. Pius VI promises to pay France several millions, and to hand over such objects of art as the French commissioners shall determine. But Napoleon asks only for the busts of Junius Brutus and Marcus Brutus — the two heroes of antiquity.

When the pope fails to pay, Napoleon sets out towards Rome a second time, but does not enter the city. After a trifling skirmish he is willing to make peace, for he will soon want to use his soldiers in the north, and a pope forced to flee would carry his treasures with him, which would not please the Directors in Paris. He now actually pardons the French priests who have sought refuge in Rome after refusing to take the oath of allegiance to the constitution. Finally he sends this message to Rome: "Tell the Holy Father that I am not an Attila; and that even if I were, the Holy Father should not forget that he is a successor of Leo." When the pope is slow to sign the new agreement Napoleon throws diplomacy aside and tears up the draft. "We are not discussing peace, Monsignore; there is merely a suspension of hostilities," is Napoleon's comment to the alarmed pope, and when Napoleon doubles his demands the pope consents.

Napoleon's homeland, Corsica, has now been regained from the English. Though Napoleon is nominally under the command of the Directory, in all his activities he undertakes an independent command and negotiates treaties as though he were already complete master of the government. In a year he has won his way across the Alps, and has vanquished four Austrian generals and five Austrian armies. There is, and in fact has always been, something imperial in his bearing. He seems not out of place in the Serbelloni Palace lent him by a nobleman. His willingness to accept this palace but not gold keeps him above suspicion of bribery. He now has a full court surrounding him. Though he has not studied the part of monarch he seems letter-perfect. In his earlier youth the world called him queer; now the queerness is seen only as the natural hauteur of a person needing but this pomp and

circumstance to provide a fitting background to an imperial temper and will. The change could come in a day since it was an outer one; in his heart Napoleon has always been a king. His eagle glance masters republicans, aristocrats and generals. His deepset eyes change so peculiarly that many scarcely note his other features. His pinched face, so strangely eager, is framed in lustreless hair quite out of keeping with the general aliveness of his mobile features. At times his visage takes on the same sorrowful mien it bore when once he gazed in suicidal meditation at Valence. When not animated this tragic quality ever flashes out beneath the mask of his calm exterior. He now finds that his assumed monarchical powers are too great a burden for even the lithesomeness of his facile mind, and he sends for Bourrienne, his schoolmate at Brienne, and one who knew him well in poverty. It is as though in his brief life he had already overlived complete sway and dominion, and as he returns to Paris the maddest sort of applause but causes him petulantly to remark, "Bah! These people would crowd to see me just as hard if I were on my way to the guillotine."

When Napoleon's mother meets him after his battles she embraces him saying, "You are thinner than ever; you are wearing yourself out." "Not a bit of it," Napoleon rejoins, "I am really living now." "Yes, for posterity," says Letizia. "Well, do you call that dying?" As he leaves her he says, "Do take good care of yourself, mother. If you die, there will be no one left with any authority over me."

The only sort of immortality such narcistic characters desire is the symbolic preservation of their own ego either in recorded deeds or monuments. It is as though they were actors even to their own selves, and here and elsewhere Napoleon

seems busy building up an historic character for all time. This narcistic frankenstein steadily gains more deeply etched power even over his own well-nigh indomitable will. It is as though he were fascinated by this pseudo-self, taking it on and off in habit fashion, playing with that which will ultimately slay him.

Napoleon, ever striving for immortality, realizes how fame is attained. He has in attendance an able journalist whose business it is to laud him in Paris while subtly discrediting the Directors. A disciple of Plutarch, Napoleon knows how the deeds of great men are handed down to posterity, and for this reason, poets, historians, artists and men of science will often be seen at his court. A year before, a few days after the triumphal entry into Milan he penned the following to a great astronomer:

"The sciences which are the glory of the human mind, the arts which beautify the world and bequeath great deeds to our offspring, must be cherished with especial care in free states. All men of genius, all those who are famous in the world of learning, are Frenchmen, no matter to what country they may belong. . . . The French people would rather win a great mathematician, painter, or other man of note, than win the wealthiest of provinces. That is why, Citizen, I ask you to make these sentiments widely known among the great men of Milan."

Napoleon commissions an attaché to make a register of the art treasures in the possession of the petty states of Italy, and in subsequent treaties he demands the best of these for Paris. He instructs experts to make copies of the best Italian music for the Paris Conservatoire, and states:

"Of all the arts, music has the strongest influence on the

passions, and for that reason the legislator must make it one of his chief concerns. An inspired symphony composed by a master cannot fail to stir our feelings, and has far more influence than a treatise on morality, which convinces our reason without affecting our conduct."

When he becomes a member of the Institute, he displays the title at the head of all his letters, declaring:

"The true power of the French Republic must henceforward consist in this, that no new idea shall arise anywhere which is not the property of France."

In confidential talks he says:

"The soldier must, above all, regard his commander as wiser and more cultured than himself; and the soldier will regard this title with respect for the very reason that its meaning is obscure to him."

A well documented trait of the narcist is the oral ingestive character, the desire to grasp and incorporate the whole outer world into his symbolic body or personality. Such men regard even their country and race as singularly their very own. This enfoldment equally applies to all the ego perceptions and connotations such as ideas and their systematization. Indeed, narcists are great theorizers and prolific builders of systems of politics and social generalization. They strive continually to schematize the whole universe and thus undertake to bring it all under their own dominion and sway. Explorers, inventors and all creative artists are born of the same mould. Beneficent or malevolent the scheme of personality is the same. Its frightful portent lies in a constant tendency to a static immobility. Unduly dominant in the character it is always doomed to sure defeat, as are all purely competitive systems of surpassment.

Seated beside Bourrienne in the carriage in which he is

driving away from Italy after a stay of nearly two years, he says: "A few more campaigns like this, and we shall have made a fairly great name for ourselves, a name that will go down to posterity." When Bourrienne answers that Bonaparte has already made a notable reputation he laughs scornfully. "You flatter me, Bourrienne. If I die to-day, ten centuries hence my record will not occupy more than half a page in universal history."

Several new principles are now brought forward by Napoleon, first, that the power of words or ideas can inflame men's minds as can no show of strategy or diplomacy. After a few talismanic uses of his sword his former puerile bombast now fits into its nobler setting and he is again actor and audience in his proclamations.

In his reports to Paris the schematization is so adroitly adorned with truth that one may regard either side of the medal as one is disposed. The taking of the bridge of Lodi may be said to have given birth to Napoleon as a soldier; all unwittingly he comes face to face with death and is spiritually reinvigorated as never before. His delusional sanity, heretofore buried deeply in his soul, takes shape for a further projection into his time and affairs. He is from that moment an "exceptional man" and begins to feel a divine mission, to accomplish which he further elaborates his formulation with mystical art and with science.

Drunk though he is with fantastic schemes, he extricates himself temporarily and sees clearly that they are fabrications; though believed by many as realities, he himself is willing to operate upon them only with extreme caution. How long can he play with these fiery potions of infantile magic? The projected fabrications of reality are in time to replace reality en-

tirely; but now he only half believes his own words and can lightly discard them on occasion; a little later we shall see how he dimly defines his own fate to become an "absolute egoist."

The bone of contention is extra-national. Great Britain will have none of the new order; fiercely, as is her wont, she shuts the gates of the sea against French commerce. From the audacious task of making bricks without straw in his assignment to the army of England (an irony which he believes is perpetrated by the Directory), he turns to the seeming magic task of surprising impudence in the land of the Sphinx. Nor is it embraced by Napoleon with any of the sense of a reality subjectively considered, as in the surpassingly brilliant Italian and Austrian campaigns just closed.

"I WILL ANSWER GEORGE III FROM EGYPT!"

ENFORCED idleness irks Bonaparte and makes him petulant. He will not give himself over to mastering thoroughly the technique of naval expeditions although such problems might well have occupied his time while waiting for the "perfect moment" to invade England. Not alone that thereby he might break the monotony of gazing endlessly Albionward from the jutting headland at Boulogne, but that he might even ward off French disaster in any future over-water expedition. But Bonaparte steadily impounds more and more energy and will not apply himself to learning anything of scientific warfare beyond the already mastered subject of artillery. This arm, alas, cannot reach across the channel.

While in charge of the army gathering to invade England, he does what he can to repair the French navy which must perforce slip out upon the treacherous channel waters ere France can smite the vitals of England, snugly lying off beyond his grasp.

"What is that!" the general suddenly exclaims as he sees a boat rising out of the water. Instantly his mind conjectures the possibility of going beneath those waves which Britannia so arrogantly rules.

But the investigation of the academicians on the feasibility of the submarine leads to a muddled and conflicting report. "Ah, these idealogues will be the death of us some day!" he mutters beneath his breath. To Mme. Récamier he sententiously commented one day, "The difference between me and

Napoleon at Arcola, by Gros

these idealogues is, I see the same desired goal as they, but I also vision and build into reality the successive steps by which it may be attained." Later, when he witnesses the success of the Lake submersible boat he despairingly exclaims, "Ah, it it perfected! See how futile it was to depend upon those scientific asses!"

Napoleon suddenly turns away from his intent gazing through field glasses at shores never to be invaded, and paints a vision that captivates him far more than this dour prospect. Yes, the time is ripe to seize Egypt. Why not liberate this country from the Mamelukes' misrule? Napoleon is tired of the petty trickery necessary to keep out of the Parisian political cliques. He announces to Joseph, "I shall go to the Orient. If France needs me I shall return. On the other hand, if the republic has need of a political general to assemble all factions, well and good; perhaps I shall do greater service in the Orient than at home."

The East forever fascinates the occidental mind. Not only does it exercise a charm on Napoleon but it inspires in him a passion that never leaves him. Back of his interest in the Orient is his ever present craving for a splendour and majesty beyond anything that sober Europe can bestow. The craving in fact is beyond appeasement even in his oriental dreams.

But it is a characteristic of this narcistic dreamer to undertake a realization of his dreams. So he turns from idle watching to an active plan which in the end is to prove just as fruitless. If he cannot strike at the heart of his redoubtable adversary, he may, perhaps, strike a vital blow at some of her exposed members; to lop off England's colonial possessions would be to limit her vital capacity at its source.

So Napoleon about-faces and quickly plans to march his army due south.

Not content with taking the flower of all the armies of France with him, Napoleon gathers together several of her greatest scientists. It must not seem that this is merely a republican general, a narrow military leader out to crush an enemy. Like Alexander, Napoleon would play the larger rôle of hero-conqueror; like Charlemagne he would patronize the arts and sciences. A large number of books from his classic library are packed.

As yet uncrowned, but in his own eyes always emperor, the Corsican sets out for storied Egypt.

This man of small stature has a face of saffron hue; his eyes are piercing; there lurks about his mouth an expression strangely cruel, covert, treacherous. Josephine, now fully enamoured of her Napoleon who so magically traverses the broad heavens of political romance, bids this fulminant wonder an affectionate farewell at Toulon.

Secretly Napoleon sets sail. With such speed has he undertaken this wholly mad project that he has left the southern coast ere a move can be made to intercept his passage of the Mediterranean. He is animated, filled with projects of frenzied romance; his courage beats high, no matter how arduous the military task shall prove to be. Besides, will not the scientists' visit to Egypt add new glory to France? An Oriental flavour added to her treasures of learning will be a welcomed zest for the French stay-at-homes.

All these mental fabrications fire the imagination, make delirious the common mind, even as the famous Durbar of India inflames the mind of the sober English commoner to-day. Napoleon, drunk with the intoxicants of an anticipated

victory, issues to his army proclamation after proclamation — promises that such amounts of booty shall be taken in this meteoric flight to the heart of Oriental splendour that each soldier shall have enough to buy a small farm when he returns to his beloved France.

Only for a moment does he pause at Malta, and almost without a single shot he captures this stronghold. Its treasures are but a foretaste of the riches still to be given his command.

Eight thousand Mamelukes are ready to crush the invader. As Napoleon rides up and down in front of his troops, he points to the pyramids in the distance and exclaims: "Soldiers! Forty centuries are looking down on you!"

So obviously content are the Egyptians with their lot that the pronouncement of the French slogan, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" is received with consternation. But Napoleon's proclamations are not alone for the purpose of mystifying the Egyptians; they are intended to continue the great French illusion now nearly run its course at home, but which may still be safely used abroad.

The Egyptians wrap themselves in their Oriental stolidity. Thus fortressed, they are able to withstand the invaders. Even when the Napoleonic decree is translated into the vernacular, it means little and the invasion of the French leaves the Alexandrians perplexed — the invaders call themselves Moslems and have destroyed the pope, Egypt's arch-enemy — but what then? Those of Napoleon's followers who were with him in Italy see clearly that Napoleon cares no more for the Church than do the Egyptians; he is using it here merely as a political expedient, but, noting Napoleon's thinly disguised tone of contempt, many of them announce their

own acceptance of the new faith, the main tenets of which they carry in their knapsack with that other figment of the imagination: the baton of a marshal of France.

But the fleshpots of Egypt, the soldiers find, are a myth of the most bitter sort. As they gaze at the hot sands outside Alexandria they murmur, "So this is the twenty-acre farm we were promised!"

The promised booty — where is it? The Alexandrians are even poorer than the flea-bitten Italians. The capture of the city is a great disappointment. Poverty and squalor cry out everywhere. The march on to Cairo is a hardship scarcely to be borne; the sky is molten brass, the soldiers' feet sink into the seductive sand; what can they do when snipers hide behind every sandy hillock to dispute their weary march? Some sort of battle should come soon.

The Egyptians seem even less inclined to take Napoleon's unnourishing chaff than were the Italians. Napoleon might have known that these singular people had not advanced to the social and political ambition even to toy with the words, liberty, equality and fraternity. To them such words were but sounding brass.

Napoleon, to diminish the clamour and discontent of his soldiery, can no less than accept an equal share in the Spartan simplicity which their predicament entails. He sleeps without a tent in the midst of his army and limits his one meal daily to a dish of lentils. In the blazing hot sun on the march he walks at the head of his columns in the same uniform he wore in Paris.

The memorable Battle of the Pyramids now takes place. Thirty French soldiers are slain and a hundred and twenty wounded. It is only a skirmish, but Paris will acclaim it as

The Pope and the Emperor, by Laurens

great as the Battle of Issus that opened the Orient to Alexander the Great.

But the fabled booty yet remains unvisioned. The sullen soldiers might have mutinied and reëmbarked if the French fleet had not been destroyed. Well, Africa is a disenchantment.

But this quick young chimera-builder sees a fairer, nobler prize in the not far distant land of Asia. Once more the great romancer paints his vision anew. Besides, Nelson, ruthless destroyer of French fleets, has thwarted any possibility of a backward step. There is nothing to do but go on.

"Characters of a superior order assert themselves in such a crisis," says the commander. In order to allay suspicion that he is a false prophet come not to save but to destroy the East, Napoleon redoubles the vigour with which he represents himself as the saviour of the Moslems. He and his followers do joint obeisance to the crescent and the tricolor; they are companions over every bivouac. Reforms and conciliations are initiated. Finally, Moreau's whole command makes an open profession of Islam faith. This young prestidigitator waves his wand, and instantly new state and civil authorities take office to carry out immediate reforms.

In order to make warfare more intense that better peace may result, Napoleon fashions a new campaign, and soon his strictness and justice are to be rewarded by the Egyptian's sobriquet, "The Exalted."

At home, romance fights for him even better than the French soldiery. While Napoleon is cut off from France his countrymen surround him with heroic glory, believing that he has subjugated almost instantaneously the land of the pharaohs. But the French people are restive; after all, while the real

or ideal head of the republic is over-seas conquering a remote land, at home everything goes wrong.

Now follows the terrible expedient that has long hung like a pall over this fabled saviour of simple peoples. Several thousand Turks are shot for no other reason than that the general and his captains are mortally afraid of their uncertain position. This barbarity will long be remembered; only those who believe that any extreme of cruelty is excusable in war, will justify Napoleon in a deed otherwise unpardonable.

The English, observing that Napoleon has arrived without artillery, infer that it is being sent by water. The enemy immediately put to sea and succeed in intercepting the cannon. Thus inadvertently England assists in making the siege of Acre the more difficult, for without a siege train the young artillerist is powerless. In the midst of the renewed fury of the siege a disquieting message brings news to Napoleon of such a medley of disaster in France's affairs that Napoleon's stout heart is traduced from its high purpose. And, as though this were not enough, the news of Josephine's infidelity reaches him.

Napoleon is stunned. He interrupts his nervous pacing up and down to sit down and write to his brother Joseph:

"In two months I can be back in France. Look after my interests, I beseech you. I have a great deal of trouble at home; the veil has been torn off once for all — I have no one left in the world but you. Your affection is precious to me. Only one thing could increase my bitterness — if I were to lose you, if you also were to play the traitor. How terrible that all my affections should be concentrated upon one personality. You understand me? Make arrangements that as soon as I return home I shall have at my disposal a country house near Paris

or in Burgundy, a place where I can spend the winter in absolute seclusion. Mankind has become loathsome to me. I need rest and solitude. Greatness bores me to death. The fount of feeling is dried up. At twenty-nine years of age, I find that fame is vanity. I've got to the end of everything. Only one resource is left to me, to become an absolute egoist. I shall keep my house in Paris, and not hand it over to anyone. I have nothing more than what I brought into the world with me."

This sense of bereavement at the news of Josephine's amours in the absence of Napoleon is characteristic of the narcist in the extreme. Napoleon looks upon Josephine as a chattel, even as he does the members of his family. To her and them alike he is dotingly indulgent so long as they play the rôle of satellites. The organization of his purpose requires that they carry out but never initiate activities. They are ordered about and dismissed as though they were servile to his own imperious will. Lucien, who perhaps matched Napoleon in capacity for vigorous thinking, is ignominiously banished, not so much because his marriage is not approved by Napoleon but that Lucien in manner and behaviour presumes to see through his brother and especially to descry his egoistic self-seeking aims.

Acre will not succumb. Pestilence and a terrible sequence of unparalleled catastrophes cause Napoleon to withdraw his troops to Cairo. In the sixty-odd days of the siege, forty-two times Napoleon assaults furiously, but the sacrifice is useless. Curious to state, the decimated French army still believes itself possessed of a crown of glory, such magic can their commander make for them. "The pest, the terrible heat, the new relieving Turkish expedition from Rhodes — no army could withstand these," he explains. How to fool the Cairoans

is the question, but Napoleon's cleverness is equal to the task; both invaders and invaded are deluded. There has not yet been a chance for him to show what he may accomplish with his selected veterans. Promptly he moves to circumvent the juncture of the cavalry headed by Murad, commander of the Mamelukes, and the newly landed twelve thousand Turkish infantry.

It is a bright spring morning; Napoleon sits his horse on Mount Tabor in the clear sunlight. He watches a scene in the vale below as six thousand of his soldiers meet four times their number. He orders Kléber to throw his men into the squares with light cannon at the angles. Now the furious, fanatic assault of the Turks follows. Again it is overpowering numbers of Turkish infantry against French artillery. Napoleon's thoughts hark back to the scene of the sections of the Paris uprising, and the result is not different. With frightful rapidity, line on line of Turks is thrown on the French squares and melts away like mown grain. All in vain do the Turks call down on this ruthless invader the wrath of the prophet. Forests of scimetars rise and fall to rise no more. The squares are bounded by a girdle of flame. Now it is Napoleon's army that is sheltered behind ramparts of the slain Turks.

The Battle of Aboukir lasts six hours. At its crisis the little general moves from Mount Tabor with a single division. With but a single cannon pronouncement, he announces his precipitate entry into the battle to the weary Kléber, who has been fighting against terrible odds. Napoleon had sent Murat's cavalry by a wide detour to approach the Turk's entrenchment in the rear. He moves his own column up to the apex of the hottest fire just as he discovers Murat's horsemen

about to attack the rear of the Turkish army. Thus the right and the left flank of the Turks are routed, and the centre retreats to a fortress in the peninsular citadel.

The next day, which is the first anniversary of the Battle of the Nile, the entire force surrenders. Thus all hopes of the Mamelukes' power in Egypt are shattered; Napoleon is left in undisputed control. In a few days the French army, though badly crippled, has sufficient strength to annihilate the newly landed Turkish army, and Napoleon may now inform the Directory that "not a single man of the hostile army which landed escaped."

Once more the name and fame of Napoleon are invincible. French courage is again in the ascendant.

A momentary pause enables Napoleon to scent the series of incalculable disasters at home. He tells Marmont that the state of affairs in Europe compels him to return, for the French armies in Europe are defeated and the fruits of his hard-earned victories in Italy are lost.

"I alone have borne the burden, and by constant victory have given strength to this administration, which without me would never have lifted its head. On my departure everything had, of necessity, to crumble. Let us not wait until the destruction is complete; the evil would be irremediable. My presence will elevate men's spirits, restore to the army its lost confidence, and to the good people the hope of a prosperous future."

Now his present impossible position in Egypt is so perverted in his own mind that he makes the outer affairs fit his own inner and long considered plans. By night, Napoleon, choosing a few devoted friends, leaves his gallant comrades in Kléber's command and sets sail.

To Napoleon this is an act of heroism — is he not risking

his life in hostile waters in order to save France? Besides, has he not promised to return to Egypt in three months with sufficient forces to defeat all his enemies on land and sea? Yet from the moment of Nelson's victory, he clearly realizes that ultimate defeat is inevitable. No army cut off from constant recruiting can endure.

What will his countrymen think of this act of leaving army and comrades in Egypt, when it was he who planned the invasion, and promised to bring them back victorious? They cannot be more difficult to fool than his own soldiers who believed most certainly, even after the great defeat at Acre, that they were the victors. Simultaneous with his landing, the news of the glorious defeat of the Turks at Aboukir will be received. He has never been slow to place the blame upon others; Joseph could attest to this even in childhood days.

Nothing is so quick as the ego to protect itself, and Napoleon is not disheartened as his favourites cluster about him on shipboard. How much fear he experiences and how much guilt, which rests not too lightly on this promethean son of Mars in his flight, may only be guessed as he reaches his old home at Ajaccio. Turning his pockets inside out, he gives their contents to the half-starved garrison. His over-tense features momentarily relax with joy at sight of his old nurse who has come to greet him. But he is anxious to be gone; he acts petulant and distraught when his adoring countrymen crowd about his entourage. In the midst of this stop he hears of fresh disasters in national affairs, and at once he becomes the wary fugitive bent upon escape from the treacherous English-infested waters. They may still intercept his answer to George III.

Napoleon does not make for Italy to repair the disasters

that have befallen his one-time victorious armies, but heads directly for the shores of France. For a time fortune seems unfavourable; a British squadron looms on the horizon, and at sunset his own captain is ready if need be to turn back and land his precious freight, Napoleon, alone on the island they have just left. But the darkness of the night revives Napoleon's courage. The English have been deceived by the angle of their enemy's yards. Mistaking his course, they sail in the wrong direction, and in the morning Napoleon is relieved to see a clear horizon with no sight of the detested ships that are destined at a much later date to bear him supinely to another island.

But the present landing at Frejus is too crowded with events and new triumphs for our adventurer to brood, and thoughts of his Egyptian failure have almost departed. Thus rapidly is Napoleon's mind cleared of all foreboding. He makes a secret vow that the dilatory English shall bitterly rue this sunset slip.

As Napoleon lands at the little port, all France, supposing him penned up in Egypt, is astonished at his safe return after a run of some fifty days through the British blockade. It is easy to understand the enthusiasm on his return from the wonderful Italian campaign, but in Egypt he has made no real conquest; he is even a deserter from his command. Though the people are told the boat has just come from the plague-infected Egypt, they are not to be gainsaid but rush aboard in their enthusiasm. Soon, all too soon, Napoleon hears their plight. "We prefer the plague to the Austrians!" they shout.

So all his Italian victories have come to naught! The Austrians have overrun all Italy.

Napoleon's disillusionment on landing is only momentary, for as he reaches Paris he is received with every manifestation of joy. The people look upon him as their liberator. Plainly they want Napoleon and not the Directory to manage their affairs.

Napoleon makes political hay while the sun of popularity yet shines. He addresses the French nation through an emissary of Barras with a fine show of feeling:

"What have you done with that land of France which I left to your care in so magnificent a condition? I left you with the memory of victories, and now I have come back to face defeats. I left you with the millions I had gathered in Italy, and to-day I see nothing in every direction but laws despoiling the people, coupled with distress. What have you done with the one hundred thousand of French citizens, my companions in glory, all of whom I knew? You have sent them to their death. This state of things cannot last, for it would lead to despotism and we require liberty reposing on a basis of equality."

When the Directory offers him the choice of any army he would like to command, he does not refuse but asks that he be allowed a short interval to recover his health. Secretly, he expects to find an opportunity so to place himself that he will be able to confer high offices instead of merely accepting them.

Speaking of this period Napoleon says:

"The Directory was not uneasy at my return; I was extremely on my guard and never in my life have I displayed more skill. Everyone ran into my traps, and when I became the head of the State there was not a party in France that did not base its hopes on my success."

The adroitness with which Napoleon schemes for his per-

sonal advancement has never been equaled, even by Caesar in putting aside the thrice-offered crown.

In Egypt France missed Napoleon's military genius, but how can the Directory maintain its imbecile government with Napoleon right in Paris, and with his purpose more than half suspected by all the astute members of that body? Plotters for the government's overthrow now seek to know Napoleon's more ominous intentions. Sieyès is the machinating instrument, for he commands a majority of the Council of Ancients. Napoleon's overtures are cordially met, and Sieyès lends his influence to the impending *coup d'état*. Two other men are added to the list of his adherents; these are Talleyrand, who has been recently deposed from a place in the ministry, and Fouché, the minister of police. While Napoleon does not trust Fouché, he uses him without giving him his confidence.

Anxious days and nights are passed with Talleyrand, and more than once one or the other is thought to be unfaithful to their common conspiracy. The plain fact is that Talleyrand hopes that Napoleon's ascendancy at this time will pave the way for the return of the Bourbons. He little guesses that Napoleon intends to be the head and tail of all the France there is, both at home and abroad.

More than once Napoleon and Talleyrand, in close conference through the nights that precede the oncoming events of the eighteenth Brumaire, are alarmed at the idea of possible discovery. The very night before the eighteenth Napoleon paces nervously up and down before the darkened lamp on the table at which the cripple, Talleyrand, sits. Napoleon goes through the speech which he is to deliver on the morrow, and lest the vibrant tone of his harangue reach the ears of some lurking eavesdropper, "Hark!" interrupts Talleyrand.

"There may be a detachment of cavalry coming up the street to arrest us."

Napoleon ceases and joins Talleyrand as he softly tiptoes to the closely drawn shutters and listens. As a group of roistering soldiers proceed past, they look at each other and breathe a common sigh of relief. It is not good for either that they be seen in such close proximity. When, long after midnight, they secretly steal away, the plans for the morrow are well rehearsed, though Talleyrand will be keenly disappointed in the outcome.

"PATIENCE! THE PEAR IS NEARLY RIPE"

IT is characteristic of the narcist always to try to realize his ambition before he possesses the capacity or before sufficient trial of his ability is made in smaller performances to indicate his chance of success. Napoleon's training in politics and the vagaries of civil administration has been too desultory to develop an understanding of, much less a capacity to control, such divergent types of minds as the Assembly now presents to match his wits. In such tasks, both now and hereafter, Lucien is by far the abler, a fact which his genius-gifted brother is apparently never able to admit and which Lucien either openly or secretly wishes Napoleon never to forget.

The violent drunkenness of the French Revolution is over. Now comes the reactionary bitterness and realization that the world cannot be run on ideas alone. All night long a committee of the Ancients is in session minutely perfecting its plans. The scene is set. General Bonaparte is to be entrusted with the execution of their decree. He is to be given charge of the Paris Garrison, of the Council's special guard and of the National Guard. Napoleon is to take the oath of office — in so doing he will voice allegiance to himself and not to the Constitution — and the arrangements are communicated to the Directory, to the Council of Five Hundred and to the public by proclamation. On the morrow, the eighteenth of Brumaire, there is much coming and going; discussion and expectancy are in the air.

Saint Cloud slowly fills its palace chambers. Soldiers are

on guard at all approaches. Napoleon gives the cue for his own entrance, and a sudden silence falls upon the place. He suffers stage fright. This task requires not merely physical bravery — no gaping cannon confront him with terrible immediate annihilation. The expectant silence expresses not alone his old inner terror, for now there is another: he is to break the law and order of his very innermost being. He has no pluck for such a task; it is far different from storming the bridge at Lodi. Napoleon said afterward, "I would rather talk to soldiers than to lawyers — they make me nervous. I am not accustomed to assemblies, but it may come in time."

He hesitates for an instant; he is pale and gathers himself for the mighty effort. At last he pours out a torrent of disjointed, rudely eloquent phrases, a slightly modified harangue such as he improvises for his soldiers.

"Representative Citizens: The existing circumstances are extraordinary; you are on a volcano. Yesterday I was living quietly in Paris when you charged me to carry out your decree for transferring the session of the Legislature to Saint Cloud. I immediately called together my comrades, and we flew to your help. Well, to-day I am already overwhelmed with calumny. Caesar, Cromwell, a military government, are spoken of. Had I aimed at military government, would I have lent my support to the national representatives? The Republic is without a government. The Council of Five Hundred is divided against itself. There is only the Council of Ancients. It is from that Council I derive my powers: it is for you to take steps. Speak! I am here to carry out your measures. Let us save liberty; let us save equality!"

Consternation reigns supreme. Can it be that the danger is as imminent as Napoleon says? Is he, then, the sole saviour

of the political liberties of France? Is the republic without a government? Someone shouts out to the expectant Napoleon, "How about the Constitution?" He answers readily:

"The Constitution! You yourselves have torn it up. Not a soul respects it any longer. I will speak out! Since my return I have been surrounded by intrigue. Every faction has approached me, and men who arrogantly describe themselves as the only patriots have urged me to thrust the Constitution aside. . . . I declare that Barras and Moulins have invited me to head a party in order to overthrow all men of liberal ideas!"

The falsehood has slipped out, and Napoleon sees his mistake. He is now beside himself, for his accusations produce a storm of exclamations. Is this, then, the Jacobin conspiracy — aristocrat and democrat conspiring together? They ask for details, and in the general hubbub of enquiries and surprises Napoleon gains time to compose, not an answer to his unwise incriminations but a defense of other accusations, and bursts into a perfect torrent of language. He abuses the Constitution, the Five Hundred, and adroitly threatens to call on his soldiers if the members but dare to cry outlaw against him. He is still beside himself and openly exposes his personal aim and views as he fairly shouts his diatribe:

"Caesar, Cromwell, tyrant — that's all I have to say to you! Liberty! Equality! You forget the Constitution! Hypocrites! Intriguers! I will abdicate from power the instant the Republic is free from danger. The god of war and the god of fortune are with me!"

This is so much beyond and over the target of political expediency, so much an exposé of his own despotic desires, that Bourrienne whispers to him, "General! You no longer

know what you are saying." Lucien, who is presiding, is at his wit's end as Napoleon, now totally lost to reason or calm thinking, breaks into incoherent ravings, repeats his accusations of Barras and Moulins, and states that their danger lies in that for which they are supposed to stand — which is the very thing that is almost universally desired. In a final statement before being dragged from the room by his comrades, he cries, "If liberty perish you will be responsible to the universe, to posterity, to France and to your families!"

We hear the anointed of God speaking. The universe and posterity! He is to be their protector. A revised version of his speech printed "by authority" next day removes the glaring insults and threats of the day before. The prearranged program is then carried out. But the uproar outside the palace is now terrific. Previous plans are all awry — two hours' delay has given the Jacobins time to consider. The Directors have not yet resigned, and each member is required solemnly to swear allegiance to the Constitution that but a few hours before Bonaparte himself had declared nonexistent.

Cries of "Down with dictators" rise again. But Barras' resignation arrives at this juncture, with fulsome praise of Napoleon's greatness and goodness. Napoleon's personal star is once more in the ascendant. The stage being cleared of the revolution Directory, the immediate and terrible fear of the past is again imminent. The Jacobins see the trap and begin to speak of what the circumstances portend.

But Napoleon, surrounded by his grenadiers, again usurps the centre of the stage. Amid cries of "Outlaw him!" disorder passes into a veritable pandemonium. At the acme of excitement many lay hands upon Bonaparte to do him physical

violence. The heat and passion are too much for him: his face becomes livid and he reels into the arms of his aides who carry him out into the open air, unconscious.

At this moment his personal cause seems lost. On partial resumption of consciousness Napoleon makes incoherent remarks, addressing his colleagues with all manner of reproachful epithets. This incoherency and raving is not unfamiliar to epileptologists, and is known to be a state of automatism or transient delirium during which the individual may perform seemingly purposeless acts or make apparently meaningless remarks. These short twilight states have been an object of study and we find the train of thought always concerns the subject's own desires and personal conflicts. Unconscious motives are liberated; thus Napoleon reviles those who oppose him, considers them enemies of the State (meaning himself), and feels that they should therefore be destroyed or imprisoned. In point of fact his remarks are not without meaning to those about him; they so glaringly reveal his own personal ends that Lucien feels it necessary to come to his brother's aid and put a smoother interpretation to Napoleon's illy concealed vituperation.

When Bonaparte is restored he is once more surrounded by his faithful soldiers. He assumes again the rôle of the man on horseback and easily falls into the familiar naturalness of his excitatory harangues delivered now from the open terrace to the frenzied soldiers. The decisive moment has arrived; will the soldiers obey orders for violence if need be? His generals are troubled. Napoleon rushes into the antechamber where his commanders sit, exclaiming excitedly, "There must be an end to this!"

Catching Napoleon's cue, Sérurier marches up and down,

proclaiming, "They were going to kill your general, but be calm."

Napoleon dispatches a file of soldiers to escort his brother through the throng. A horse is brought, which Lucien mounts, and, presenting himself to the troops, he declares, as president of the Five Hundred, that the majority of the legislature is made up of honourable men but that in the room from which he has just come there are a few English hirelings who hold the rest in terror.

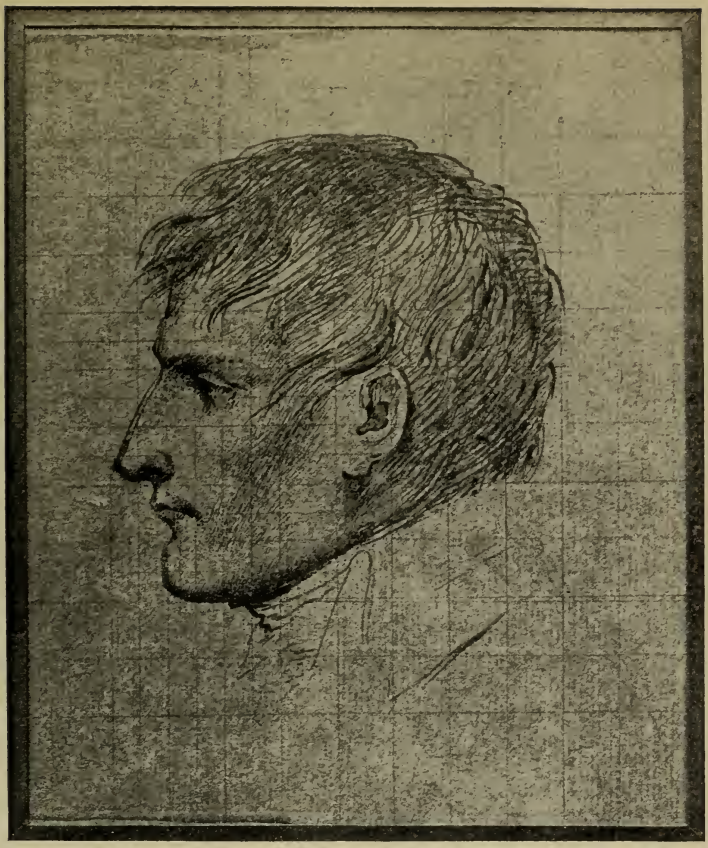
There is a cry, "Hurrah for Bonaparte," but the soldiers make no motion to act.

The dramatic moment now arrives: seizing a sword from a bystander, Lucien points it at Napoleon's breast and cries, "I swear I will strike down my own brother should he ever endanger the liberties of France!" There is a movement in the lines at last.

Napoleon breathes more freely and as they reënter the hall he says to Murat, "Follow me. If they resist, kill, kill! I am the god of the day!"

"Keep still!" cried Lucien, "Do you think you are talking to the Mamelukes?" Whereupon the order rings out, the drums drown the roar of talk, action begins, and with the brothers on horseback at their head, the grenadiers advance and in a few moments the disordered room is empty.

The nation is tired of war and eager for a peace that will bring prosperity. The Jacobin party is no more. There is a complete overthrow of the Directory, and the escaped legislators who reach Paris that night find little comfort. Everywhere there is perfect calm and the great city goes about its ordinary affairs. When Fouché publishes a statement that Napoleon in



Napoleon Exposition, 1895

Napoleon, First Consul, by Ingres
Belonging to M. Germain Bapst

his effort to denounce counter-revolutionary measures has barely escaped assassination, the theatres announce it from the stage to enthusiastic audiences. Everyone is eager for authority, for order, for policies which will safely anchor the civil liberties won by the Revolution and which have been jeopardized by the self-seeking and incapacity of those who have been holding the helm of state.

Napoleon has no further need of patience: the pear is not only ripe; it is plucked.

When Napoleon reaches Paris it is as the arbiter of French destiny. Talleyrand and the Royalists understand that the day's work has turned the oligarchy into a powerful monarchy of some kind or other, just what, they do not yet know, but for many years to come their hopes to bring back the Bourbons are destined to disappointment. They, too, will be servile to this new master, for Napoleon, wise in his generation and in knowledge of himself, sees clearly that the notions of the Royalists are illusory.

He proceeds with caution. The man on horseback is not too firmly seated. He still remembers how near he came to spilling, and in his ears still ring the cries of "traitor" and "outlaw," nasty epithets for one who is a strict constructionalist of legal codes. He is not to hear them uttered again for fifteen eventful years. This day he took the gambler's chance, staked everything, and won; how narrowly only he and perhaps one other really knew — but Lucien is silent for many a day. After all, what matters it; it all lies in the turbulent day now past; it is already swallowed by beneficent night thoughts. To-morrow's sun rises on a land that has found its despot, though discreet thoughts of a *benevolent* despot remain as yet Napoleon's only conscious indulgence.

The Bonaparte family moves to the Luxembourg. The balance of his mind restored, Napoleon, as a concession to win public favour, always appears in civilian garb. As he jokes about the scenes at Saint Cloud, his face is pale and his cheeks are hollow, but there is withal an irresistible vigour and magnetism about him.

A new charter is put into operation. It is difficult to determine the composition of the assembly which meets at the Luxembourg palace to determine who shall be the permanent consuls. According to an anecdote of the time, Sieyès opened its proceedings by explaining the dangers of a military despotism should the first consul be a soldier. Bonaparte whispers to his supporters to scatter themselves throughout the assemblage, and when they see him take Sieyès' hand they are to shout, " Bravo, Bonaparte! " At the close of the latter's speech he assumes an air of generosity and friendliness, saying, " Let us have no difference of opinion, my friend; for my part, I vote for Abbé Sieyès. For whom do you vote? " Taken aback, Sieyès murmurs, " I vote for General Bonaparte." Instantly Napoleon puts out his hand and the speaker grasps it. " Bravo, Bonaparte! " rings from all sides, and Sieyès' supporters join in the shout. Thus apparently by general consent, the shrewd intriguer is acclaimed First Consul. Whether this tale is authentic or not, at all events Bonaparte takes the office without a question on the part of the public.

The radical side of the Revolution now ceases to exist, but its ideals of civil liberty are embodied in Bonaparte, giving the people new vigour, new hopes. For measures of temporary relief the new constitution permanently substitutes a financial system comprising far-sighted regulations which completely revive general confidence. The Bank of France is organized

in January, 1800, and restores sound currency, a visible sign of a new era of stability.

Taking advantage of the temporary abdication of all power, Napoleon begins his work. Seizing every situation as it arises, he is an opportunist; but not the least element of his extraordinary greatness is an ever-present idealism born of his own unconscious egoistic impulse, the very embodiment of his narcism.

It is hard to believe that Napoleon the narcist acts so ruthlessly, even as an opportunist, at times. And yet, as we have said, he is a strict constructionalist and a firm believer in legal codes. The fact is that the latter is the main guiding principle in the acts which we have just been considering, but these codes are for the time being regarded by him as peculiarly his own instruments, meant to realize his own personal ideals. Napoleon is not without beneficent thoughts, however, for now in the high adventure of a day, aye, of a single hour, he has won the French people by his all-persuasive sword. In the days to come even his idealistic narcism will be bent toward his newly assumed task, to save and reconstruct France. It is an intensive labor of love, having in it all the fierce passion of possessivism.

Never before having had the chance for such an exhibition, Napoleon shows marvelous astuteness. Once gaining the key to the entrance to all possibilities, he grows considerate of everyone but himself. First of all, he provides liberally for his family, numerous relatives, and friends. His younger brothers are given good positions; his mother can once more live as she desires, gratifying her taste for saving. Joseph, now married and well-to-do, is offered several posts.

What is to be Napoleon's own portion in this new epoch?

Here, as elsewhere, the power for which he lusts is his final concern. Now and then cooler and calmer judgment fails him, and the pomp and circumstance of a physical and mental narcism ever disturb and mar his ability for mastery.

This youth, who in the bombast of late adolescence seems so foolhardy in promises and aspirations, becomes cautious in all his acts and thoughts when placed in actual power; but within his mental prison his ideal is still as grandiose as ever. His ability to endure adversity is always extraordinary. Before Napoleon gained a commanding position in the world he failed no less than six times, yet he ever had the courage to climb anew.

Though the hardiness of his youth makes him resilient to disasters, it is mainly the surety of his self-convictions that renders him so impervious to failure. This virtue so very necessary for his ascent is the chief cause of his final debacle. A more tempered idealism would have made the inner and outer world coextensive. It is easy for one to neglect one or the other for a time — only a truly great master may operate for long in these mutually colligated fields. The highly skilled executive knows what a stupendous task this ideal position entails, and he easily impales his projects on one or the other horn of his dilemma. For a time, toiling superhumanly up the perilous ascent to supreme power, Napoleon maintains the balance.

Let us pause a moment and view the man subjectively. The central core of his personality is the very embodiment of his mother's indomitable spirit. This is no longer an outer, ancestral image, but one born from the first intimate contacts with her. He has incorporated her spiritual image in his own personality. Thus he replaces the need of her in greater part by an indwelling of her image in his ego. He no longer looks

Napoleon at the age of twenty-eight, by Jean Guérin

to her with the infantile tenderness and need for her all-compelling guidance; he has captured the mother ideal which now lies within his own soul and it will dwell thenceforth in his spirit. He has but to consult his own heart's desire, and this ego-ideal tells him what to do and what not to do.

The state is excellent but for one important flaw: The ego-ideal, born of the continued and perpetual indwelling of the maternal spirit, remains with all the fascinating terror of its magic and omnipotent infantility. It is cut off for the most part from the reality-tester, and hence is not only largely antisocial, but asocial and keenly partisan for domination over all other things and people. It brooks no barrier or hindrance. It seeks unbridled license and power for its possessor.

In many less brilliantly endowed this ego-ideal is gradually tamed and brought in closer accord with and under subjection to the accumulated experience of the main part of the ego that tests out reality, but in many, who, like Napoleon, seek and obtain dominant power early, the asocial force within the heart of this ego-ideal remains untamed and dreams on of unrestricted power and domain.

Napoleon practically closed his ego-ideal to the discipline of reality-testing when he rose to power, as First Consul, at the age of thirty, for from this moment on he may be said to be fairly under the dominance of his own personal indwelling ideal uncontrolled by specific external experiences. Vaguely apprehending the strangeness of this type of mind, and not foreseeing but feeling its essential irresponsibility and danger when charged with affairs of state, his more intimate colleagues apparently honestly contemplated an appointment of a commission to test the sanity of this fulminant genius who was so soon to grasp the supreme power of the empire.

Thus did narcism, the delusional sanity of Napoleon, make its imprint. Singularly enough, though for the most part illy balanced from this early period in his career, Napoleon catches fleeting glimpses of his imminent personal and spiritual peril. His insight, however, is only superficial and too fleeting for him to pause in the precipitate flight of his meteoric career and bring about any real and lasting change in himself or his policies. The personality drinks that which not only thoroughly drunkens, but also debases, and lessens the possibility of radical change.

Such characters are built according to a psychological formula not dissimilar to the logician's or mathematician's law: given a certain set of premises, one may fairly predict their consequences. However, we are dealing here with the profoundly complex unconscious motivations in a man whose constellations of premises in the ego-ideal are as yet unschematized in any known psychology.

To many, Napoleon at thirty and for many years thereafter seemed to move in the world of affairs not only with sanity but with superhuman acumen. Though spiritually blind almost from this period on, he has already accumulated such a vast storehouse of worldly wisdom that, though having little or no contact with a balanced outer world of experience, he continues to perform feats of such gigantic proportions that our temporary scheme of introspection may well be unheeded or disregarded as being too pedantic. One might say that he travels fastest who travels alone, and certainly Napoleon, almost more than any other genius of modern times, lived a life apart and separate from other men's counsel. His immense storehouse of energy is not to be sorely taxed for many years to come.

"LOVE IS THE MOST HARMFUL OF ALL PASSIONS"

WE may take this occasion to allude to Napoleon's love-life. The turbulence and lack of balance of the love-motive at puberty is shown in his denunciation of love as a hurtful passion from which God should give protection to His creatures. Because this was his attitude, Napoleon was often pronounced incapable of disinterested affection.

At one time Napoleon was easily moved to tears, at another he was quite insensate; selfish at one moment, lavish at another. He could despise love with its higher connotation of self-sacrifice and yet render himself willingly a slave to passion. He was fierce and dictatorial. In his courtships there were elements of romantic, abandoned passion together with shrewd, calculating selfishness.

In his early youth his relations with the opposite sex were childish, morbid, or immoral. During his young manhood he seemed to desire the training rather than the substance of gallantry, and as a Jacobin he sought the support to be found in the good will of women related to men in power. As a French patriot he made strenuous efforts to secure influence through matrimony, but was nevertheless in such a tumult of feeling as to be receptive to passion. Josephine dazzled and infatuated him; captivated by her grace, he was thenceforward her slave. Of the depth of this passion there is no doubt, though it was made up in part of sentiment, and in part of self-interest. It was the elegance and grace of Josephine, as well as her sensuality, that overpowered Bonaparte, and

he described her as having the dignified demeanour which belonged to the old régime.

Napoleon's love-life was turned in upon his own ego, hence no spiritual marriage was possible. Only a marriage of convenience could be expected of him. Thus the wedding ring bore no gentle message of mutual love, but the sinister one, "To destiny." What could be the fruition of such a union? Characteristically each thought this passion might ripen into the ideal love with the addition of real tenderness. Each expected it of the other, and both were disappointed. Mutual incriminations followed, and the marriage vows were broken almost before the ink on the certificate was dry.

Thousands of pages have been devoted to reasons why one or the other failed in this marriage, but both failed — or, rather, let us say there was no real marriage and hence no real failure resulted. An autoerotic passion may always be expected to progress in this manner. There is abundant evidence of hurt pride and shattered ideals, but no heart is actually broken.

All but one of the love affairs of Napoleon were on this autoerotic and passionful level and in their wake came disillusionment and bitterness. Only one, his affair with the Countess Walewska, has about it a touch of sacrifice and tenderness, but he ruthlessly discards her for an ambitious union which again fails, for the same reasons as did the first.

Documentary evidence points to the fact that the countess apparently offered herself as a national sacrifice, for was not the possible rehabilitation of Poland dependent upon the good will or whim of Napoleon? How else could he be influenced to take a keener interest in its resurrection than through the pleadings of one capable of stirring his affections?

The so-called love affair thus had its rationalization. Nevertheless Walewska proved a gentle and sympathetic companion; secretly visiting Elba, she would willingly have shared the dethroned emperor's exile. She entered into the relation on a hazardous basis, with little real assurance that it would be a success; Napoleon did not know what his ultimate plan would be regarding a reintegration of dismembered Poland. "That can and must wait," he declared. In the meantime, he had an enthusiastic Polish army contingent and one of the fairest women of the nobility as his charming devotee — the rest could easily be put off until after his problematical invasion of Russia, when he could the better discern what advantage might accrue to himself in helping Poland. His final disloyalty is too well known to relate here. Napoleon's name is still anathema to a sorrowing nation grown accustomed to political betrayal.

Though many strive to show that the marriage with Marie-Louise failed for social or state reasons, that failure has at bottom but one explanation: neither genuinely loved the other.

The narcist is never so completely blinded to any phase of his life as to his inability to love objectively, and this was a blind spot in the field of Napoleon's intellect and emotions. He always seriously anticipated a genuine love in spite of what he glimpsed of his own makeup at times. It is not infrequent for the narcist to show a slight capacity for love in early adolescence, for one rarely sees a complete closing of the system of emotional living; but so far as we have record, even puppy-love episodes were denied Napoleon. Perhaps, too, what little objective trends he possessed were soon scorched by the truly pitiable criticisms and jeering contempt he en-

countered as a child and youth. It might be possible to show that Napoleon felt an objective love for things, or a repressed homosexual concern for his playfellows and comrades-in-arms. He seems to have felt a genuine fondness if not a love for Junot and Desaix, and perhaps for some of his personal secretaries, but in all these attitudes one might equally well perceive a narcistic paternalism with its all-embracing desire for subjective possession.

It is relatively uncommon to find individuals of the narcistic type engrossed in prostitutional relations. All sexual activity is most perfunctory and more autoerotic in portent than otherwise. Napoleon's emotional life is typical of the individual incapable of disinterested emotions. The narcist is ludicrously incompetent of gaining the level of adult emotion and is most dissatisfied, irritable, indifferent or domineering in the marriage relation. Napoleon's attitude toward feminine relationships and indeed his whole sexual life was prudish and remained of a pleasure-type characteristic of his seemingly peasant or petty noble origin.

For a long time persons outside the charmed circle of Napoleon's immediate entourage failed to see the difference between his bombastic proclamations with their slogan of "liberty, equality and fraternity" borrowed from the late terrorist régime, the aggressive forcing of reorganization and "liberty" upon border states, and the splendid but foolish Egyptian campaign — between these and the things which he really believed in, such as the gradual building up in his soldiers of an infallible belief in him as the State and in him alone, and in the reshaping of affairs of State so they would immediately respond to his merest whim or desire. If his own countrymen were so slow to see this, how much less would

the stupid diplomats of foreign governments get the matter straight?

Apparently even here Napoleon shows a matchless cunning; he allows these foreigners so to mystify themselves that they really do not see how adroitly he plays his game, matching monarch against monarch, and race against race, until none see his steady aim and purpose to destroy them. We shall see, when at last he seeks to gain allies for his increasing purpose, how illy he does it, thereby showing that something more than a single will is necessary to get such a divergent group of nations and peoples to work consistently for a common goal even though it be the selfish goal of private spoils and booty.

We see Napoleon's heretofore loose and changeable scheme of action regarding army and state crystalizing into specific formulae whose rigidity works its inevitable harm. The systematization of his delusions carries him further and further away from a flexible attitude. The rigid internal scheme is not adaptable to a changing outer world; the two draw apart from each other and are no longer interrelated. Slight disharmonies soon grow into glaring discords. The result will be that Napoleon will make increasing demand that outer things change to fit the internal, preconceived patterns of his egoistic omnipotence. Any demand for alteration of his ideals will be repelled by his withdrawal from councils, even by an avoidance of ineludible facts, such as diversities of language, folkways, economic systems, religious and social customs. What the emperor does not desire does not exist.

"IT WAS A CRIME BUT NOT A MISTAKE"

WHILE in the early consulate days Napoleon seems to be openminded and consults with his colleagues, as soon as he attains absolute power his early character traits reappear in full force and fearfully mar both his statecraft and his military genius. As in his childhood, it nearly costs him the affections of his bravest and most brilliant associates. The tragic bitterness with which the dying Lannes and Desaix upbraided Napoleon for his character faults held poignant suffering for him, for toward these two comrades-in-arms there was no doubt of Napoleon's fondness. For all its aloofness, the narcistic character is strangely sensitive, and in moments of receptivity the self-abasement, though brief, is terrible to witness.

The change that comes over Napoleon is a daily, gradual one; only at certain epochal or nodal points may we see the advance within. The outlaw attack of the eighteenth Brumaire has been scarcely lived down than new obstacles appear. Will this usurpation never cease its demands for fresh hazard? A new catastrophe looms ominously.

D'Enghien suspects no plot. Is he not safe on foreign soil at Ettenheim in good old Baden? And is not such soil sacred? Apparently not, for though he has lived here by the border in safety and even paid secret visits to friends in France, there comes the thunderbolt: he is kidnaped and hurried to a court-martial. Courageous and disdaining to plead, he owns he is in the pay of England — how else could he live? As for taking

Napoleon Exposition, 1895

Napoleon, by Ingres

From nature, during a mass at the Tuileries. Belonging to M. Germain Bapst

thought to win the restoration of his rank and privileges in France, he freely admits that he bore arms under his grandfather against the Revolution. He indignantly denies that he has ever conspired against the life of the First Consul.

For Napoleon, the day and night before d'Enghien is to meet his fate are perturbed by an apparitional dread that no Banquo's ghost alone could have engendered. What is it that so perturbs the First Consul? He will not be driven by this inner resolve; fate shall not rob him of alternative. No sooner does one resolution form than another quite contrary takes its place. Shall he have the Duke shot? That is the question. No brooding contemplation will serve this Hamlet; the die is cast: there must be continued action. And yet there sits a beclouding dread on his erstwhile clear purpose.

After a long deliberation Napoleon emerges from his study still preoccupied, and takes his place with the others at the dinner table. For once there is no play-acting; gone too are the gayety and the raillery of the past few days. All through dinner Napoleon remains plunged deep in thought.

His companions, as though their thoughts keep pace with his on-marching thoughts, keep silence too. Beneath this surface drama of silence, his will is shaping on its Vulcan's anvil mighty resolves, fit weapons for Mars. At the end of the dinner, as though he were but an automaton recording and announcing the result of a dissociated will, Napoleon stands up and utters in a harsh, dry voice, "At any rate, they will see of what we are capable, and I hope they will hereafter leave us in peace." The responsibility for this private resolution he shares with a ghostly company, but the resolve is unmistakably in the first person singular. Napoleon thinks in terms

of " I am the State," even as a bygone Louis had thought and yet another Louis is to think.

As though mentally burdened beyond his wont, Napoleon now moves uneasily about the salon, chatting a little while with Madame Bonaparte in low tones. He looks about at the others present, but not angrily as his words recently uttered might have portended. The foe is surely here, but not in the social circle. No one present menaces him, but rather they all share the feelings of that smaller and more tender portion of his nature that is in ominous dread of his words. They stand apart, dejected, sick within, not able or willing to say anything.

The First Consul is now placing himself immeasurably beyond the common solution of this momentous issue. His continued uneasiness indicates that he feels unconsciously the need of pleading before the bar of his own conscience. He can no more than vaguely gesture. He wishes to plead, but no, this would be too humiliating, so he merely states mathematically the political problem. Perhaps that will clear away this dread. Coldly, calmly, he now voices without passion this declamation:

" Military science consists, in the first place, in calculating to a nicety every chance and then in endeavouring exactly, almost mathematically, to make allowance for risks. It is upon this point that a general must not deceive himself, a decimal more or less may change all. Now this distribution of science and risk can only find place in a head of genius, for that is necessary wherever there is creation, and surely the greatest invention of the human spirit is that which gives evident existence to what apparently has none. Hazard remains forever a mystery to mediocre minds and only becomes a reality to superior

men. Turenne indeed thought but little of it and cared only for method; and I believe that I would have beaten him. Condé doubted it more than he; it was by impetuosity that he succeeded. Take Prince Eugene; he is a man whom I rate more highly. Henry VI always put bravery before all else. He has given us only combats and has never drawn up a line of battle. It is rather for democracy's sake that they boast so much of Catinat. I have, by my own reckoning, gained a victory in cases where he was beaten. The philosophers have embellished his reputation as they wished, and this has been so much the easier since one can always say what one likes of mediocre men carried to a certain eminence by circumstances which they themselves have not created.

"To be a veritable great man of whatsoever class it may be, one must really improvise a part of one's glory and to show one's self greater than the event he has caused. For instance, Caesar had on several occasions a weakness which puts me in opposition to the praise which history gives him. M. de Fontanes, your friends, the historians, are always objects of suspicion. Your Tacitus himself makes nothing clear. He judges certain results without pointing out what courses have been pursued. He is, I believe, a skilful writer, but rarely a statesman. He paints Nero for us as an execrable tyrant, and then he says, almost at the same time that he tells us of the pleasure Nero had in burning Rome, that the people loved him much.

"All this is not clear. Believe me, we are a little duped by our faith in writers who have fashioned history for us to their liking according to the natural bent of their minds. Do you know of whom I should like to read a well-written history? Of the King of Prussia, of Frederick. I believe that he is one of those men who have best known their trade in all its branches.

These ladies," he continues, turning to the company, " would not be of my opinion and would say that it was dry and personal; but after all, is a statesman obliged to be sensitive? Is he not a person wholly eccentric, always alone, from one end of the world to the other? His eyeglasses are his politics. He must have regard only for this, that they neither magnify nor minimize. While he observes affairs attentively, he must be careful to pull uniformly the threads he has in his hands. The chariot he drives is dragged by capricious horses. Consider, then, whether he ought to waste his time in taking thought of certain conventional emotions, however important they are to men in general? Can he consider the ties of blood, the affections, the puerile demands of society? And in the position he holds how acts detached from the whole, which are censured whatever they may be, contribute to a great work which everybody does not discern!

" One day they will end in the creation of an immense giant which will be the admiration of posterity. Unhappy ones that you are! You withhold your commendation because you fear lest the movement of this great machine may have upon you the effect of Gulliver, who when he moved his legs crushed the Lilliputians. Arouse yourselves, look into the future, waken your imaginations and look into the past and you will see that the great personages whom you believed violent, cruel, or what not, are but politicians. They know themselves, they judge themselves better than you, and when they are really skilful they know how to make themselves masters of their passions, for they go so far as to calculate their effects."

Three things stand forth in a blinding flash of baleful clarity on this momentous occasion: first, that Napoleon intends all present shall know that he has irrevocably resolved

Napoleon crossing the Alps, by David

on a course of action — the duke is to be shot; second, that he knows posterity may judge it to be as ruthless a crime as the burning of Rome that once wrecked Nero; third, that all such flaming crimes are but the stealthy contrivances of the impersonal and inevitable conscience of able politicians. Such men even absolve themselves of crime: "They do not make mistakes, for they calculate the effects of their acts." Even a Caesar must have been weak to go on the ides of March to the public enmeshment in the Roman Forum. The mathematical problem having been stated to Napoleon's satisfaction, he moves away from this his pronouncement before the bar of conscience. The externals have perhaps been satisfied, but inside the still small voice will keep on whispering and will never let its master sleep or rest, not until he dies.

In this harangue one sees close knit sequence of thought. Neither now nor later does he allow his external conduct to be at variance with this decision. After the event, "It was a crime, but not a mistake" becomes the slogan of his resolving mind, at least that part of it that must perforce meet the actual world of circumstances about him.

Napoleon is not intolerant of interruption this evening, but no one dares to seize the chance of getting his attention, though the spirits of those present sit with the inner judge. His conscience forces him to march up and down the room during the hour of speaking. So future events will likewise drive Napoleon to march on and on to the grave. The compulsive march has only just begun. At last a reverberating echo from the bleak and forbidding conscience within indicates a restive verdict of nonacquittal. Napoleon ceases abruptly the flow of his earnest discourse and commands de Fontanes

to read extracts from Drake's correspondence relating to the so-called conspiracy.

In the brief interval of silence that succeeds this reading the stir of conscience will not be stilled. Napoleon must needs pronounce again, pointing to the document now laid on the table:

"There are proofs that they cannot reject! That fellow wished to make disorder in France and to kill the Revolution in my person. I must defend and avenge her. I have shown of what it is capable. The Duke d'Enghien conspired like any other; it has been necessary to treat him like any other. Besides, all this was plotted without precautions, without knowing the ground. Some obscure correspondents, some credulous old women, have written. They believed them. The Bourbons will never see anything except through the bull's-eye, and are destined to perpetual illusions. The Polignac did not doubt that every house in Paris would be opened to receive them, and when they came here, not a single noble was willing to welcome them. All these fools would kill me whom they would not else overcome. They would put in my place only the angry Jacobins. We have passed the time for etiquette and the Bourbons do not know how to dispense with it. If you see them return I wager that it will be the first thing with which they concern themselves. Ah! It would have been different if one had seen them like Henry IV upon the field of battle all covered with blood and dust. But they cannot recover a kingdom with a letter dated London and signed Louis. However, such a letter inculpates imprudent men whom I am obliged to punish and who rouse in me a sort of pity. I have shed blood; I had to do it. I will perhaps spill more, but without wrath and solely because blood-letting enters into the treatment of the political

doctors. I am the man of the State; I am the French Revolution. I repeat it, I will uphold it!"

Again a silence, for Napoleon has now placed himself immeasurably beyond reach of ordinary human conduct or reason. "I am the State, I am the French Revolution, I will uphold it!" These words continue to reverberate in the despairing minds, dread congeals and bewilders the timorous few who hear the final resolve of this fateful evening. The rest is left to the silence of the night. Napoleon must now return to Paris in a new rôle. Outwardly he is the same First Consul as before this deed, but within the residue of events will not lie easily.

He is struck even more than becomes his sensitive nature with the magnitude of the effects he has produced. Feelings do not die the easy death of mere opinions. The eighteenth of Brumaire gave birth to opinions that soon were quieted, but this event is strangely different. Can it be possible that the faces which greet him now are altered from those of yesterday? Yes, there is a difference; he knows.

What shall be done to remove this wraith of a deed that will not die, but haunts him within and in the faces of the people? Well, he must blunt this impression as soon and effectively as possible. He will not wait as many advise, but will have it over at once. "I will age this event at any price. It will stay as it is until I do something to dissipate it. We will not change any of our customary habits; that will give the public to understand of how little moment we regard this event." He will go to the opera at once.

Usually, however, he rushes up the staircase at the opera and shows himself in the box before Madame Bonaparte, but this night his laggard steps give him pause. Napoleon notes that

Josephine is trembling and pale. His eyes question what sort of reception will be given his entourage. He finally advances as though he too were a man about to face a firing squad. His fear at last proves groundless. He needs but quiet his inner conscience, for the public is not an implacable judge; it cares even less than he.

In the acclaiming welcome he is much relieved for the moment. But Napoleon cannot be certain that the crowd is only welcoming him as is their custom, and that the crime may yet have to be reckoned with in the minds and hearts of his people. The police, too, may have been unusually watchful and alert, and may have promoted the claque as he entered the box. At any rate, Napoleon will feel uneasy. He will always be ready to defend himself against the shooting of the Duke before anyone who cares to challenge him. Perhaps the Duke's death was both a crime and a mistake — for so Napoleon's unwritten mood, not words, apparently judged it. At the time the events here recorded added one more maxim for his conduct: "No steps backward." The anvil of time rings on, fashioning new purposes that neither he nor mystical fate can delay.

It may be noted that no narcist likes to have his mistakes pointed out, and frequently they consider such acts as hostile. Napoleon's attitude is further typical; those who would have pleaded for the Duke felt they were up against a stone wall.

"I AM WELL"

IN the incidents that took place on the eighteenth and nineteenth Brumaire, we have seen an instance in which Napoleon lost consciousness. This brings up for consideration the question: did Napoleon suffer from epilepsy? Much time is still spent threshing out data, although reports of symptoms of attacks were painstakingly recorded by skilled observers.

When an individual has infrequent attacks incompletely observed and variously reported the diagnosis is then a nice question. In the cases of Mahomet, Caesar and Napoleon not a few reporters were biased, in part through personal attachment or a belief that the presence of so grave a disorder detracted from the lustre and worth of their patron. For instance, Napoleon's secretary, Bourrienne, says in his own memoirs:

"It has been repeated, over and over again, that Napoleon was subject to attacks of epilepsy; but during the eleven years that I was almost constantly with him I never observed any symptoms which in the least degree denoted that malady."

The presence of convulsive attacks with loss of consciousness, attended or followed by states of mild confusion, are all that may ordinarily be necessary for a diagnosis of epilepsy. But when the familiar epileptic (narcistic) character is also shown to be present, the diagnosis of the malady is almost infallible. That neither Caesar nor Napoleon had very frequent or severe attacks is well known, hence the deterioration in effectiveness as a result of these attacks was not marked in these illustrious characters. Such deterioration as did exist

must be ascribed to the weakening of the total personality due to instinctive or inherent defects. The natural weakening of resistance in the epileptic is well shown by the circumstances that attacks occur at periods of unusual or prolonged stress. Thus Napoleon is known to have had fits on the eighteenth Brumaire, during the Egyptian campaign, after the battle of Jena, during the disastrous Russian invasion and at the battle of Borodino.

Perhaps the most accurate account of an actual fit is given by Talleyrand. In September, 1805, he receives instructions to accompany Napoleon to Strasburg. On the day of Napoleon's departure from that city, Talleyrand takes dinner with the emperor, who, on leaving the table, goes to see the empress. He has only been with her a few moments when suddenly he comes out of her apartment, goes to Talleyrand and takes him by the arm and leads him into his room. M. de Rémusat, the first chamberlain, enters at the same time; they have hardly reached the chamber when Napoleon falls on the floor. He barely has time to ask that the door be closed. Talleyrand tears away Napoleon's cravat, as it seems to choke him. He groans and foams at the mouth and has convulsions which cease after a quarter of an hour. He is then placed in a chair and is able to speak. When he has dressed himself, Napoleon enjoins secrecy on the two who have witnessed his seizure. Half an hour later he is on his way to Carlsruhe, and on reaching Stuttgart he writes to Talleyrand, ending his letter with the words, "I am well."

From the foregoing positive statement one can hardly avoid being convinced that Napoleon had genuine epileptic seizures, yet there are those who state that Napoleon suffered merely from syncopal or fainting attacks, due to a hereditary de-

fective circulation. Those acquainted however with both ordinary fainting due to a weak heart and with the so-called epileptic vertigo or *petit mal,* are forced to the conclusion that Napoleon's slighter attacks were not merely cardiac dizziness but genuine *petit mal* attacks of the epileptic disorder itself. It is possible that some doubts of their epileptic nature might be entertained if Napoleon did not have major seizures as well as twilight states, lethargies, and the transitory befogged epileptic reactions so common in ordinary epilepsy.

It is well known that rapid and slow heart action are sometimes normal and often a family peculiarity. It is stated that Napoleon had a pulse of only forty beats per minute. The author has seen several epileptics whose pulse rate never reached more than fifty per minute. In such persons it is conceivable that sudden shock or fright might easily induce syncope or fainting attacks without the episode being essentially epileptic in character, but in all syncopal attacks of an epileptic nature the mind after the attack is clouded and there are slight spasmodic twitchings of the smaller muscles, such as were noted in Napoleon at his arbitrary dismissal of the Assembly at the eighteenth Brumaire.

Of the epileptic episodes in Egypt, we have little documentary evidence. It is not difficult to imagine, however, that Napoleon was labouring under a peculiar stress at that period. The situation after the destruction of the French fleet portended not only ultimate disaster to the French cause in Egypt but also a special fateful consequence for Napoleon's personal ambitions. Such a period of stress might easily have preceded the epileptic attacks that Talleyrand mentions but did not personally witness. Furthermore, the stress plus the "nervous attacks" may well have accounted for the temporary dimming

or eclipse of Napoleon's usual military genius and for the exhibition of a faulty judgment, especially in the siege and razing of Acre.

Still following in the chronological order, we have a striking picture of Napoleon in one of his so-called somnolences immediately after the Battle of Jena. His generals stand in an expectant, solemn group about the figure of Napoleon sitting in a dozing, lethargic attitude. They are all waiting his resumption of the direction of the pursuit of the defeated Prussians. A few hours of delay engendered by his lethargy permitted the partial escape of Frederick William's decimated and routed army. The battle was therefore not a fully decisive one as it might otherwise have been. The escape of the French from their precarious position might be better accounted for by the severe form of epileptic prostration from which the clever strategist, the Archduke Ferdinand, suffered at the time. It is well known that after a series of epileptic attacks the subject is often reduced for days to a state of physical and mental impotence.

The minor epileptic symptoms (somnolence and lethargies) from which Napoleon suffered when under great stress, and especially when he ate immoderately and rapidly, as at the special dinners he attended in Germany at the amassing of the Grand Army to conquer Russia, are pertinent. It is recorded that while sitting his horse on the march and wearied by prolonged mental strain he had frequent episodes of lethargy, and his attendants often caught their leader's muttering remarks, "The conquest of Russia — Europe — the World." What could have been a more fitting automatic release of Napoleon's soul striving than these words, uttered in an automatic mental state? They could hardly have been

merely a somnambulist's prattle, for on no previous occasions was Napoleon ever found guilty of somnambulic performances. His sleep is recorded to have always been sound and was even compared to the immobility of death.

At the Battle of Borodino, as at Jena, we find the epileptic malady disturbing the military genius of Napoleon. In this instance, however, instead of the disorder merely hindering a complete victory it nearly cost Napoleon a disastrous defeat. The Battle of Borodino began about six A.M. but Napoleon suffered from one of his attacks and its subsequent depression at midday, so that afterwards the conduct of the conflict had to be entrusted to his undirected marshals. The outcome was disappointing. There was no decisive effect as at Wagram, and the guard was not even called on to move. Ultimately the sun went down on an undecided field. The French, though sustaining fewer casualties, suffered a moral reaction far greater than the Russians.

How much of the ill-considered judgment of the Russian campaign, especially the advance beyond the Nieman, was due to the renewed activity of his nervous malady at that time cannot be postulated, but it is definitely recorded that the retreat was on the whole a masterful one, in spite of the fearful odds Napoleon encountered. It is stated that so far as Napoleon himself was concerned, at the resumption of simple food and the restoration of normal physical hygiene he at once returned to a state of excellent mental and physical vigour. His gait was firm, his eyes clear, his expression alert, and he exhibited a cleverness and resourcefulness of mind hardly equaled in his career.

Finally, what manifestations of attacks have we in the Hundred Days' régime? The crushing blow of the final defeat

at Waterloo might well have prostrated a much less sensitive narcist than Napoleon. It is recorded that after the annihilation of the guard, when Napoleon saw his cause was utterly ruined, he fell into one of his lethargies and in the confusion about him came near being captured. Sitting his horse in a somnolent state, he was supported in this position by two of his faithful attendants. Thus he rode from the field, his great head rolling about on his shoulders, in a state of dejection and utter collapse. It was some little time before he regained his physical and mental vigour sufficiently to make a slight effort to use the mastery and genius still his.

Not only were the immediate epileptic episodes in Napoleon's life attended by dire consequences, but a fact of greater moment was that, although the attacks in themselves were but the extreme gestures of a narcistic personality, the substratum of the makeup itself, crassly egoistic and antisocial, was dedicated to the accomplishment of a goal which could hardly be other than an evil one for France and the world in general.

Fortunately great genius such as Napoleon's is rarely found in epileptics as a class. Thus equipped their potentiality for harm to themselves and others would render them more of a social menace. The operations of the narcistic makeup of Napoleon upon the events and activities of his time are patent.

It has often been asked, why did not Napoleon have more frequent epileptic attacks during his lifetime? One may never exactly predict whether individuals possessing certain degrees of narcistic makeup may or may not have frequent attacks — there are many factors to be considered. For instance, Napoleon was greatly successful for years in fulfilling his ambitious desires, so that he was able more or less satisfactorily

to objectivate his keenest egoistic instincts. Indeed, as we have stated elsewhere, Napoleon once said that the difference between himself and the idealists of his time was that he saw the vision and also the successive practical steps whereby he could approximate his goal.

Why did not Napoleon have a renewed outbreak of his disease at St. Helena where his whole life ambition was suddenly checked forever? We may reply simply that he did, but instead of the more frank exhibition in epileptic seizures, his narcistic reactions were shown in his conduct toward the English Governors, persons in his own household, and the guests who frequented the island. Perhaps no interned narcist has ever manifested a more continuous exhibition of his makeup than Napoleon in his enforced incarceration at St. Helena. No one may say how much his attendants, both official and personal, might have been saved in the "wear and tear" of their associations with him had Napoleon exhibited actual epileptic fits instead of the irritability and dictatorial attitudes which he presented.

"MY BRAVE DESAIX WISHED TO DIE THUS, BUT DEATH SHOULD NOT HAVE BEEN SO READY TO EXECUTE HIS WISH"

NAPOLEON senses that both he and France need internal repose. In order to bring this about he goes so far as to pen a plausible letter direct to George III: "Your Majesty will see in this overture only my sincere desire to contribute by a prompt step taken in confidence, and freed from those forms which, however necessary to disguise the feeble apprehensions of feeble states, only serve to discover in the powerful a mutual wish to deceive. France and England, abusing their strength, may long defer the period of its exhaustion; but I will venture to say that the fate of civilized nations is concerned in the termination of a war, the flames of which are raging throughout the whole world."

The king later admitted that if he himself had had an opportunity to reply, it would have saved Europe millions of lives, but Lord Grenville, Secretary of State, answered Talleyrand, who was France's minister of foreign affairs, by saying, "The war must continue until the causes which gave it birth cease to exist. The restoration of the exiled royal family will be the easiest means of giving confidence to the other powers of Europe."

According to the principles which guided the rulers of Europe it was natural for England to refuse to deal with the Consular Government of France. She was united with the other governments of Europe against France in order to re-

store her legitimate sovereign, albeit contrary to the will of the French people.

"I will answer this letter from Italy," is Napoleon's brief comment as he calls his generals together for another campaign beyond the Alps.

Napoleon's electric response to stay the incipient avalanche that is to crush the new France which he has visioned is stupendous. His troops of so-called ancient men and beardless boys are now at the foot of the great St. Bernard pass. His soldiers gaze with wonder and amazement at the lofty mountains before them. Some sort of magic is necessary to overcome such obstacles, and the presence of the First Consul is to furnish it. In his presence order comes out of chaos, and gayety replaces sombreness in the face of the Alpine menace. The soldiers are astonished even at their own fearlessness. Laughter and song lighten their toilsome march. Have the horrors of a revolutionary terror ever sat so lightly upon an army before? To cap the situation the First Consul selects the handsome and daring Lannes to carry forward every enterprise of danger.

The tortuous ascent is begun. Companies, seeing their comrades from above, cheer those below with shouts of encouragement. Whole mountainsides echo and reëcho with the amazing good cheer of the toiling troops. Their resplendent arms and coloured uniforms are dazzling as they climb the great ascents through mists and clouds.

Exulting in the success of his plans, Napoleon now talks familiarly to his men, so exciting their courage that they are ready to brave every obstacle and nothing seems impossible. The First Consul's slim boyish figure is clad in the gray uniform he usually wears; sometimes he mounts a mule

or goes on foot accompanied by a guide belonging to the country.

Never before have the monks witnessed such a sight: an army in the fastnesses of frozen death, yet singing as jubilantly as though they had conquered the Alps and its frosty towers as well as the overwhelming forces awaiting them on the further ascent.

Will victory, as before, be so easily won? Can such mortal glory be won again? There is no hectoring directory now to split the reward. Napoleon is the embodiment of resplendent glory and wherever he leads, there victory is sure to be.

So slow and lethargic are the spies of the enemy that Napoleon has crossed the Alps ere the Austrians know his army is in motion. No effective opposition is to be forthcoming until June 14, when on the plains of Marengo Napoleon will settle in one brilliant battle the entire fate of Italy and Austria.

Napoleon fights against terrible odds in numbers and position. Marengo is taken and retaken several times during the day by Victor. The first line, broken and retreating, is met by the attempted advance of the second, led by Lannes; the latter is compelled to take a rear position and after a second assault retreats in good order. Finally the attack of the Austrians is successful everywhere. The French centre is broken and the left is routed; a final fling of cavalry is all that is needed to end the battle for the victorious Austrians.

Napoleon is as cool and unperturbed as though he were winning the battle. And here a hint of his later evolved strategy is manifest. He allows his routed men to retreat slowly, maintaining the order of retreat as in a drill. At last he forms all his reserves in a narrow defile, a veritable Thermopylae between Marengo and its neighboring woods and vineyards. The

ground is pulverized by shot and shell, for a large number of cannon are also turned on this holding remnant of Napoleon's army. The air is filled with whirling branches of trees and debris of every sort, but still Napoleon's troops hold their ground, and he himself sits in the midst of this carnage, quite unmoved. He seems to court death; bullets repeatedly tear up the ground even beneath his horse's feet. He refuses to take cover from the terrific fire. "Should you be killed, all would be lost," his officers entreat, but Napoleon sits his horse, unperturbed, and gives his orders with the utmost coolness.

The battle rages even more hotly, and the stubborn French are forced to retire further and further. Good order in the retreat is still maintained. Napoleon knows full well that the battle is going against him. His officers are dismayed; only his common troops are still hopeful,—and yes, one other; he now approaches Napoleon, who openly acknowledges that the battle is lost. "But it is only three o'clock; there is time enough to gain another before dark." It is Desaix who thus confidently addresses the First Consul.

Napoleon is delighted. Desaix's troops, just arrived on the scene of battle after a forced march of thirty miles, will be the scorpion's tail of his later reserve strategy. Napoleon is now all animation; he gives orders as though the real battle were to be fought afresh. To the bewildered soldiers drawn in a third line of battle he says, "Soldiers! We have fallen back far enough. You know it is always my custom to bivouac on the field of battle."

The whole French army now wheels its front up to the left wing of its centre, moving its right forward at the same time. By this move Napoleon is able to turn the enemy's troops in pursuit of his broken left wing and remove his right from the

bridge where the battle had been lost in the morning. Desaix's division forms an overwhelming battery in the centre. The Austrians, not expecting a fresh battle and only thinking Napoleon is effectively covering his retreat, are shocked beyond measure, — from whence has Napoleon conjured a new and unfatigued army?

Desaix's six thousand fresh troops and the new position wrest the victory from the Austrians. The Austrians charge in flank with Desaix in front, and in less than half an hour they are put to rout on nearly all sides. A final charge is made by Desaix at the head of his chosen grenadiers, but the flash of his sabre in the final complete victory is to be its last, for at that moment he is mortally wounded. In the throes of death he has but time to exclaim: "Conceal my death; it might dishearten the troops."

Napoleon has but a moment to embrace the dying Desaix and say, "Alas, I must not weep now." He mounts his horse and plunges into the thickest of the battle.

The troops, bent on avenging the death of their leader, hurl themselves on the Austrians even more fiercely. Soon General Zach and all his army and staff are taken prisoners. The battle, necessitating extreme loss of life on both sides, is a complete victory for the French at six, though a defeat for them at three.

"What a glorious day this has been!" is Bourrienne's enthusiastic comment, to which Napoleon replies, "Yes, it would have been glorious indeed, could I have but embraced Desaix this evening on the field of battle. I was going to make him minister of war; I would have made him a prince if I could." Though triumphant, Napoleon is downcast and saddened. "France has lost one of her most able defenders, and I my

Coronation of Napoleon, by David

best friend. No one has ever known how much goodness there was in Desaix's heart, how much genius in his head." With tears starting in his eyes he adds, "My brave Desaix always wished to die thus, but death should not have been so ready to execute his wish."

While Napoleon will not be comforted at the loss of his brave and gallant comrade, the crimsoned Bormida is a silent witness of the terrific loss which both sides have suffered in the battle. Yet withal the French troops are jubilantly celebrating the one battle that has won back for them nearly all that had been lost while Napoleon was in Egypt.

Quite other than humble and contrite is the attitude of Napoleon on his return to Paris. Now brilliantly triumphant, he answers the plea of the Count de Lille, who afterwards becomes Louis XVIII: "I have received your Royal Highness' letter. I have always taken a lively interest in your misfortunes and those of your family. You must not think of appearing in France. . . . You could not do so without marching over five hundred thousand corpses. For the rest, I shall always be zealous to do whatever lies in my power towards softening your Royal Highness' destinies and making you forget, if possible, your misfortunes."

A success so unparalleled as that of the campaign just ended effectually heals the wounds Napoleon's personality suffers at the death of the general he dearly loved — as dearly as the narcist may. We note his momentary pause to mourn his loss, then an increase of egoistic feeling immediately succeeding. For the narcist is at once called upon to dispel any feeling of grief that may be engendered by the loss of a loved or valued friend. Thus Napoleon redoubles his energies in egoistic achievement. Though this may be the usual course many

persons take to find surcease from the pain of loss, here the very facility with which Napoleon is able to do it but proves that the greater part of his character was overshadowed by this all-enveloping narcism. He is singularly quickly resigned to the deaths of Kléber and Augereau, and of all who possibly might impair the lustre of his own achievements, or who might be destined to share his glory.

In the short respite that now comes, Napoleon has time to see aright the stroke of luck that has befallen him. He has won admirably in the game of chance. He has covered the Alps and struck fearlessly and courageously, but all this brilliant campaign and even Marengo itself were really won in the superb strategist's mind in the preceding months, when he lay on the floor of the Tuileries sticking red pins and black in the map of Italy. It was but a part of a pattern whose magnitude will keep Napoleon's mind busy for many years to come. As yet he is superbly plastic and receptive, open to new ideas from all sources, but with each new success his recognition of the worth of advice from without lessens and he becomes more and more enmeshed in his dreams of personal omnipotence. Slowly, step by step, the clearness of careful observation is obscured by his own prearranged plans. As silently as moss accumulates on the shady side of a tree, does this hampering influence grow upon Napoleon. Its first tinge is seen in his relationships with his companions in arms; he withdraws from a candid and friendly relationship with them and builds up a final reserve which he cannot shake off even in the presence of his most intimate friends.

Circumstances seem to be producing this steady change in the temperament of Napoleon. One who reads more deeply, however, will discern but a natural unfoldment of egoistic

traits that were his from birth. Physically he keeps pace with the mental change; indeed, the two are counterparts.

Bonaparte, now thirty-four, stands on the threshold of a monarchy. No longer menaced by outrageous fortune, he more nearly approximates his desire to be the architect of his own destiny. He has known the extreme limits of poverty and suffering; he has erred, philosophized, and, above all, gathered experience from all vicissitudes. He disguises his unscrupulous enterprises more carefully than formerly; the opportuneness of the hour is more nicely timed, and he makes each improved position more serviceable and enduring. The result is no longer a trembling foothold in the stirrup. There is no longer need to quell his overweening confidence and self-aggrandizement; not again shall the cold blasts of failure blow upon his projects. The desire to dominate, so unconsciously fashioned from childhood, masters its possessor, and while Napoleon masters others, he is powerless to master himself. Within his reach is a magic cup which holds the vintage of all the intoxicants that his personality craves.

"Make me calm, yet seated on a fiery steed," is his command to David, and his monument is wrought to commemorate the Crossing of the Alps. If he sits his horse as immobile as Meissonier depicts him during the Battle of Friedland, then it is his hussars who make the tumult in which their general alone is imperturbably "calm." While he lends an impression that he is physically still, not far from this surface calm is a restlessness that may burst into flame at any moment. His massive brow juts over piercing blue eyes, his finely chiseled nose, thin curved lips, strong short chin, give an impression of manly strength. The loose garments and wrinkled footgear that he wears bespeak a nervous temperament impatient of physical

restraints. His tone to strangers is cold and haughty; when he is roused his speech becomes sharp and incisive. "Smite brass with a glove and it is mute, but strike it with a hammer and you get its ring," is one of his favourite sayings. His gestures and the expression of his face have little connection with his speech. Many who knew him have stated that his presence is grave, noble, even majestic: "more or less than human, comparison is impossible."

As his secret forebodings of uncertainty are stilled, his figure becomes overlaid with stealthily creeping fat. The gaunt angles are stamped out so subtly that many, including himself, do not note the change until much later. But the physical changes are not more insidious than the mental ones; although indeed for a time they alone are noticed. Soon the fiery spirit of this supremely exhilarating young man will lie deep buried, a slumbering volcano.

"I AM THE STATE"

LET us turn to the end of the year 1804, that cold, cloudy Sunday morning, December second, when this war lord reaches the zenith of his ambitions and becomes Emperor of the French.

The people are in a delirium of enthusiasm. A gorgeous procession passes from the Tuileries to Notre Dame, and as the pope and his court pass, the people fall on their knees to receive the papal blessing. The Pontiff enters the majestic cathedral and proceeds to his throne.

After an interval of an hour or more the Emperor's attendants appear, Murat leading at the head of twenty squadrons of cavalry. Then follows the imperial chariot; facing Napoleon and Josephine sit Joseph and Louis; the other brothers are in temporary disgrace, and Madame Mère, in her devotion to Lucien, is traveling with him somewhere between Milan and Paris. The artillery salvos resound and the court in carriages drawn by six horses each, advances to the sound of triumphal music. As they enter the vestry Napoleon dons his coronation robes and a crown of laurel leaves. With Josephine at his side he proceeds in state to the lofty nave. Four pages, among whom are Joseph and Louis, carry the train of his mantle. An empty throne has been erected in the heart of the choir. "Long live the Emperor!" is the jubilant cry from the great throng as the slow and stately march proceeds.

Napoleon half turns his head and whispers to Joseph, "If our father could see us now!" The entrance of the choir is

reached and the pope descends from his chair and begins to intone the majestic chant of "Veni, Creator." When the chant ends the personages of the court find their appointed places. Pope Pius, holding out the book of Scriptures and speaking in the Latin tongue, asks whether the Emperor will use all his powers to have law, justice and peace reign supreme in the Church and among his people.

Napoleon places both hands on the book and answers solemnly, "Profiteor." The pope, cardinals, archbishops and bishops then begin the litany, and the imperial pair kneel. As the closing strains sound forth they are conducted by priests to the steps of the high altar and kneel again. Pronouncing the customary prayer, the pope anoints both in turn with the triple unction, and as they return to their chairs high mass begins. Midway in its solemn course there is a pause, and Napolean steps forward to the altar as if to be invested by the pope with all the insignia of power — the ring, the mantle and the crown.

Just as the Holy Father lifts the crown Napoleon advances and, seizing it in both his hands, set it on his own brow. Without an instant's hesitation he then crowns Josephine, and the two seat themselves in the great throne of the French Empire.

The pope, recovering his self-control after this astonishing procedure, gives his blessing. At the close of the religious ceremonial the presidents of the great assemblages of the State advance. Napoleon places his hands on the Bible saying, "I swear to maintain the principles of the Revolution, the integrity of French territory, and to govern for the welfare, happiness and glory of the French people." He voices other resolutions equally radical. The French nation and the Napo-

leonic Empire are now believed to be fused in church, state and army, for the loyal support of what the masses are sure is now France, "one and indivisible," even as in the motto of the revolution.

In crowning himself and Josephine as Emperor and Empress, Napoleon means no indignity to the pope nor to the Holy Roman Empire; it is merely that to him any intermediary between himself and God is unthinkable.

Napoleon has leaped from the lowly position of a military leader to the exalted place of an absolute ruler in the incredibly short period of three years. At last the cloak of unselfish beneficence is cast off and the radiant energy of his long imprisoned purpose, sinister as it is, shines through. Napoleon, even as Alexander, seeks a spiritual flue to draw fire from heaven to consecrate his own inner resolve; this is outwardly symbolized in the golden circlet of his crown, but in his soul there are now many misgivings that are shared more and more in secret. Not even his family know of his purpose or plan. Within, there are now no limits to his power, but without there must still be plausibilities. From the inner crowning of the ego ideal, there spreads forth to other mortal men the sense of a varying disturbance of his self-control. Vainly he strives to master this inner urge for world dominion. A year after his Paris coronation he crowns himself in Milan with the iron crown of the Lombards, for the border states are to become monarchies like France itself. His voice reverberates through the cathedral as he thunders the traditional formula of the Carlovingian kings: "God gave it to me. Woe to him who touches it!"

Napoleon expresses the conviction that all authoritative force comes from God, and that its exercise carries with it its own

justification. In the Imperial Catechism drawn up under his direction, the same idea is given in a way suitable for impressing it on the minds of the French children:

"Q. What are, in particular, our duties towards our Emperor, Napoleon? A. We owe him love, respect, obedience, fidelity, military service, all the tributes ordered for the defense of the Empire and throne, and fervent prayers for his welfare and for the prosperity of the State.

"Q. Why are we bound to show these duties to the Emperor? A. Because God has established him as our Sovereign, and has rendered him His image here on earth, overwhelming him with gifts, in peace and in war. To honour and to serve our Emperor is, therefore, to honour and to serve God himself. . . . He is anointed of the Lord, by the consecration he has received from the sovereign pontiff. . . . Those who fail in their duties toward our Emperor, will render themselves deserving of eternal damnation."

When Napoleon causes this to be taught, there is in him no hypocrisy; it is his one conviction. He is opposed to the shedding of blood unnecessarily, but is absolutely unscrupulous in shedding any amount of it to carry out his own purposes, for he looks upon them as divine, sanctioned from on high. He believes himself to be the prophet of God as certainly as did Mahomet. He treats those who resist his will with outrage, and covers them with insult, because they oppress the will of Heaven, operating through him. He keeps no faith with his enemies, and breaks treaties as soon as made, considering himself justified because he is swept forward by the breath of God; force is the manifestation of God, and he who has the power is the minister of God to use what is given to him.

With Napoleon religion is a conviction that he is the anointed of God. Apart from himself, he cannot conceive of God acting. There is much in the adulation which he encourages and wherewith he is received, that is calculated to foster his belief, for poets, painters, princes, the very people, combine to laud him as though he were superhuman.

From the moment of his coronation we must not look at the representations of him as genuine portraiture. He is purposely likened in his features to Augustus, and when we compare the studies of the First Consul with those of the Emperor, we realize the hour of free interpretation is over. The master dictates his orders to his artists, and thenceforth he is pictured, regardless of truth, according to certain conventional formulae destined to strike the imagination of the public and dazzle posterity.

Not a little of the mystical was present in both Napoleon and Caesar. Witness the archaic religious formulations with which Napoleon contemplated astronomy, and Caesar's reliance upon the auguries of outworn systems of pagan worship. These outcroppings were the more remarkable inasmuch as they occurred in characters egoistic and narcistic; these latter traits are more often a personal replacement of the supernatural powers which they lauded. Occasionally the strategic capacity even in such a military leader as Napoleon is overcome by mysticism and forebodings.

A notable feature of Napoleon's character is his determination to be first, and to imitate what former sovereigns have done, as part of his assumed position. When negotiating the Treaty of Campo-Formio, he observes a dais with a chair on it, and asks the meaning. He is informed it is customary so to set a seat as symbol of the presence of his Imperial master.

Napoleon at once orders the removal of the chair, "For," he says, "I can not endure to see any seat higher than mine. At once I want to occupy it." When he enters Brussels, the clergy proceed to the great gates to receive him, but he does not arrive. Presently they learn that he has entered by a side door because Charles V, on a visit to Saint Gudule, had gone through that entrance. The same pride makes him depreciate his generals and arrogate to himself all the merits of a victory. On the other hand, if he makes a blunder and disaster follows, he at once casts the blame on his assistants, and distorts the facts.

The boorish crudity of Napoleon's nature is exquisitely shown in his conversation with ladies; he is not only rude, but coarse. He can be rude also to men. He rarely remembers a name, and his first question to persons whom he meets in his salon is, "And pray what do *you* call yourself?" The composer Grétry becomes a little tired of this oft-repeated question, and one day answers, "Sire, I am still Grétry."

A typically egoistic incident is told illustrative of the overbearing conduct of Napoleon in his own family. On inviting Napoleon to a family gathering, Joseph told his brother, who was at the time First Consul, that he, Joseph, intended taking his mother in to dinner, and that Josephine would sit on his left. Napoleon was furious, and insisted that Josephine be given precedence over his mother. Joseph, with quiet dignity, insisted that it was more fitting to show the highest respect to his mother and accordingly when the time came he gave his arm to the old lady. Lucien escorted Josephine. The First Consul, in a towering rage, snatched his wife away from Lucien, pushed out of the room before Joseph and his mother, and seated himself before the rest at table with Josephine beside him. The company was greatly embarrassed, and the host-

ess, who was to have entered on Napoleon's arm, came straggling in without a partner. Napoleon refused to address a single member of his family during the meal, and talked only to his wife and Mme. Récamier. With such scenes enacted when he was only on the step to the throne, it may well be imagined how exacting he afterwards became.

Of the duplicity with which Napoleon acted, there have been innumerable instances; his assurances and promises could not be trusted for he broke them as fast as he made them. He was a master of dissimulation, and knowing how he could frighten and impose on people by outbursts of anger, he simulated them on occasion, afterwards bidding his intimates feel his pulse to see how little agitated he really was.

THE BATTLE OF THE THREE EPILEPTICS

NOW two specific ends must be encompassed; first, a death blow must be dealt to hopes of a Bourbon restoration; second, England as head of the triple coalition against France must be taught not only that the old order of government is dead but that a new era is about to be set up throughout the world. Napoleon, though strangely exalted at his two coronations, slips off the trappings of a demigod and dons his gray-green coat to go post-haste across the continent. But before he concentrates his energies on teaching the old rulers their lessons in modern warfare he issues the following proclamation to his army:

"Soldiers! The Russians are before you to avenge the Austrian army at Ulm. They consist of the same battalions you beat at Hollabrunn and have constantly pursued. The positions we occupy are formidable; and, while they march to my right, they shall present me their flank. Soldiers, I will direct, myself, all your battalions. I shall keep at a distance from the firing, if, with your accustomed bravery, you carry confusion and disorder into the enemy's ranks; but, should victory appear for a moment doubtful, you shall see your emperor expose himself to the first blows; for victory cannot hesitate on this day, in which the honour of the French infantry, of so much importance to the whole army, is concerned. Suffer not the ranks to be thinned, under pretense of carrying off the wounded, but let each man be well persuaded that we must conquer the hirelings of England, who are animated with so

deep a hatred of our nation. This victory must terminate our campaign; then we shall resume our winter quarters, and be joined by the new armies forming in France. The peace which I make will be worthy of my people, of you and myself."

Napoleon is now beyond Vienna, not caring to stop there and be invested by such powerful foes without. As usual he goes almost without sleep before the beginning of the battle. Now after an hour's rest by a watch fire he throws himself on his horse and is away to reconnoitre the front of his sleeping army. He wishes to do this unobserved, but someone recognizes him and straightway the whole army awakes. Not content with watching him pass along at a gallop, his troops must needs cheer him on his inspection by lighting their straw mats into torches that illumine the night. Eighty thousand rise as one man in the middle of the night to pay homage to their hero.

Such commotion is misinterpreted by the enemy as a covert retreat on the part of the French. On their rude awakening on the morrow they will learn their sad mistake.

The French, cheering Napoleon along their front, declare to him that they will celebrate the day in a manner worthy of his glory. "Only promise us," cries one old grenadier, "that you will keep yourself out of the fire; I promise you in the name of the grenadiers of the army that you will have to fight only with your eyes, and we will bring you the flags and artillery of the Russian army to celebrate the anniversary of your coronation." "I will do so," answers the Emperor, "but I shall be with the reserve until you need me."

As Napoleon repeats this promise in his proclamation he throws down his pen and exclaims, "This is the noblest evening of my life; but I shall lose too many of these brave fel-

lows to-morrow. The anguish which I experience at this idea makes me feel they are really my children; and truly I am vexed with myself for these sensations, as I fear they will unman me on the field of battle."

Though Napoleon regards his soldiers as his children and fears that his paternal love for them will deter him from the sacrifice, he proceeds to steel himself against the humanness of their common lot. Thus he grows the more capable as he withdraws his concern from the outer world and centres it upon his own ego. To detach it again on the inevitable occasions when the external demands attention becomes increasingly difficult.

The whole battle has been planned to a nicety in every detail — the all-important element is the twenty-battalion reserve which is to be thrown at the last moment as a scorpion's tail to deal a stinging blow wherever necessary. The army is impatient. The men cannot sleep, so great is their desire for battle.

At last the sun breaks through the frosty mist that rises from the low marshes and shines with unexampled clearness at full daybreak. Never was there a brighter sun. It is hailed as an omen of victory, and as such "the sun of Austerlitz" is to become a proverb.

Even as the first glistening rays dart forth, the low booming of cannon announces the fray from the extremity of the right line. As soon as the engagement so carefully planned by Napoleon is fairly begun, he goes to sleep that he may be quite refreshed at the critical moment.

All morning long the cannon increase their orchestration according to the plan, until at its height some eight hundred cannon are in continuous booming detonation; yet Napoleon

sleeps on peacefully. And as though the god of battle fought for Napoleon as he sleeps, Kutusoff falls into the snare laid for him. He sends a large division of his Russian troops to turn the French right. Napoleon has made this wing appear weak, but immediately in its rear it is strongly reinforced by Davout, who has so disposed his large force that Soult can wedge off the entire left wing from the Russian centre.

The Czar, quickly perceiving the fatal consequences of the movement, orders his guards to rush the hill where the encounter is taking place and beat back Soult. They succeed in driving the French before them, when the Imperial Guards, headed by Bessières, come to the rescue according to Napoleon's preconceived plan. The Russians, overconfident from their temporary victory, resist furiously before they are finally beaten. The regiment of the Grand Duke Constantine, who gallantly led the Russians, is now annihilated, and the Duke himself only escapes by the fleetness of his horse.

As the French centre advances, the charge of Murat's cavalry is most decisive, while the left wing, commanded by Lannes, marches forward as though exercising by divisions. Two hundred thousand men and two hundred three pieces of cannon are engaged in this great combat. The Russians are all but completely routed and their artillery, their standards and even their colonel captured.

At six o'clock the great battle of Austerlitz is ended. Victory has never been doubted for a moment, and not a man of the reserve guard was called into action.

Before the final debacle of the enemy, Napoleon is awakened and with quick survey of the field of battle he closes the last possible retreat of the fleeing Russians and Austrians. The destruction is terrible. From the heights above, the emperors

of Russia and Austria behold the total ruin of their centre as the left has already been enveloped. The right after a stubborn resistance is also finally crushed.

The coalition is destroyed and the continental portion once more is forced to make a separate peace and leave England isolated to carry on her opposition as best she may.

Paris is wildly enthusiastic. The empire of Napoleon is firmly consolidated; there remains but the final crushing of Prussia which Napoleon executes at Jena the following year. "*Vive l'empereur!*" is soon to be the almost universal cry.

It is interesting to note that the Battle of Austerlitz which Napoleon was fond of calling the "Battle of the Three Emperors" may also be christened the "Battle of the Three Epileptics." The Russian Emperor Paul was an epileptic demented at the time of his assassination in 1801, while the Archduke Charles was also known to suffer from epileptic fits. Indeed, the battle of Wagram was probably rendered disastrous by a series of fits from which the Archduke suffered the day after the indecisive battle of Aspern-Essling. The boastful Austrians even have a monument to the doughty Archduke commemorating him as the "victor over Napoleon."

Napoleon, by Paul Delaroche

"IF ENGLAND DRAWS THE SWORD, I SHALL BE THE LAST TO SHEATH IT"

THE war with England is resumed, and will not end until Napoleon's star has set. There is no campaigning at first, simply a state of war in which this great military commander cannot force a decision. Napoleon failed to conquer England because he was not confident of victory; his belief in his own powers was weakened by his lack of expert knowledge of ships and by the inaccessibility of the foe.

But now we find inconsistency in Napoleon. In 1807 he founds a new nobility "because it is a part of human nature that a man should wish to hand down to his children, not property alone, but also tokens of esteem." The Legion of Honour is thus desecrated by its creator.

While the new institution does not carry with it any special civic privileges, it none the less conflicts with the spirit of the Code Napoleon. "Liberty is only the need of the few whom nature has endowed with exceptional talent; and there is no danger in restricting it," he writes in a private letter. "The crowd loves equality. I do not injure the many when I distribute titles without raising the old question of birth; they are bourgeois crowns, which any one can win. Clever men impart their own movement to those whom they rule. My movement is an upward one, and therefore the nation must move upwards. . . . I know that these dukes whom I am endowing so richly that I make them independent of me, will endeavour to elude me, and that they are relying on what they

call the caste spirit. But I can run quicker than they, and shall soon overtake them."

Not many months before, Napoleon has severely admonished his brother for having founded a nobility in Holland, but in speaking of his own intention he excuses himself, saying that in the militaristic French Empire matters were on an altogether different footing. But in the very fact that he himself has transformed France into a militaristic state lies his danger. The death sentence he passes on equality will prove an even worse blunder than the execution of the Duke of Enghien. Then he was destroying a scion of the past; now he is creating a new aristocracy which will revive the past.

Rapidly and inexorably the impingement of the inner resolve is met by an unyielding and contrary world. Napoleon in consequence senses disaster, he becomes moody, hotly irritable at times. Outwardly things are going smoothly, yet see how inevitably he avoids a just recognition of the inner fault and ascribes his difficulties always to his environment. "You do not understand the nature of human motives," he says to an honest democrat, "you democrats are unable to draw distinctions between one another, whereas personal interest plays its part in what everyone does. Look at Masséna. He has won an abundance of fame; but what he wants now is to become a prince, like Murat and Bernadotte. Soon he will get himself killed in the forefront of the battle, thanks to his eagerness to win this distinction. Ambition is what spurs the French."

Personally his conversation begins to change and he retreats deeper within himself. Even to his family, and to his brothers in particular, he denies the privilege of speaking to him first. He is less regular in the arrangement of his work and need-

lessly extends sittings far into the night. He rises at midnight to dictate, and can only soothe the increasing irritability of his nerves by spending hours in a hot bath. When one of his ministers congratulates him on the treaty of Tilsit he replies, "You are just like all the rest of them. I shall not be master until I have signed the peace of Constantinople."

A longing for "something better" ever harasses the narcist. Napoleon is always possessed by an insatiable desire for more power than he already possesses.

These clouds that so restrict his vision are broken now and then, and his earlier mental vigour returns — a phase of the unbalanced character that dominates minds of this sort. His clarity of vision comes back, but the haunting image of complete power over Europe and even hopes of dominion over India and Asia fascinate him. Accordingly he sets before the Czar this imaginative programme, and though it is plainly intended to create an alluring fictitious goal to lure this vain ruler over millions of people and countless miles of territory, the dream is plainly more than half a hope even in Napoleon's mind:

"An army of fifty thousand Frenchmen and Russians with perhaps a few Austrians, could march to Constantinople, and thence hurl itself upon Asia. Once it had reached the Euphrates, England would lie at the feet of the Continent. . . . Within a month of our coming to an understanding, our armies can be at the Bosphoros: the influence will make itself felt as far as India. . . . Of course the arrangements could only be concluded in a personal interview with Your Majesty. Everything can be signed and sealed before the middle of March. By May 1st, our troops will be in Asia, yours in Stockholm. England will collapse beneath the weight of the events

with which the atmosphere will be charged. It is true that Your Majesty and I have proposed to enjoy peace within our far-flung empires. . . . But it is always wise and politic to do what destiny commands. . . . That will make this crowd of pygmies bow their heads, the pygmies who cannot see that the prototype of the present age must be sought in the remote periods of history, and not in the newspaper articles of the century that has just been closed. . . . In these few lines I am pouring out all my soul before Your Majesty."

Such ideals begin to warp his judgments on immediate practical affairs. One may not trifle with such half-believed fabrications without a loss of the libidinal energy necessary for immediate issues, hence as the disfocus of Napoleon's mind grows and he becomes truly mystic he is careless at the same time of affairs of greatest moment, delays and procrastinates where once he was prompt and vigorous.

What is the explanation of this? Simply that the libido, withdrawn from the already too tenuous thread of objectivity, is reclaimed to its parent stem — the ego — once more, and thus augments the narcism. Self-love grows apace without requiring nurture from actual deeds accomplished; deeds proposed or dreamed suffice. Phantasies and wished-for things replace reality, and the latter's zestfulness is lost, hence we see strange silences and lethargies becoming more frequent, and the simple lucidity of Napoleon's powerful mind has shorter sunbursts, so that writer after writer notes his growing inelasticity, as though a man ordinarily wore out or became senile before middle age. Even allowing for his Italian ancestry, Napoleon scarcely reaches the height of his power before senility sets in.

The insidious emotional deterioration becomes more and

more obvious. His habits and attitudes are hardening. He is more peremptory; only now and then does he relax and assume a playful or carefree air and even then these occasions are shorter lived. External problems seem to gather to thwart Napoleon's will and purpose, but not so insistently as do the phantasies of grandeur that generate within his forceful mind. The character once mobile and free begins more and more to contract upon his egoistic activities. With the narrowing specialization the unconscious impulses are discharged upon the coveted object of his own ideal creation. The essential defect is that the core of his desire is the infantile wish for universal dominance. Napoleon's ideal has matured but little. He has not learned the lesson of finitude and cut down his desire to fit his powers of realization, neither has he substituted a sublimated form of power for the infantile ideal of gross physical domination. It is as though one shifted the load from one shoulder to the other, but the load is still borne. Continuously the egoistic activities multiply.

In religion Napoleon turns more and more to mystical conceptions and in the sciences to a sort of mythical alchemy; we see him turn away from the natural science of astronomy to the fanciful sentimentalism of a spurious astrology. He is losing the capacity for accurate estimation of his outer world, the shadowy reality of his inner conceptions is slowly replacing the actual world about him. A real (organic) senility, which presents itself as a lowering of mental tension in intellectual grasp, is not yet greatly shown in Napoleon as the more mechanical processes — that underlie memory, judgment, etc. — are still intact.

Only a feverish and at times futile activity, and a delayed or snap judgment indicate that even intellectual processes are not

properly motivated. Napoleon begins more and more to show defects at the other end of the scale. His ideas, attitudes, motives, emotions and actions are distorted. His is not the slow decay of the paretic or the inner evolved rusting of the mental springs of the paranoiac, for Napoleon still possesses unparalleled facility to perform gigantic intellectual feats, but his delusive ideas and queer emotional states dominate more and more.

In such projects as the proposed invasion of Asia and India and the central empire at Constantinople, Napoleon's mental output is not decreased; on the contrary it is increased, but the sane quality of Napoleon's activities outside of his well disciplined pattern of procedure is at fault. His military genius is slowest of impairment, as it remains the most vital means by which he can force his will upon Europe. Now we have the strange paradox: slowly, year by year, Napoleon continues to retract his emotional horizon as he expands his wished-for European dominance; thus the emotions are withdrawn from the objective world to contribute to the enlargement of self. Loss of both objective and intellectual acumen proceed from barely perceptible early stages to grosser states; a sort of premature wearing-out process goes on in this comparatively youthful man.

In sharp contrast to ordinary senility is the early decay of judgment owing to the insecurity of reality attachment, and Napoleon's impatience at the inexorable demand and tedious process of allowing time and events properly to unfold — the cheat of the dream is its very magiclike quality and the vacuous sense of fullness it gives its possessor. It is no longer the inciter to new and arduous tasks but the very embodiment of fulfilment — a replica of the state of hallucinatory omnipotence of infancy. Like a fatuous lord who absorbs the inner

gorgeousness of all his idealistic imaginings, Napoleon allows his adaptive responses to remain strangely unfulfilled or even refrains from putting them into operation.

However, we have not gone further than to show how Napoleon's narcism and its cheating phantasy strangely warp and distort his previously facile activity. The real error lies in his excluding the compelling factors of the outer world from participation in the inner promptings of his desires. Thus fact and fancy become interchangeable and after a time substitute each for the other, a strange legerdemain of cheating working against Napoleon's very own self.

No longer seeking facile ways to dispel the perplexities that beset him in the realm of state and diplomacy, Napoleon uses more and more the blunt edge of his sword to force matters to an open contest. This method engenders enemies, who remember in the stillness of the night the indignities that are thrust upon them, and which they must dishonourably bear in the presence of the few who bow to the destiny of Napoleon. They note that the power of Napoleon's entourage depends no longer upon deeds but upon their willingness to accept the radiant splendour of the Napoleon Image that the Emperor bids them worship. Truly "he has now gone mad," gossips Talleyrand, the sceptic, whose calumnies were heaped upon Napoleon in the early days of the consulate.

Now and then the emperor pauses in a breathless moment and notes the weariness he constantly feels in these hectic days of rushing pell-mell across the stage of Europe. Stupendous campaigns that drain the nation's resources are put into operation in rapid succession until finally one campaign is not finished ere another is imminent, without rest for him or his army.

"VOUS ÊTES UN HOMME!"

AND now the two emperors who like two colossi bestride Europe, are really one, for one is but the shadow of the other and for the time the substance is Napoleon. As host at Erfurt Napoleon is to drink deep from the nectary of his own self-love. For eighteen days this mirage dazzles and bewilders all Europe; even England is sorely puzzled at the import of these deliberations. Erfurt is Napoleon's, and as he offers unparalleled luxuries and barbaric entertainments to Alexander, the latter's heart is softened, made receptive to the finer touches of mental adulation by the presence of Germany's greatest scholars and men of letters, who grace the occasion. While Talleyrand and Rumianzoff are in protracted treaty conference, Napoleon and Alexander pace the palace floors; personal confidences and generous magnanimity are in the air. The drawing-rooms, the theatres, the very streets are filled with all imaginable theatricality of costume and magnificence. Bedizened attendants help on this mad whirl of gay and unrestrained splendour. All is carefully planned by the great impresario who concentrates all interest on the great bauble which is the *Oedipe* of Voltaire. At the climax where occur the words, "A great man's friendship is a boon for the gods," Alexander rises, grasps Napoleon's hand, and in this moment of high exaltation a renewed alliance is born. The packed house, whose humblest seat is filled by a princeling or noble, rises in tremendous applause. It is a Napoleonic moment, timed and planned to a nicety even as a perfected battle, — an Austerlitz or a Friedland.

As though all this pomp and circumstance were but sheer weariness to a mind already sated with such delights, Napoleon leaves his boon companion Alexander to enjoy the opera theme, while he steps outside for that memorable interview with the genius of the age: Goethe. The latter, a disbeliever in narrow forms of current nationalism, journeys hither to lay his transcendent homage of intellect at the feet of him whom he now and long after considers the embodiment not only of the greatest power but of the greatest idealism of all time.

As though to pay homage to Goethe in terms of deep reverence and to show the *noblesse oblige* of military and political excellence, Napoleon himself seeks the interview. Somewhere in his narcistic desire for the final supreme excellence Napoleon longs for the magic omnipotence and omniscience of the perfect moment, and as the fulfilment of this desire he is ever to acclaim this interview. The exact nature of the interchange is lost to history. Neither will precisely remember its details, so spiritual is the occurrence. But Napoleon seems no less versed in the *Sorrows of Werther* than the tragedist himself. As might be expected, Napoleon takes exception to some one passage in particular; thus may one save oneself from complete surrender. Not completely lost is Napoleon even in great conceptions entirely outside his peculiar province of thought. Goethe is sensibly affected and, though the "elective affinities" are scarcely dry of penning, he seems to recognize that he is in the veritable presence of one who, though his dazzling host, is a creator of such ties, one who transcends the bounds of mere national existence and even the commonplace human limitations, to pass freely into the azure skies of unlimited thought and speech. Ending his own adumbrations, he comments that "a great man can be recognized

only by his peers." In the midst of such idealistic utterances Goethe is able to banish from his presence the chains of political bondage, the national strivings for autonomous separateness. What to him are such mass struggles for a place in the sun when the dominant will and purpose of one like Napoleon is seemingly gloriously licensed from Mount Olympus and has chosen to spread such a supreme human spectacle as that which this night affords! These and other thoughts arise in Goethe's mind as the greatest power in all Europe simply acclaims him, "You are a man!"

More intoxicants are poured as Napoleon urges Goethe to make advance in his forthcoming drama of Napoleon's prototype. And then as though at last in the presence of a simple mental equal Napoleon announces, "In art as in politics there should be rule and ordered beauty." He expresses surprise that Goethe "does not like clean cut models"—*"n'aime pas les genres tranchés."* And again he deprecates that Goethe should imitate Shakespeare in mingling tragedy with comedy, the terrible with the burlesque. The narcist is often at a loss for the uses of such an interplay. For Napoleon the ponderous seriousness of life rarely holds other than heroic moments. Wit, comedy and humour unsanctioned and unlabeled are a too sportive playfulness which mars life and either renders it terrible or profane.

Drunk to mental repletion, Napoleon returns to the opera, and sits refreshed, as in another way was his wont after sleeping on the battlefield and breathing calmly in synchronous rhythm to the detonation of his favorite artillery. In a few days an equally memorable passage at arms, peaceful and privileged though it was, takes place between Napoleon and the aged Weiland. Throughout his entire trip to Weimar Napoleon

speaks of naught else than German art, science and letters as though in this realm he met the Prussians on an equality at last. His contempt for the Prussian nobility on the battlefield even in the final great enclosure never left him. In a sort of studied insolence of narcistic flooring he announces that he is well versed in all these matters, "As I studied much of German learning and culture when I was a young lieutenant of artillery in barracks." With piercing eye his withering scorn takes full toll from the very hearts of the proud princes and dukes that crowd about his chair to do him domestic service. This is his triumph, no less than was the Jena that had made possible this obsequious audience.

Wearied of the Grand Duchess' ball, he turns away from the pygmy German nobility for spiritual solace for his intensive loneliness and asks that the great creator of *Oberon* be fetched. Weiland, in order not to detain this illustrious dictator, starts as he is, half dressed for retiring. His hair is disarrayed and unpowdered, his felt slippers and little skull cap are not discarded as he is hurried into the Grand Duchess' carriage. This meeting likewise is dramatic and theatrical. The dancing in the grand ballroom almost ceases, as Napoleon rushes across it to greet Weiland. All crowd about in a wide expectant circle to hear what they may of such a momentous interview. The conversation is in a low tone, with unforced graciousness and deference on Napoleon's part. Weiland, like Goethe, has no clear recollection of the subjects talked about, save that they are weighty and that the great conqueror displays in thought and matter a genius worthy of his fame. Here again the haughtiness of Napoleon's attitude toward the German nobility is absent; Weiland is treated deferentially, as an equal if not a moral and mental superior. Napoleon speaks

of the ancients as though he habitually dwelt among them, and defends the Caesars against Tacitus, for the latter he never quite forgives for his merciless dissections of the long line of Roman rulers. Napoleon takes the usual bourgeois attitude in defending religion as the supreme agency in promoting and conserving morals. It affords an excellent tool wherewith to dominate men's minds.

Now Napoleon seems inclined to dominate the conversation and as has more steadily become his habit of late, he hardly waits for Weiland to reply in his broken French. Can there be a fear within this overpressured captain of war, a fear that presses him to lose none of the advantage of a monologic conversation, or does he but use Weiland as a foil, a mirror to his own narcistic pronouncement? After a sheaf of hasty interrogatives have been shot at the aged poet in sharp staccato almost without pause for considered reply, Napoleon hurries on to restate his well known arraignment of Tacitus. The historian paints all too sombrely though he is a bold seductive colourist. At times, moreover, he is not above charlatanry in that he continually aims at effect. And then at Napoleon's usual stock query, " Which has been the happiest age of humanity? " the veteran observer of mankind fairly irritates the concise incisive mind of Napoleon by wisely replying, " Impossible to say, Sire, in that good and evil, virtue and vice continuously alternate: philosophy must continually emphasize the good and make the evil tolerable."

In discussing Christianity, Napoleon takes occasion again to pronounce against anything like philosophic freedom of thought. He proceeds to say that Christianity seeks to reconcile man with himself. " It guarantees place and public order of peoples as well as happiness and hope."

Weiland, grown weary with standing the two hours, at last shows his fatigue, whereupon the Emperor dismisses the great poet with "Go, go. Good-night!"

In the remaining days, festival after festival, plays, processional parades, hunts, balls and dinners cause onlookers to send broadcast the marvelous splendour and good will that all express, exactly the impression that this genius of a publicity agent means to impart to the few remaining enemies of his in England and elsewhere. More than all he boldly intends to give the ground swell of hidden and indignant protest from the simpler sort of people fully to understand that this new order of his has permanency and promise of unbounded progress and humanitarianism. Emperors, kings, princes, nobles, marshals, generals, historians, scholars, poets, players, diplomats, all the grand cavalcade are assembled at Erfurt to attest his proclamation of the millenium come about at his magic command. It is due entirely to his beneficent and all-wise presence. And through it all are the Russian decorations and the ribbons of the Legion of Honour that for the first time glitter on the learned but heretofore neglected German breasts of Weiland and Goethe.

In the midst of all this pomp here and there are seeds of dissolution sown, small tares of disagreement in hot words between the two giant emperors, and the memories of these, like smothered coals in the ashes of this gigantic campfire, are taken away by the White Czar of the Neva. At best these smouldering coals can be kept unfanned for a brief time only, but Napoleon now cares only for a temporary peace. He hopes for no lasting respite. "After all, the final treaty must be signed at St. Petersburg" is his conclusion.

Within a half year his forging will declares to Joseph, who idly dallies at finishing jobs even as he has here at Erfurt, though with less show of resolving opportunity, "For God has given me power and the will to overcome all obstacles."

"I AM OBLIGED TO RELY UPON MYSELF ALONE"

THE cry of this whirlwind mind for greater and ever greater eminence bids the Emperor pause for a moment to contemplate a divorce. He toys with the idea of allying himself by remarriage to the powers of Europe, and enjoys the prospect of an heir who will succeed him on the throne. The manner in which this may be brought about is to be considered in an interview between the Emperor and Lucien at the castle at Mantua.

It is late December. The cold and travel-stained Lucien, the half-banished brother, now appears by imperial command. Out of the darkness, with a haunting sense that his banishment may be changed to imprisonment, Lucien steps into the blinding light of this memorable interview.

It has been years since these two nearly equally matched but divergently trained brothers have opposed will to will; neither bends nor breaks as each fences for vantage and the margin is narrow as one or the other lunges at his adversary.

So great is the change in personal appearance of this now rather obese ruler that Lucien scarcely recognizes him. Then, too, he feels that a more subtle change has taken place. It is no longer a small fenced-off garden this magician is striving to usurp; now he broods rather sombrely over a huge map,—perhaps the entire world is mapped out before him. Sticking pins, green and red, in the map of fate and destiny has grown to be about the only solitaire Napoleon plays with undivided attention. The huge candelabra make a glare on this map of

the world, its thick rotundity struck flat for the nonce as the master strives anew for its entire subjugation.

In the several moments that have passed since his entrance, Lucien is overcome with the momentousness of his visit. Can it be that Napoleon is purposely attitudinizing before him, or is he really drawn so reluctantly back from dreams of a future to a present that affords no sufficient appeal? At length the Emperor's attention is withdrawn from this nether world of contemplation and its tragic splendours and perils. He yawns, rubs his back against his chair and rings for attendance. "Sire, I am Lucien," is the second reminder given by Napoleon's unheeded guest.

Then follows a wintery sun's greeting between the brothers. The fault is less Lucien's than Napoleon's, for the latter has rapidly grown distant to the courtesies of intimate friendships with family or colleagues. To cover this lack and also his nervous tenseness, Napoleon pours forth a flood of personal inquiries. So soon as these are satisfactorily disposed of, Napoleon speaks of his fatness and its possible further increase. He is quick to look at himself through others' eyes, and now he notes his own appearance for the moment through Lucien's, as his own look with approval and flattery at his brother's comeliness of person.

As they sit with the whole mapped world between them Napoleon grows restless. As though anxious to continue his game, his fingers idle with the coloured pins. And then as if annoyed that he must forego the game for a time, he turns his attention to this other, more intimate play at hand. With a wave of his hand he sweeps all the pins flat and says abruptly, "Well, what have you to say to me?" though he knows full well that he has summoned Lucien.

Napoleon, Emperor, by LeFevre

Lucien is bold enough to broach hopes for forgiveness and recall from banishment but makes no sign of acceding to Napoleon's demand that he divorce his wife. Then the fencing play is on in earnest. Lucien pleads his natural love and loyalty, a consideration which with Mephistophelean quickness Napoleon wards off. Napoleon now speaks volubly about his long maturing plans for remarriage and ends in scurrilous and vituperative slander of Lucien's wife. Quickly sensing that such an attitude gets nowhere, he apologizes faint-heartedly and starts upon another tack, speaking now of the law regulating marriage in the emperor's family. That this is an *ex post facto* law carries no great weight with Napoleon, so far as Lucien's marriage is concerned.

The very insistence of the Emperor's mood causes Lucien to start up from a fixed scrutiny of the world map on the table and silently refuse to subscribe to Napoleon's unfair advantage. Pricked by Napoleon's charge of fraternal ingratitude Lucien recalls the nineteenth Brumaire when he was his brother's saviour. The fat is now in the fire. Old wounds are laid open and bleeding. The exact wording is worthy of repetition; its very humanness and the characteristic narcism displayed by Napoleon cannot be duplicated elsewhere.

"Your Majesty is mistaken! When your courtiers approve your attitude towards me as thanks for the services I was so happy to render you, they are only acting after their kind. On my side, too, my servants tell me that I am right!" Napoleon becomes visibly angry, but Lucien plunges on: "What ought the nation to do for me? What gratitude does it owe me? It ought to look upon me as the saviour of the man who has saved it. . . . I am proud to think that it will rather be inclined to compare me with you than with Jerome. No, Sire,

public opinion, which is mightier by far than all the kings in the world, assigns everyone to his true place, whatever courtiers may say."

Napoleon, with much effort, answers calmly. "I am well aware that you did me good service on the nineteenth Brumaire; but as for having been my saviour, of that proof is lacking. This much I remember clearly, that you disputed with me the unity of power which I needed for the saving of France, and that I and Joseph spent half a night before we could get you to pledge yourself to silence when these questions should be touched upon. . . . Finally, after the victory, you were inclined to oppose my personal elevation, and this conduct on your part releases me from all obligation to show gratitude. But you, do you owe me no gratitude? When you 'saved' me at Saint Cloud, were not you yourself in mortal peril? I sent my grenadiers to save you from the hands of assassins. And if you, an unnatural brother, had really allowed that vote of my outlawry to be taken, do you imagine that I should have been such a fool as to accept the decree unresistingly? Had I not adherents enough, with God's aid, to defend this head that was destined to wear so many crowns? . . . Enough! I did not summon you that we might deliver lectures to one another. Listen to me, Lucien, and weigh my words carefully, for above all, let us avoid getting heated. I am too powerful to have any desire to lose my temper. You have come to me trustfully. Corsican hospitality shall never be violated by the Emperor of the French. This virtue of our forefathers and fellow countrymen is a guarantee of your absolute safety." For a moment he pauses in his walking up and down the room, turns to Lucien and presses his hand.

Dynastic considerations rather than general principles now

intrigue Napoleon. His mind is set on this inner resolve as nothing else. From mere acquisition he is turning his attention to the permanency of his huge design. The central theme is his own image resplendent for all time; all the marginal radiations emanate from him. That part of the periphery away from which he perforce averts his interest and gaze, remains in the abysmal night of the moon that suffers enduring eclipse turned from the bright rays of the sun. Then the one nightmare dread of the past envelops Napoleon's mind. Will he never forget the part played by Lucien on the nineteenth Brumaire? No, never; it is the one time when the hand of the self-making potter shook, and Lucien saw it, and bore this colossus of a Caesar from the Tiber where else he would have sunk.

Here as elsewhere Lucien finds it best to accept the specious casuistry wherewith Napoleon accuses Lucien of rejecting the unity of his power. Finally Napoleon says, "You were inclined to oppose my personal elevation," and even again must believe that Lucien himself was in mortal peril: "I even sent my grenadiers to save you from assassins," and the like. He is really not speaking to Lucien but to his other self, the self that still holds him obligatory to Lucien's former protective service. Thus deeply has Napoleon's narcism been wounded — thus uneasily does the imperial head lie of nights, not because of its many crowns is it weighted down but by the silent thorn of memory of Lucien's aid and succour on the nineteenth Brumaire.

Again here as elsewhere he bids his hearer recognize that "everything depends upon self love which regards itself as a virtue." And thus does the Napoleonic argument turn now to the matter of succession and the consolidation of his power.

Finally he speaks of his own contemplated divorce. So this is the one reason why Lucien is brought so far from banishment. Napoleon suddenly, ruthlessly as a bully, says, "All Europe will soon be mine; I can do what I please." Then in scintillating brightness like cut stones Napoleon pours out the innermost secrets of his resolving mind before Lucien; the latter is stunned for the moment. He awakes to the finality of a Napoleonic decree and hears, "It must be done."

The simple childishness of this deep inner resolve fascinates Lucien. Napoleon plays with the human relationship as though it were a caucus race: "We will all get divorces, and marry again — all of us on the very same day." On learning that Lucien's wife is not well Napoleon even adds with as much emotional unconcern as if he were placing a pin to indicate the place of an army corps on his map of the world, "She must not die before you get your divorce!" To what intensity of personal gain has this Napoleonic mind been driven by the emotional shrinkage of the tenderest of human relationships? No king of France drawing his inheritance from a long ancestral line could have equaled it.

Now we shall see what this great magician thinks of his plaster images with which he has surrounded his central throne. He promises Lucien to give him an independent crown. "Yes, independent! You will know how to reign. You need only take your choice. I am not talking at random. All this belongs to me or soon will. Even to-day I can do what I please. Would you like to have Naples? I will take it away from Joseph. Italy, the loveliest jewel in my imperial crown? Eugène is no more than viceroy. He hopes to become king, expects to outlive me, but he will be disappointed in this

matter. I shall live to be ninety, for I cannot do with less than that for the complete consolidation of my empire. Besides, Eugène will not suit me in Italy, after I have divorced his mother. Would you care for Spain? Do you not see that it is ripe to fall into my hands, thanks to the blunders of the Bourbons you are so fond of? Would you not like to be king in the country to which you went as envoy? Anything and everything is at your disposal, if only you will divorce your wife before I divorce mine."

At last Lucien replies, "Not even your lovely France, Sire, would bribe me to this divorce."

It is a matter of interest to note that neither here nor elsewhere is Napoleon sly, covert or afraid of his enemies. The narcist is quite the most fearless of all persons. To Napoleon death itself held no real terror, for does he not hold the very sceptre of death in his right hand: a possible apoplectic stroke in a state of unrestrained anger? Can he not annihilate reality by falling unconscious in a fit? Here as in many another situation he is mercilessly frank. The beating of his heart, the quiver of his brain are not more exposed because Napoleon's fiery, untamed nature shares a tribal spirit. No, he is the very anointed of God and his spirit scorns taking unfair advantage of an adversary. Why did he keep Fouché, Talleyrand and many another rattlesnake in his political and personal confidence when they proved again and again their poisonous natures? Simply because this Jehovah complex passes all ordinary human understanding. Either Napoleon possesses the power to circumvent their evil machinations, or his mythical God will see that his earthly viceregent will come to no harm. Napoleon is greatly concerned in the conquest of the world, but in case "natural forces" or "fate" choose to override him

he can neither help himself nor hope for succour from any other agency.

The interview with Lucien is of no less intrinsic interest on its obverse, for Lucien in his heart thinks he can manage much better than his brother, who is to him the father-surrogate. What he fails to see is that Napoleon has the scintillating spark of genius, and no amount of cool calculation or mental ingenuity can possibly replace this quintessential fire. Those without this lode-star had best not essay the wrath of God or man. On the other hand Napoleon cannot endure or even admit that a younger brother (who psychologically represents a son) has accomplished that which he himself could not at the time master. He suffers a virtual castration at the mere thought and flies into an ill-concealed rage at its mere suggestion. He will yet live to see his own superb imagination and creative genius set to naught by that inner constitution which makes him forever incapable of such an objective love as now inspires the less gifted Lucien.

"THE PEOPLE NEED A CHIEF"

THE magnitude of Napoleon's following, from which he fashions his *petite masse levée,* is prodigious. He has seemingly learned all there is to know about the psychology of the masses and hero-worship. Has he not put his knowledge to the test on innumerable occasions? Rather facetiously he remarks, "Give the masses a toy! They will play with it and allow themselves to be led — provided always the leader is adroit enough to hide his true aims. Men of intelligence who have changed the world," asserts Napoleon, "have never done so by influencing the leaders, but have always set the masses in motion. He who influences princes is only an intriguer, and his results are second rate; but he who moves the masses, changes the face of the earth."

This blind allegiance is derived from the new social stimulus which Napoleon projects into the affairs not only of France but of the whole world. Furthermore, Napoleon's followers have a desire for power which is denied adequate satisfaction through any deeds of their own but is satisfied vicariously through the deeds of this conqueror with whom they emotionally identify themselves. Gladly they welcome this second Alexander who, unhampered by such fetters as constrain his lesser fellows, is realizing their dream of conquest, this colossus with whom they too bestride a continent.

The extent of this "fascination-identification" is truly remarkable. Far-distant outposts of civilization feel the surging impulse of Napoleon's heroic deeds. From oriental Turkey,

Sultan Selim sends Napoleon a replica of his all-prevailing sword. Even the English ministers to Paris are strangely fascinated in spite of their insular prejudices and Nordic blood.

The general hypnosis is so powerful and all-compelling that even the French peasant abrogates his deep-rooted attachment to the soil and follows Napoleon's fiery baton wherever it may lead. When the recent wrongs France has suffered are redressed, the intoxication of greater glory leads the French army on to foreign conquests. The French are for once extra-national and unprovincial. Even France's allies are equally inspired, while her foes look on with respect, or experience terror and awe.

What has produced this extraordinary upheaval? The hypnotic personality of Napoleon is in the ascendent. All within the range of his influence obey his every gesture. They lose more or less completely their own conscious personalities. He inspires the soldiers to commit greater and greater acts of heroism such as no French peasant would have dared attempt at home. His magnetic activity gradually transforms and leavens the whole army swaying it to his will.

The common intoxication of these daring feats, the power of the French soldiers to endure long marches and privation, know no parallel. In a world accustomed to safe and sane warfare, the impetuosity of the Napoleonic campaigns is beyond belief. To the French Empire Napoleon seems incredible. " My mere presence is equal to an army corps at least," is his too modest estimate of his inspiring effect on the battlefield.

Aware of the importance of his own position, Napoleon tersely states, " The presence of a general is necessary. He is the head, he is the all-in-all of an army. It was not the Roman army that conquered Gaul, but Caesar; it was not the Car-

thaginians who made the armies of the Republic tremble at the very gates of Rome, but Hannibal; it was not the Macedonian army that marched to the Indus, but Alexander; it was not the French army that carried war to the Weser and to the Inn, but Turenne; it was not the Prussian army that defended Prussia during seven years against the three strongest powers of Europe, but Frederick the Great."

Again, Napoleon gives in epitome his formula: "Concentration of forces, activity, activity with the firm resolve to die gloriously! These are the three great principles of the military art that have always made fortune favourable in all my operations. Death is nothing. But to live defeated and ingloriously is to die every day."

In such a quickly forged instrument of warfare, the individual soldier, essentially a creature of impulse inspired by an unconscious infatuation, is subject to the laws of such a group. He is generous, cruel, heroic or cowardly according to his inherent nature. These impulses are released from their accustomed civil inhibitions. Not even the instinct of self-preservation remains unaltered. Dominated by inflammable passions, the general personnel of an army lacks patience. Neither Napoleon nor his army could tolerate delay of victory. Desire and fulfilment had to be closely associated. In fact the whole structure remained infantile and gained persistence only when acting *en masse*.

Napoleon's gradual discovery that his marshals, lieutenants and soldiers were extraordinarily credulous and even open to influences opposed to his own, depressed him greatly. His ability to influence them with simple exaggeration lasted only as long as they felt his presence; when he was there, there was no uncertainty. But he finds he must exaggerate more and

more, to provide a stimulus sufficient to gain a fair degree of persistence. He uses no logical arguments but paints his ideas in forcible colors. He repeats his slogans again and again. He holds his soldiers spellbound by his intoxicating harangues. Yet under careful analysis the grandiloquence of his impassioned phrases reveals more than simple sentimentality; there are also manifest feelings of sadistic hate and prejudice. Napoleon makes special appeal to primitive passions while disguising his purposes as lofty spiritual aims.

The French army, conscious of its strength, is intolerant as well as obedient to authority. It respects force. It is only slightly influenced by kindness and often looks upon it as a form of weakness. Ethically the conduct of the group is either higher or lower than that of the isolated individual. Invariably the soldiery demand of their hero strength and even violence. They seem to want to be oppressed. As in all states of reproduced infantility, they are conservative, opposed to all innovations; they have an unbounded respect for Napoleon's past achievements and the mystical traditions that surround his acts.

While Napoleon evokes the most formidable passions in his soldiers, he is also capable of stilling panic and discouragement, as for example at the time of the pestilent outbreak at Acre, and when he turned the swirling tide of retreat at Marengo. But during the Russian invasion he will fail to inspire so completely idolatrous an attitude and will become totally impotent at Waterloo.

This change in the attitude of the army toward Napoleon can be traced to a change in Napoleon's attitude toward the army. He has withdrawn his affection from them and directed it upon himself, thereby destroying the mutuality of concern

whereby friendships are made and conserved. It was not merely that now Napoleon was defeated where once he was victorious. His associates and ultimately the common soldiery felt his withdrawal and inhumanity, and lost all desire to help him. The bonds of friendship must be mutual or they will break.

Napoleon's followers demonstrate how incapable reason and argument are of combating certain magic formulae; the adult still resorts to the magic gestures of infancy. Again and again he seeks satisfaction in magic hallucinatory omnipotence. Napoleon utters inspiring phrases with great solemnity and as soon as they are spoken (as e.g., in his address before the Battle of the Pyramids) the morale of the whole army is heightened and the greatest degree of zeal is manifested.

Before the Battle of Austerlitz, considered by Napoleon to be one of the most splendid battles he ever fought, he inspired his soldiers with these words: "Soldiers! When we have completed all that is necessary to secure the happiness and prosperity of our country, I shall lead you back to France! There you will be the constant object of my loving care. My people will hail your return with joy, and you will have but to say, 'I was at the Battle of Austerlitz' to hear the reply, 'He is one of the brave!'" The victory was a decisive one and the infantry of the Guard wept with rage because they were not sent into action.

But the material and psychological conditions which made Napoleon a successful demagogue do not account completely for his career. If it was necessary that almost all the people unite for a time in their allegiance to this one man, it was also necessary that this one man concentrate all his energy upon a single ideal. Napoleon had complete unwavering faith

in his own inner vision, and for a time his followers, in accepting him, accepted his ideal, despite it being essentially one of egoistic dominion over them. But in the end Napoleon's ideal assumed so crassly selfish a form that many saw how his devotion was self-devotion and renounced their old allegiance.

The glamour surrounding Napoleon's personal achievements is more potent than tradition, heredity, reputation, or fortune. Endowed with a superabundance of magnetism, he exercises it for a longer period than any other in his century. The prestige he personally creates is dependent upon success. Napoleon truly senses this fact. "My power proceeds from my reputation," he affirms, "and my reputation from the victories I have won. My power would fail if I were not to support it with more glory and more victories. Conquest has made me what I am. Only conquest can maintain me."

"Man loves the supernatural. He meets deception half way," is Napoleon's declamation. Thus he makes natural forces appear almost supernatural. To intensify this effect, he withdraws himself more and more from simple contacts with his soldiers until in their minds he becomes a demigod. In this there lies a danger as well as an advantage, for the French nation will finally demand illusion all the time and will not do without it. They will give the unreal precedence over the real. The Emperor is to find to his sorrow that the credulity of the people makes them susceptible to false as well as true concepts even when they do not favour him.

Less than a decade is to pass ere Napoleon will remark: "You don't know men. They are difficult to judge precisely. Do they know, do they realize themselves fully? Had I continued prosperous, most of those who abandoned me would probably never have suspected their own treachery. In any

case, I was more deserted than betrayed; there was more weakness about me than treason. They were the regiment of Saint Peter — repentance and tears may stand at the gates! Apart from that, who has been more popular, more beloved? Who ever left behind more ardent regrets? Look at France: might not one say that from this rock of mine I still reign over her?" And again: "The Universe watches us! We stand as martyrs of an immortal cause! Millions of men weep for us, our country sighs, and glory has put on mourning! We struggle here against the tyranny of the gods, and the hopes of humanity are with us. Misfortune itself knows heroism, and glory! Had I died on the throne, in the clouds of my all-mightiness, I would have remained a problem for many. Thanks to my misfortunes, I can be judged naked."

Libido is given by Napoleon to his followers, and is manifested in turn toward him. Thus he becomes the symbolical representation of the father; because his love and concern are manifested toward all his soldiers impartially, so the latter become his sons, and among themselves are brothers and comrades. This form of libidinal relation lacks the sexual aim usually present in libidinal relations between members of the opposite sexes. It differs again from the libidinal attitude of the infant toward the mother in that in the case of the soldiers there has taken place an early identification with the father, so that Napoleon can now be a father-surrogate. Their devotion to Napoleon expresses an unconscious desire to be *like* the father — not to *possess* him as a loved object. The latter desire has an entirely different libidinal psychology.

In his engrossment with these political and military groups, Napoleon finds there is essentially no place for woman as a loved object; not because he lacks room for a tender attach-

ment, but because the libidinal trend is outside the influence of heterosexual desires. Even where groups of this libidinal pattern are composed of both men and women, as in the French Revolution itself, the distinction between the sexes plays no part; people do not follow Napoleon because of their particular sex. Their fixation is completely outside the ordinary sexual aim and lies rather in the province of presexual ego aims of a more infantile level. Even in persons who have in other respects become absorbed in the group, sexual tendencies may preserve a little of the individual activity. Lucien's sexual love for his wife probably explains his independence of thought and action. Such ties are strong enough to disintegrate every group formation.

"Josephine is always afraid I may fall seriously in love," is Napoleon's comment, giving us further insight into his own attitude. "She doesn't realize that love was not made for me. For what is love? A passion that leaves the universe on one side, to place the loved one on the other. And, surely, such an exclusion is not in my character!" With the magnitude of his egoistic aims, he cannot help considering love the most hurtful passion God vouchsafed his creatures.

Homosexual attributes, moreover, are far more compatible with group ties than are heterosexual ones even when they lead to uninhibited sexual relations — a fact which Greek life proved over and over again. In the political and military organizations of the Napoleonic era there is room for the ego and its object — the leader and his followers — room even for the more intimate relationships between man and man. By introducing his personality as an object of adoration, Napoleon is able to defeat the more common heterosexual aim; the group multiplies this process and adds close associations with

other individuals of the group, which are made more facile by the identity of their ideals and their devotion to a common leader. Napoleon knows that his own personality is the magic force which holds together this group in their ever-increasing vassalage. At the same time he realizes that the essential repressed egoistic desires of his followers become all-powerful in their vicarious satisfaction through his own radiant person. In his playful attitude toward his soldiers he shows his awareness of their infantile conception of his invincibility. He knows full well that a tendency to some form of hero-worship is inherent in every human being, that throughout life there is an impetus toward identification with all sorts of magnetic personalities.

Thus he implants, through the type of catechism and instruction in church and school, the sort of magic fascination by which he hopes to see a new state born. He intuitively feels the necessity for usurping the father-symbol, even to the point of regicide. Indeed, he holds it as necessary for the fruition of ambition and progress.

But there are those who deprecate this form of blind allegiance. Lucien, Talleyrand and Fouché approach it with hostility and are inclined to see in it only a form of hysteria. Napoleon treats with contempt all who underestimate the importance of group fascination and the significance of mass movement upon social betterment. He sees in their incapacity to grasp its significance a defect as well as a detriment for the future.

While taking advantage of the immediate effects of this infantile attitude, Napoleon is not unmindful of the more adult manifestations of allegiance to a great cause. If he is given time, which he so earnestly desires, he hopes to utilize

this infatuation for a successful upbuilding of the French people to a richer and more mobile personality, — the possible meaning of all true progress.

If Napoleon himself could rightly interpret his life achievements, he probably would dwell less upon "How can the sovereigns of Europe permit the sacred nature of sovereignty to be attainted in me?" and more upon how men of affairs and vision can permit his degradation as an ordinary sovereign deposed from an hereditary throne. For the whole manner of his inventive and creative genius is definitely allied to the general onward progress of civilization, permitting the formation of social and military betterments in the world rather than the ordinary static concepts of sovereignty embraced in the number of thrones he overturns.

Napoleon is an exquisite example of a conscious portrayal of a brilliant and ideal leader. The unconscious force which operates this emanates from infantile concepts of reality still dominant in adult life. Thus we see that Napoleon ever strives to recapture the state of infantile omnipotence with its magic gestures and word-symbols.

"I must admit that I was spoiled," says Napoleon. "I always gave orders. From my birth, power was mine." His adherents, then and now, seek also to participate in this primitive form of magic.

The distribution of the Eagles, by David

"FAREWELL, CHÈRE AMIE!"

FOR many years the dread of being divorced weighs on Josephine, but this fear is laid at the very moment the blow is destined to fall. The Emperor's manner is cold, calculating, unfeeling, yet withal cloaked in sentimentality. On the evening of November 30, 1809, Napoleon breaks the tidings of their approaching separation. How this takes place Josephine afterwards tells Bourrienne.

"We are dining together as usual. I do not utter a word during this sad dinner. As soon as Bonaparte has taken his coffee he dismisses all the attendants. I see in the expression of his countenance what is passing in his mind, and I know that my hour is come. He steps up to me — he is trembling, and shudders — he takes my hand, presses it to his heart, and after gazing at me for a few moments in silence, he utters these fatal words: 'Josephine! My dear Josephine! You know how I have loved you. To you alone I owe the only moments of happiness I have tasted in this world. But my destiny is not to be controlled by my will. My dearest affections must yield to the interests of France.'"

To obtain a legal divorce, it is necessary that Josephine formally consent. Accordingly, a family gathering is assembled. The Emperor, in a hard, metallic voice, reads a declaration, announcing his resolution to separate from Josephine: "The interest of the people," he states, "requires that I should leave a family to inherit my love for them, and the throne on which Providence has placed me. For several years I have been hope-

less of having children by my dearly-loved spouse; consequently I am constrained to sacrifice the softest affections of my heart, so as to consider only the welfare of the State."

At the conclusion Josephine rises, and with great control pronounces her consent, signs the document, and retires. During this painful scene the Emperor says not a word, nor makes a sign. His eyes are fixed, and he appears dazed. He is silent and dispirited all day. His closing words of a supposedly sad farewell to Josephine are thus icily penned: "Farewell, chère amie; sleep soundly and remember that I wish it thus. . . ." This from a man who has lived with her as her husband in intimate association for fifteen years.

There lurks in the heart of Napoleon a feverish egoistic craving to do something greater than any human being has ever done, and this craving is never allayed. Partly in jest he says, "I came into the world too late. There is nothing more to be done that is truly grand. I admit that my career has been fine, that I have paved for myself a royal road; but consider the difference between now and antiquity! Alexander, after having conquered Asia announced himself to be the son of Jupiter, and all the Orient believed him. But if I were to proclaim myself the son of the Eternal Father, and were to proceed to give Him thanks in solemn state, there would not be a single fishwife who would not hiss me on my way. People are now too enlightened. There is no great thing more to be done."

Three months after his divorce Napoleon marries the seventeen year old Marie Louise, daughter of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria. He is now at the climax of his career; he is fortified by his ties with the Hapsburgs and the prospects of a

legitimate heir. He feels that his powers are ripening. "I feel that I am being driven towards an unknown goal. But as soon as I have reached it, as soon as I no longer have an inexorable mission, an atom will suffice to overthrow me. The days are numbered."

The opening of the "fifth act" as Napoleon himself speaks of the Russian campaign, is filled with ominous threats of disorder or at least uneasiness. There are rumours which are seemingly but old wives' tales; they fall on unheeding ears as Napoleon hears their far off thunder. Is he not still a man not yet touching middle age? With a new wife and an heir at last to make all secure at his back, may he not now trust fully in the painted fabric of his dreams? Yes, he will stake all on this hitherto wholly wild scheme. He turns his horse's head toward bleak mysterious Russia.

His face is grey and in his eyes there comes and goes the glance that sees everything and yet nothing. He has almost become a mythical god to his army since his withdrawal from easy accessibility to his one-time *bon ami* soldiers. Many who have never seen him live upon fables of him. These may feed the imagination, but in them is not nourishment to provide the staying power to withstand a questionable victory, an actual defeat and a nightmare-like retreat. Napoleon's ultimate success depends upon a continuous series of unquestioned victories. Realization of the overwhelming difficulty of this task before him paralyzes his inner belief in himself. Once more he procrastinates and still hopes that he may win by cajolery, diplomacy and easy promises. At last he awakens to the cold realization that he must fight as never before.

But the clarification and realization come too late; he has beguiled others and himself too long. The pattern of his inner

plan has become too set and unalterable. He is too slow in renouncing this infantile dream of unlimited dominion.

"Too late, too late!" thunder the terrible storms and biting frosts, and Napoleon for the first time in twenty years knows what it is to fight desperately, his back to the wall. This man who boasted, "I am tied to nothing," now dearly realizes the importance of tethering loyalty and friendship. In the free use of his all-prevailing sword he had once found them annoying —but how necessary they had been in his forced marches to grasp and strangle an enemy in the cold grey dawn before their camp was fairly awake.

It will not be difficult to see with what peril Napoleon maintained his balance in his efforts to bring his egoistic aims to fruition in the Russian campaign, and that in the end he lost the power of subjective identifications with the completion process entirely, for he no longer could make the overwhelming changes required of him. Thus the demands of his ego broke down his ability to cope with circumstances.

The burning of the Kremlin, by Orange

"RUSSIA — EUROPE — THE WORLD!"

NAPOLEON has visioned a Russian conquest for years before he attempts this wholly mad project. To this end he organizes his equipment and strategic plan. It is his belief that there can be but one emperor of Western Europe; in this way only can he hope to finally subjugate England. It may be that without Egypt and India, England will still remain a great power, but Napoleon believes not.

What of his concern regarding the efficiency and zeal of his men and officers? Murmurs of discontent do not disturb his fatuous inner contemplation as he dreams of unparalleled splendour when this fateful expedition shall be at an end. A career of conquest has been gradually substituted for one of national redressment of Revolutionary wrongs. No one has seriously objected to this ambitious purpose — have not the last three campaigns proven this to be so? Men fight for glory and booty almost as valiantly as for national honour; almost — not quite. He determines to neglect this small but important margin of difference. Can he afford to do so? Ask the dying Lannes. Napoleon shrugs his shoulders when Decrès, in the rôle of a Cassandra, predicts a final crash.

Nothing matters to the emperor as he secretly prepares the means to subvert the Russian empire and establish upon its ruins a dominion that will have the sovereignty over the world. A finer or more complete force has never been marshaled, for does he not possess the élite, not only of the French nation but that of all her allies? His inner resolve cannot be

altered. "I am driven onward to a goal which I know not." Even the shrewd Fouché's memorial against war he treats with sarcastic contempt. He now longs for the intoxicating excitement of a stupendous battle, and the outlook for a successful campaign is even better than in 1809. His inventive vigour runs high, and his conscripts are no worse than those used ever since the formation of the consulate. Napoleon's social sobriety has been helped by a seemingly devoted wife, and as for the heir and king of Rome, he must inherit a throne that will command all Europe. Perhaps he will even enjoy the bygone splendours of ancient Rome.

The Czar will not agree to Napoleon's Continental System. He will not yield one jot; and for Napoleon this is the crux of the situation. He is not concerned with anything else the Czar offers to avoid a conflict.

As Alexander mobilizes, Napoleon sends troops to the border. Plainly one sees Napoleon's resolve: namely, to extend the great revolutionary scheme inaugurated by the convention and logically developed by Napoleon in every war and treaty since Campo Formio. This plan cannot be abrogated. Napoleon is drunk with the idea of crushing England's power on land and sea; Russia will be the one to place this brimming cup within his grasp. As a last resort he asks Alexander himself to name the price for which he will agree to support the Continental System. The Czar replies that to accept would be stark madness, for Russia could not live.

The war-game starts promptly in the early part of May. While the Vistula is overshadowed by Napoleon's thronging legions, the emperor pauses for one of the most spectacular moments in history: his visit to the Dresden opera. Napoleon,

one-time Corsican exile, stands supreme within the focus of monarchical splendour.

After this event Napoleon moves on, betraying his trust as liberator of the Poles by bartering away their fair Galicia to Austria for her support in the Russian venture. He now determines not on a frontier campaign but an invasion with the purpose of forcing Russia back to the furthest limits of Europe, if not actually into Asia. The greatest army and equipment of all time is to do it. Russia's hour has come. As Napoleon advances, Alexander is fairly beside himself with fear and religious fervour.

. . . And now Borodino. The Emperor and his entire army are possessed of a single thought and wish — a great battle. It is even talked of as a great festival. Jerome's dilatoriness, which should be termed nothing less than a defection, cost Napoleon the unbrilliant capture of Smolensk. The lack of harmonious coöperation between Ney and Murat had once more allowed the Russians to slip through Napoleon's grasp.

Napoleon is exasperated. Will these Russians never stand and stake their all on a good battle? The night before Borodino he exclaims with a weary cry to his generals: " We have them now, at last! " His own war-hardened veterans, though still trustworthy, are grumbling, while the Austrians almost to a man are fraternizing with the Russians and certainly are not conducting themselves as hostile invaders.

Napoleon, the great revolutionist, has unconsciously regenerated the Europe he has overrun. The Russian people are just at the beginning of that which France experienced at her own revolution; they gather themselves together now rather as a great moral force, which in the end will be more terrible than regular warfare and a Kutusoff.

At the end of an interminable delay, Napoleon's thoughts are focused upon his one good battle. Murat and Ney, after straggling without coming to grips with any part of the Russian forces, are concentrated with the main army. Everything is in readiness; but the sustained tension on Napoleon has been terrific. Four days of waiting! He has frequently travelled from Paris to Vienna in this length of time. His running address is, as usual, in the nature of a proverb that the battle soon to be won will pass down into history and each soldier will be looked upon as one who was " in the great battle under the walls of Moscow."

A courier from Paris arrives, bringing to Napoleon a portrait of his little son, the King of Rome; he hangs it in front of his tent for the admiration of his generals; almost at the same instant the sinister news of Marmont's defeat at Salamanca arrives. Such are the contra-occurrences that are in the air on this momentous night before the battle of Borodino.

Napoleon retires within his tent and makes no comment upon the disaster in Spain. However, in self-communing pity he is overheard to deplore the barbarity of wars.

A new weariness seems to envelop his figure as he sits in the growing dusk awaiting his memorable good battle. That resiliency of spirit which was his on the night before the battle of Austerlitz is not with him now. The sombre mood of earlier days is upon him, and he sleeps fitfully throughout the night. At daybreak he can stand the tension no longer and orders the battle to proceed. But the strain has been too great, and Napoleon's taut nerves are ready to snap.

If the battle plan had not been carefully worked out it would have been a disaster from the very start, but Napoleon has worked things out well in advance. His alertness dimin-

ishes all the forenoon. As actual lethargy at last descends upon him, he is compelled to assign the remainder of the day's good battle to his marshals. At mid-day he seeks not the sleep that refreshed him on many another battlefield, but the bed of a sick man, where he lay unconscious for the most part during the remainder of the day.

While this great Caesar lies ill in his tent, his bewildered and unsupervised marshals fight on against the Russians, who, filled with religious fervour, have a fatalistic premonition of assured success. Like soldiers of a saviour's army, they rush to renewed attack with their fanatical cry, " God have mercy upon us! " Rank after rank is mowed down by the French cannon while they press onward in terrific attack over their slain comrades; but their valour and zeal are in vain. Now an assault on the centre by breaching cannon is, as usual, the French order of battle; the cannonading is carried out to the letter of Napoleon's orders; and yet no Marengo or Austerlitz takes place. Is there needed the magic improvisation of Napoleon himself? Can victory be carried by none, other than his own challenging will? More and more the good battle develops into a face-to-face combat. Under the murderous fire the Russian line bends but will not break. The raging conflict is so fierce that the soldiery are literally physically exhausted; in each other's clutches pairs of antagonists fall to the ground, neither able to finish the combat to the death.

As a last desperate effort Eugène prepares his division, and hurls it *en masse* on the Russians' bent centre. It yields again but does not break and scatter, as he had hoped. Junot and Poniatowski combined finally overpower the Russians' left, but the sun of Borodino is not the victorious sun of Austerlitz,

and darkness falls upon one of the most devastated and battle-stained fields of all history.

So superhuman has been the exhaustion of both armies that they both rest upon their arms as dusk falls; thus they remain the greater part of the night, the Russians too exhausted to flee, and the French too weary to pursue. All too late the Russians retreat in the early morning and the awakened French follow after them.

And the magnificent guard of the French army, who were fresh and capable of accomplishing the entire ruin of the retreating Russians — why was it not called upon to move throughout this fateful good battle of Napoleon? No one knows the reason, and Napoleon has never explained. At the moment he still slept on in his deathlike stupor, all the night through.

Why had he not trained his marshals to fight independently of him? This, likewise, is a question which remains unanswered. Always the touchstone of his magic presence was needed at the finale of his decisive battles.

The lethargies that seized Napoleon were none other than epileptic *petit mal*. The strain, the news from Spain, and the idle waiting must have hastened the advent of this particular attack. Though at this time and for years before he had gastric crises and renal colic, these lethargies with ultimate loss of consciousness are of an undoubted epileptic nature. How else could one account for the absence of such a dominant personality at such a crisis in this momentous campaign of 1812? If his ailment had been of any other sort, he surely would have taken charge in spite of it; nothing but a mental prostration could have kept Napoleon in his bed.

"MOSCOW! MOSCOW!"

ONE sees the Russian army as well as the French enervated by the intense heat and desolation of this summer campaign. The pitiless sun lowers the resistance of men and animals. The latter have little to eat other than the half rotten thatch of deserted huts. All sorts of disease cause hundreds of both armies to fall by the wayside. Napoleon's army's progress is slow and unwieldy. Besides, as in his campaigns in Italy, Egypt and middle Europe, Napoleon must needs reorganize all the territory he invades. Here he has a strenuous political task as well as a gigantic military one. This spectral Hercules cannot do it. The Napoleon of five years foregone is not here, and the Emperor begins to show increasing weariness. He is now plethoric and slow in movement, save for a few short-lived moments of quickened sensibility when he sends repeated demands to his one time friend Alexander, now a strangely silent and obdurate foe.

Daily bulletins of encouragement are sent to mercurial Paris, which each morning expects a victory with its breakfast. Too great expectancy now embarrasses and sours the perplexed Napoleon, marching on into ominously forbidding Russia. Exhausted, yet galvanically quickened by vague, elusive apparitions, he tastes of the sickening dread which for two decades has been the portion of his enemies. Now he is the one who no longer isolates, but is isolated, and though he is the aggressor, he experiences unnameable terrors and is apprehensive of the outcome of this Northern invasion.

His high nervous tension cannot last. He is more and more worn down into a dull lethargy, even as his facial expression is beaten down to a metallic hardness. His digestive functions once more go awry, and he seems on the verge of an acute attack of renal colic. When he rouses himself from the fatigue of the long daily marches it is often for trivialities.

In states of prolonged mental tension the narcist's attention is often thus expended upon the most absurd trifles. For instance the slightest delay in food service often caused him to exhibit exaggerated tempers in abuse of those supposedly responsible for the defect. Petulant and waspish are the feelings ascribed to him at these times. Nothing so provokes this Napoleon as the stolid Russian silence. It exasperates his Italian blood and brings his temper to the boiling point, yet it strangely works conversely in slowing his already preternaturally sluggish circulation.

Extraneous preparations are in surprising contrast to Napoleon's imperfect equipment for the actual comfort and protection of his marching men. In other campaigns, having no great inclination to stage an extravaganza, he has stolen away quietly from Paris with his travelling library of the classics, his dream well within the compass of his own achievement. But now he has with him the strange trappings of an impresario of the heroic; the baubles and robes of the coronation are here, for is he not to be actually crowned Emperor of the West? He plans operas and theatres at the very seat of war, for the dour heart of Russia must be won and made forgetful of defeat.

Marching on and on, he appears proud of bearing, distant, aloof, self communing and self counselling; gradually he becomes enveloped in himself, even as he will become enclosed

Napoleon with his troops, 1814, *by Messonier*

in the frost and rime of the Russian winter. In hours of respite from the daily march, there is no sparkle in his eye. He is spiritless, ailing. Confidence is lacking between him and his magnificent army. He no longer narcistically possesses or hovers over his gigantic war machine. Is the brood too large? Does it encompass too many discordant elements, too many malcontents not only among the regiments from vassal kingdoms but also among his own French marshals?

This troop of troubled thoughts accompanies him as awkwardly he sits his horse these autumn days. The haughty, exacting mien of today is in sharp contrast with the half-jocular, half-sarcastic curl of lip and the steadfast gaze of former yesterdays. Gone too are the incisive, stirring harangues that once inspired the soldiery.

Withal a careful study reveals no real inferiority of plan. His strategy and the tactics of his campaign are still surpassingly brilliant. The great general is still here, though fearfully overlaid by the emperor's self-loving contemplation. Now and then his inventive mind breaks through and his magnificent genius shines undimmed. His strategic plan is in fact amazing. All the old elements of unexpected concentration, of breaking through opposing lines, of conclusive victory and final occupation of the enemy's capital are in evidence, but he is never rid of the Imperial spectre that accompanies the General Bonaparte on the march.

Napoleon thought he had taken fair measure of the Czar Alexander. He thought he understood him, but now he is amazed at his stubbornness. Hitherto Alexander has yielded at every crisis. Why is he now so firm and unresponsive? No amount of promises, cajolery and flattery moves him. The Czar, did Napoleon but know it, is in truth dazed, and feels

himself a storm-tossed child of fate. He seeks mystical consolation more and more, and repeats in his bewilderment, "The hand of God hath done this." He relies more and more upon divine guidance; his Rasputin is the pious Galitzin and, as in later times, the military situation is controlled by minds abler than the Czar's. The imminence of the disaster that threatens Russia paralyzes Alexander, and the consequent unresponsiveness is interpreted by Napoleon as a sign of stubbornness.

After walking all one morning afoot with his troops, Napoleon mounts his horse. The progress to the top of Salvation Hill, the sacred prominence overlooking Moscow, has been slow and cautious. Scouts scour the woods and ravines, for the wary Russian army may be planning some diabolical trick. It is now two o'clock; the early afternoon sun nooses the thousands of glittering minarets of the sacred city. As the first beholders of the sea cried out exultantly, "The sea! The sea!" in the famous return of the ten thousand, so now the scouts shout, "Moscow! Moscow!"

Napoleon himself is struck by the magnificence of the scene. For a moment he sits spellbound; then he, too, exclaims at the sight. He experiences a deep sense of relief that the march to his great goal is at an end. The sullen, discontented marshals, still smarting at the nearly lost Borodino, now join their chief. Captive Moscow seduces them from their seditious grievances; they, too, press around the emperor to pay homage to his good fortune. Napoleon is the first to recover his keen presence of mind, and his words denote impatience: "It is high time we came to it!"

The entry of the French into Moscow has been compared to the appearance of great actors before an empty house. As

Napoleon views its silent aspect he wonders restlessly how soon he can occupy the city. His reflections are rudely disturbed by the reports of firearms, and his advancing column halts. The inner citadel, including that sacred heart, the Kremlin, is closed, but the resistance is feeble and soon is brushed aside. The only Muscovites to greet his entry are but taunting wretches, left as a barbarous token of the national hatred.

Still fearing some trick, Napoleon enters Moscow after dark. The night is destined to display a gloomy and sinister omen. Hardly is he comfortably ensconced for the night in this Russian Schönbrunn than there are wild outcries from his officers as they witness a magnificent and awful spectacle: palace after palace bursts into flame, and is rapidly consumed before their awed gaze. Can it be that these strange malevolent spirits, the genii of the Russians, have fanned the north wind to drive the flames directly towards the Kremlin? The French officers are acutely alarmed for the safety of the fortress, as the flower of the army are housed here. This, then, is the enemy's Greek fire, the Archimedean burning glass with which they would destroy them.

Napoleon sleeps on throughout all this destruction. No one dares awaken him. They fail to heed his injunction oft repeated during his campaigns, " Wake me at bad news; good will always keep." Now the twofold light of the roaring palace furnaces and of the dawn stirs this hard sleeping emperor. At first he exclaims petulantly as if he would command this burning to cease. He then falls suddenly silent, as though soliloquizing as is his wont. Can it be that his name is not sufficient to terrorize and vanquish all opposition, even that of the elements? Shall his gigantic scheme come to naught? Shall this conquest, like some idle phantom, evade him even as he stretches forth

his hand to strangle this last opponent? Will Moscow itself disappear in a shapeless mass of smoke and flame? It cannot be!

Napoleon is agitated, consumed with fury and passion as the flames that now begin to envelop the inner citadel threaten, yes, even the Kremlin, his own quarters. He paces to and fro, then abruptly sits down. For the moment he is moved to see in it not only his own destruction but a heroic gesture on the part of the enemy. Both moods struggle for mastery. "What a tremendous spectacle! It is their own work! So many palaces! What extraordinary resolution! What men! These are Scythians indeed!"

One might have sensed that a semi-barbaric people would do something like this, their civilized force of arms having been brushed aside. With inflamed imaginations the French guards see hideous-looking men and women, like furies, winding in and out of the flames. The Russian prisons have disgorged their hideous froth to perpetrate this desperate act of vandalism upon the glorious heart of the Russian nation.

The Emperor falls silent again in wonder and amazement. He recalls how Caulaincourt and Regnault warned him against the Russians and their almost idolatrous attitude toward their country. How foolish it was for him to think that Alexander would ever subscribe to his Continental System and thus accept Russia's spiritual vassalage. Ah yes, these are too bitter thoughts to dwell upon at this late hour. There must be some way to conquer this people, whose tactics are so foreign to Western European warfare. All others have submitted to current moralities, ambitions, and, surest of all, they have had their price. These people are Tartars, beyond the pale of modern civilization. People who will not stand and fight

Napoleon after his abdication, by Paul Delaroche

but who scurry away and destroy the most sacred and precious relics of their land — what is to be done with them?

A sort of congealing despair settles on Napoleon's spirit. He shudders with a premonition of what is yet to come, for he foresees ultimate disaster as readily as military manoeuvres; but his acquisitive desires are dominant now, and it is contrary to his nature to dwell for long upon unpleasant forebodings. Has he not displaced for all time the safe and sane militarists? Nevertheless, present reality presses for solution.

In the midst of these thoughts there comes a rumour that the Kremlin is mined and may be blown up. Napoleon calms himself and smiles at the limitless credulity of his followers. Still he continues ineffectually to pace up and down, while the flames seize all the bridges, all the avenues of his fortress, enclosing and besieging him in their fury, spreading every moment among neighboring houses, restricting him within narrower and narrower limits, until he is quite confined to the site of the Kremlin. Ostensibly a conqueror, he is virtually a prisoner — it is monstrous! Yet his own narcism is silently enclosing him with the same relentless determination.

Why will his mind not grasp these sickening details and break the bondage of accustomed thought? Why can he not be as quickly resourceful as in his Italian and Egyptian campaigns? Alas, self-loving contemplation has given a mordant stain to all his ways of thinking and acting. All day short vacillating moods possess Napoleon. He is breathing nothing but smoke and ashes now; yet he cannot decide. "Not even the fictions of the burning of Troy, though heightened by all the powers of poetry, can equal the reality of the destruction of Moscow," is Napoleon's comment years later of this eventful scene which was to rob him of his dreams.

Night approaches; the equinoctial gales, a new Russian ally, increase in violence. Napoleon cannot yet bring himself to forego this Schönbrunn of the czars. Isn't it his by conquest? He will not give it up, that is final. But at this very instant a shout goes up that the Kremlin is on fire. This Caesar rouses from his lethargic stupor and resolve. He cannot believe this last alarm. No, it cannot be! He must needs see the actual danger himself, and goes in person to reconnoitre. Twice a fire has been extinguished in his quarters, and at last the incendiary is found in the arsenal tower. He confesses all in Napoleon's presence — even the ancient and sacred Kremlin is marked for destruction.

Napoleon is vexed and disgusted at such destructive designs, but at last he is forced to see things as they really are. He hastens down the northern staircase and wishes to escape this accursed city. The chance even of personal safety is fast vanishing; now the all-encircling sea of flame closes every avenue — all but one single, narrow, winding street; though it appears to be rather an entrance than an outlet of this inferno, necessity compels Napoleon to take the risk, and into this narrow passage he dashes forward on foot. Here and there ruins impede his progress. Thus narrowly he escapes a fiery destruction.

Next morning for the first time Napoleon has a chance to see what havoc the patriotic vandals have made of their Mother Moscow. The destruction is even more widespread than he had anticipated. The fire rages for days with untold rapacity and violence. This dull boom is not that of enemy cannon but the sound of great walls crumbling from heat. Here and there a sharper note is heard as the French dynamite buildings to limit the spread of the holocaust.

Again Napoleon is overcome with alarming contemplation. His outbursts of disappointment and rage gradually subside; once more he is in a stupor and scarcely speaks. All his efforts to reach Moscow have come to naught, and now the greater part of Moscow is no more. So perish all his hopes and aims. He sighs deeply. "This forebodes great misfortune for us." This is the gloomy closing of the first act in the tragedy.

The decisive genius of Napoleon hesitates. His self-commanding narcism has been deeply wounded, and in his surprise for the first time in days he holds a council and consults those about him. No decision is arrived at, for Napoleon cannot yet comprehend that he is defeated while apparently victorious; so days of inactivity drag on and the demoralization of his magnificent army grows more and more extreme.

"MAGICAL MOSCOW EXISTS NO MORE"

FIVE long, expectant, dreary weeks pass in the heart of the burnt capital. Interminable they seem to the anxious conqueror of Moscow, but not of Holy Russia. Napoleon yawns at the theatre, and gives himself over to gluttony. He now loses the last vestiges of interest in the welfare of his troops. Unkempt, preoccupied and feverishly indifferent to everything, he allows crown, sceptre, and all his hopes of becoming Emperor of the West to go by the board; the coronation robes are not even unpacked. Pompous ceremonies for a military occupation take place daily, but it is plainly evident to all that the zest proper to such a program is strangely lacking.

Now adversity has not been lacking in Napoleon's previous career. But his mind has at last met its match, — not in the force of any man, marshaling strategy and armies against him, but in the fury of the elements. Fire and frost will be his undoing. He has been checked by the one and will be beaten by the other. Stunned and wounded as his pride is, the ingenious workings of his mind are not to be blocked for long. Message after message goes forth to the absent landlord, Alexander, but there is no reply; indeed, he is even more terrorized than his aggressor, for what may not this smiter of God yet do, miraculously as this one time friend is known to be endowed? Nor is Alexander alone in this belief, for to this day Napoleon's name represents the ogre of darkness and terror to Russian children.

Napoleon, now languid, for the most part keeps his own council. He pens a message to Alexander:

"My Lord Brother: Beautiful, magical Moscow exists no more. . . . This deed is loathsome, and to no purpose. Did you wish to rob me of my means of support? . . . How could you consign to destruction the loveliest city in the world, a city it has taken hundreds of years to build; how could you lay it waste for so little gain! Out of kindness and in the interests of Your Majesty, I have now taken charge of the town which the Russian Army had sacrificed. At least the municipal authorities and the militia should have been left in the city, as was the case in Vienna, on two occasions, and in Berlin and Madrid; Milan, likewise, acted thus when Suvaroff entered at the head of his army. It is surely impossible that you, with your high principles and your good heart, can have consented to such abominations, for they are unworthy of a great ruler and a great nation. . . . I have warred against Your Majesty without bitterness. A sign from you, before or after the last battle, would have stayed my forward march; nay, for Your Majesty's sake, I should have wished to forego my entry into Moscow. . . . If you have preserved any of your former friendship towards me, you will receive this leter favourably. In any case, you will be grateful to me for informing you of the recent occurrences."

At last the dreary waiting becomes intolerable. The seasonal change is not severe, but the dangers of wintering in Moscow became more pressingly evident, for the elemental stasis on the army's mobilizing will be appalling. The word retreat is still anathema to Napoleon, and though all think of it, no one dare mention it to him or speak of it where it may be casually

overheard. To think of retreat is to be disloyal and ever has been to the general, consul and emperor.

Slowly, altogether too slowly, is the general divested of the oppressive weight of the emperor. The eagle might soar if this ballast could be completely thrown off. Some inciter is necessary to awaken Napoleon; it comes in Murat's cavalry being driven in to the city. General Bonaparte is now galvanized into activity. Everyone is joyous, as though Napoleon's inner victory were really an outer one. The captain is in command once more; the dream of universal empire is gone; a dependent czar is but the last figment of the late feverish delirium; the phantom march from Tiflis to the Ganges is dispelled by this keen awakening to imminent peril. England humbled? Ah yes, sometime, perhaps—but not now; the ocean, so singularly a possession of Britain for generations, will have to wait for liberation.

It is plain the present organization for carrying on warfare has not kept pace with the whirlwind advance of Napoleonic strategy. Napoleon himself realizes this and occasionally admits it to his associates, but for the nonce it suits his purpose and wounds his narcism less to place the blame on fate and winter snows. This is the first great attempt to make a hitherto successful national organization expand to a continental system of warfare. It fails; even the strategy is too foreshortened for this latter purpose. A retreat permits no time for the static shrinkage necessary and blows from without that convulsively shrink it are now not wanting. The wary Russians take sufficient heart to rain timorous blows on the retreating French. Had they been commanded by a younger and abler general, the invaders would have been annihilated by now.

Though Napoleon is now consciously resolved on a retreat,

it does not meet his full inner sanction. A part of his mind lingers, and this lack of unity of purpose prevents him from mapping a clear plan. His councils of war are non-decisive; it takes a week for this harried sick man to come to any clear decision. Slowly, hour by hour their unpreparedness for a Russian winter demoralizes the French. Their pleasant homes are so far away; besides, haven't they already performed an almost impossible feat in at least having overrun this vast country? Napoleon overhears these discouraging complaints as he now trudges afoot among his men, outwardly as spiritless as they. His mind is still chaotic and will not grasp the impending cataclysm. His accustomed venturesomeness will not come to the fore. Only in the presence of immediate catastrophe will he focus his energies on means to preserve himself and his army.

The roads are lined with charred ruins and devastated fields. Listless, desperate soldiers fall by the wayside and are abandoned by their comrades as these tramp on and on, day after day. Napoleon skirts Borodino and loads his army with the desperate remnants of that luckless battlefield.

Kutusoff's army harrasses and exhausts the French but is too feeble a weapon to furnish a decisive attack. Napoleon moves on, little troubled by Kutusoff. Storm clouds that others do not see begin to gather on his mental horizon. What is Paris saying and doing?

Napoleon is suddenly plunged into a real despair at the news of Malet's conspiracy based upon his own supposed death. "And Napoleon II, did no one think of him?" he cries in anguish. Grand Army, reputation, personal prestige might go, but France, no; that would be too bitter; that would spell utter ruin, indeed!

Snowflakes flutter ominiously through the frosty air. The relentless Russian winter now rages, but the inner gloom is even more terrible. Napoleon is pale and stolid; outwardly he simulates this country's impassivity. He trudges on in grim, dogged silence. The cry by day or night, " The Cossacks, the Cossacks! " troubles him little. " Haven't we had bullets flying about us these twenty years? " is his laconic reply.

The disharmony of the vast army passes from glaring discord and arrhythmia to the broken independent locomotion of disjointed fragments. This band is daily becoming more a horde than an army. Numbed, frostbitten and with ever growing hunger, the French straggle on to captivity and to death. Eugène's and Ney's commands have fought and marched daily until the latter's army has almost vanished. At Smolensk at last Napoleon wipes his dream of Western Empire from his dismal mind. As this chronic delusion fades he slowly regains his bodily vigour. The horde once more is organized; again as an army Napoleon essays to continue the retreat, with contempt in his heart as great as the palpitant fear the Russians still feel toward him.

The relentless frost now bites deep into the very marrow of the famished army; to keep it company the Russians harry them on flank and rear.

It begins to rain and a thaw sets in; the crust of ice breaks beneath the men's feet, the roads become muddy ruts. The soldiers' footgear is now nothing but shreds. Even the guard shows signs of demoralization and the emperor alone is impassive. For days he has shared the common hardships. Clad in a long Polish coat of marten fur, with a stout birch staff in his hand, he marches silently for long distances among his men. Once more he throws the influence of his presence into

the scales, and stepping before the guard he says simply, "You see the disorganization of my army. In unhappy infatuation most of the soldiers have thrown away their guns. If you follow this dangerous example no hope remains." The state of the men is, if possible, worse than ever; some are attacked with snow-blindness, some with acute mania, and some fall into a prostrating insensibility. It seems as though Napoleon's appeal can only awaken an echo, but the call is not in vain. When he reaches Orcha on the 19th, there is still an army.

And now comes the supreme test. Napoleon has made a monstrous decision, one warranted politically and strategically, but not personally. It is the so-called first law of nature — self-preservation — but at the deliberate instigation of cool calculation. He determines if need be to sacrifice his army bit by bit that he may save its head. He now becomes strong; his narcism thus fully protected, the personal Napoleon is courageous, keen and resourceful. He must move swiftly if his army is to cross the Beresina in safety.

The sky is dark and overcast with threatening storm; all prospects of crossing are bleak indeed. On the 21st amid slush and broken cakes of ice Napoleon urges his army with a swift despairing rush for the crucial crossing. Too late; the Russians are already in possession of all the bridges. At last the Grand Army seems doomed. It is desperate.

Now the superhuman courage of Napoleon's men comes to the fore. They work like demons incarnate and forge two bridges out of their despair. Standing in slush, almost naked, with frostbitten hands and fiery hearts aflame, they would flee forever from this terrible ogre of Russian winter. The crossing so finely begun is destined to cause almost heart-

breaking agony. The elements, discouraged at the ineffectual Russian armies allowing the invaders to elude them, renew their pitiless task.

Towards noon a cutting wind begins to blow; by three it becomes a hurricane. At this instant the heavier bridge gives way, and all upon it are engulfed. Above the storm and battle a yell of mortal agony rises to end in terrible silence. As dusk falls, wind and battle rage more fiercely. Many dash headlong into the icy water; others, finding no crossing, seat themselves on the banks to wait in dumb despair.

At nine that night the Russians begin cannonading the bridge. At intervals little knots of soldiers rush recklessly over the toppling structures, until at eight next morning, not daring to wait longer, the French set fire to both, leaving seven thousand of their fellows in Studjenka. A decade later, islets of flowers in the shallows of the stream still deck the moldering bones of those who perished during this awful night of November 28, 1812.

Napoleon still commands his marshals, who although they have no soldiers to command in turn, are ordered to take up positions on the road. One of them, with some degree of asperity, begins to enumerate his losses, but Napoleon, determined to reject all reports lest they should degenerate into complaints, warmly interrupts with the words, "Why then do you wish to deprive me of my tranquillity?" And, as the other persists, he repeats in a reproachful manner, "I ask you, sir, why do you wish to deprive me of my tranquillity?"—an expression which, in his adversity, explains the attitude which he imposes upon himself and others. Rejecting reality, he conjures up the hallucinatory magic of infancy, and only by so doing can he maintain adequate peace of mind in the

midst of his great reverses. Around him during these mortal days every bivouac is marked by a heap of bodies, valiant men of all classes, all ranks, all ages: ministers, generals, administrators.

On the 29th Napoleon quits the banks of the Beresina, pushing on before him his tatterdemalion army.

Thus does Russia's star shine above the setting star of Napoleonic destiny.

Now it seems there can be no more agony to pile upon the present agony of the Grand Army. It grows scantier and scantier as it moves toward Vilna. Delirious, cold beyond warmth, hungrier than famished, it hears its final doom. Napoleon is leaving to hurry back to Paris. "What! Desert us as you did in Egypt?" is their bitter heart's cry. He is gone, and with what thoughts! We shall see as he hurries Parisward.

No, this is no Egyptian desertion; the very lifeblood of the nation has been so freely let flow that France is faint to the point of death. What may she do in the absence of her chief support in this crisis? Many things may happen and indeed are happening, and Napoleon must move rapidly to rescue France. Her life and his very own, "one and indivisible" as pledged at Notre Dame, are at stake. On the hurried flight to Paris he has time for contemplation. What excuse are the rationalists to be given? "Well, the enemy was always beaten and captured not an eagle or a gun. Suddenly, in the first week of November," runs the reconciliation in Napoleon's mind, "the cold was intense; all roads became impassable. In two weeks thirty thousand horses perished. The troop, horseless, baggageless and unaccustomed to such bitter cold, could not endure such privation. They wandered, straggled and were

captured by thousands. My losses were severe, but the enemy did not inflict them; the suffering will go on, but in the spring I shall be back on the Nieman."

But this public and private judgment is as nothing beside his very own thoughts — here he cannot escape the dire tragedy of it all. He is heard to cry out in sickening despair; even his indomitable will cannot keep him from hearing the just condemnation of his conscience. His ego ideal has been fearfully wounded. Only a Napoleonic mind can endure such self-punishment and live. His heart bleeds afresh at the recounting of the disaster. To the legislative body he gives a glowing account of his success in the invasion, and then, almost overpowered by the memory of fire and terrible frost he suddenly stops. "In a few nights everything changed. I suffered great losses. They would have broken my heart," he cries, "if it had been accessible to any other feeling save the interest, glory and future of France."

France has but just recovered from a terrific internal revolution; her one thought is to come forward and valiantly stand by Napoleon in his titanic struggle with the Russian army and its terrible allies, the elements. Another thought, however, is awakening: is not this man always invincible? If not, will he fail again of victory? Napoleon has inflamed unreasonable expectations. Perhaps he would not have seduced Paris with such intoxicants had she been willing to yield to more reasonable truths.

Though shocked beyond measure the Senate at once votes a new army for Napoleon, and with nearly a half million men he is to open the spring campaign. But the battle is no longer against kings and their forced armies; it is against peoples, against armies of inspired patriots like those whom Napoleon

himself once led into Italy. Kings and emperors he does not fear, "but the spirit of revolt and anarchy — that is the danger," he repeats. But what he fears most is that France may regress to her revolutionary habits. Only his own counter impulse keeps her from falling into them again. Mob-violence and anarchy are potential foes never absent from Napoleon's orderly mind.

But outwardly the prodigal emperor seems undismayed. He scores these senators who still profess that the people are capable of independent sovereignty. The master's words bring perfect order in the machine once more; the magic of his voice is reasserted. France is outdone in devotion by her allies, whose deputations are sent to Napoleon with expressions of the most fulsome praise and solicitation. France, the coquette, is not merely enthusiastic; she is fascinated and adoring. Like Aeetes, the emperor has but to stamp his foot and another army will spring up on every hand. But alas, the hurried repair has brought forth warriors so youthful as to be almost beardless. The coalition will not let Napoleon ripen his troop nor let him forge again the encircling chain of the Continental System. This malignant concept is to die with Napoleon's decline. Gone is the Grand Army and all the painted fabric of a hideous nightmare from Napoleon's mind; yet the principle is not dead. No, it will not die, for it is born of the deepest unconscious strivings of his mind; it is knit in the very fibre of his being and will only cease to be when he too is destroyed.

He asks for time, only time to arrange and face this foe whom he has twice beaten so easily. But though this very precious time is not given him, the old vigour flares up again and he wins a series of brilliant victories in the field. But the

steadfastness in the hearts of his soldiers, generals and colleagues is too weak, is in fact eaten by rancour, and the fifth act comes to a close.

Napoleon is looked upon as an obstacle to the peace of Europe.

"MY GAME IS GOING AWRY!"

AFTER twenty years of effort, and six great wars, the more or less united powers of Europe and the old monarchical idea, incorporated in a Prussian field marshal, make their way back across the river boundary of the revolution. In the same hour, Napoleon is threatened with imprisonment.

Berthier reports that the Emperor, who reckons with the likelihood of death, hopes to find it on the field. It is not the fixity of purpose on the part of the nation that brings the Emperor to his doom; nor are the four allied foes unanimous as to his fate. He is ruined by faithless servants and treacherous friends. While enthusiasm grows in the rank and file of his army, the marshals are malcontent. They would gladly shake off their allegiance to Napoleon if they could do so decently.

Napoleon sends for Caulaincourt a few hours after the audience of the marshals, and points to a document on the table. "There is my abdication. You can take it to Paris."

This diplomatic document is cautiously worded: "Since the allied powers have declared that Emperor Napoleon is the only obstacle to the peace of Europe, Emperor Napoleon, faithful to his oath, declares himself ready, for the welfare of his country, which is inseparable from the rights of his son, from those of the regency of the empress, and from the maintenance of the laws of the Empire, to descend from the throne, to give up France and even life itself."

Three hours after the interview with Napoleon, the plenipotentiaries confront the allied princes and ministers. The

Czar has been informed that the advance guard, the sixth army corps, has deserted the Emperor. The allies' task has now become easier; they now demand instant and unconditional abdication. Meanwhile the Emperor sends one courier after another from Fontainebleau to his minister. "If they refuse to negotiate with me, what kind of a treaty will it be? . . . Bring back my act of abdication, I command you. . . . I will sign no treaty!"

When Caulaincourt brings the conditions to Napoleon, they probe him to the quick. He must disavow the dynasty, which for a decade has been his goal. "Must I, with my own signature, disinherit my wife and my son? I cannot do this! I won their throne for them by my deeds."

The negotiants find him sitting in his dressing gown after a sleepless night before the fire. They bring him the deed which they signed in Paris last night. He is to receive Elba and two million francs as annual subsidy; he is to retain the title of Emperor; he is to have a guard of four hundred men. Talleyrand warns the allies that this proximity of Napoleon to France is a menace.

"The Emperor, faithful to his oath, declares that he renounces, for himself and his heirs, the thrones of France and Italy, and that there is no sacrifice, not even that of life, which he is not ready to make for the interests of France." After signing this second act of abdication, the Emperor remains another nine days in his palace. Around him his guards are encamped; they still muster twenty-five thousand men. His brothers have taken to flight. Josephine, after she has sworn that she will follow the forsaken Emperor, receives his conqueror. At first, his mother is with him, but, wishing to see her in safety, he persuades her to go away with Jerome.

The emperor in 1814, *by Vernet*

Napoleon, who until yesterday was the wealthiest man in Europe, journeys to Elba with three million francs as his fortune. He is profoundly disheartened and disillusioned. Lucien writes to the pope the day after the abdication, and becomes a Roman prince. Murat, acting on the advice of Fouché, has entered Rome and advanced his troops toward Tuscany, invading his sister Elise's realm; he is spurred on by Caroline who is in alliance with England. Elise flees before her sister's troops.

The last days pass in silence. A day or two before the departure, Countess Walewska arrives but no one recognizes her and she is not admitted. She leaves a letter for Napoleon, and when he finds she has already left he writes: "Marie! . . . The feelings which animate you touch me profoundly. They are worthy of your lovely soul and the goodness of your heart. . . . Think affectionately of me! Never doubt me!"

The Emperor is now animated by new energy. He studies the geography and statistics of Elba. The whole guard wants to go with him but he chooses his four hundred men. Discussing how death has passed him by during the last battles he tells the palace prefect: "A violent death is cowardice. I can see no greatness in shirking responsibility in that manner, like one who has gambled away his fortune. . . . Suicide is incompatible with my principles and with the position I have occupied in the world. Between ourselves, a living drummer is better than a dead emperor."

Not always is the Emperor so clear-headedly opposed to suicide. He often regretted that he did not fall on his sword in the first occupation of the Kremlin. Good evidence is advanced to prove that he actually attempted self-destruction before the abdication at Fontainebleau. Yet for all this the narcist

rarely takes his own life except in outspoken melancholia; suicide is often on his lips but rarely in his heart. The dissolution of the ego into nothingness is hardly conceivable, and voluntary annihilation is rarely thought of.

As he comes down the palace steps, the old guard is waiting for him. He enters the square and says impressively:

"Soldiers of my old guard, I take leave of you. For twenty years I have seen you always upon the path of honour and glory. During the last few weeks, you have been models of bravery and fidelity, just as in the years of good fortune. . . . But there would have been civil war. That is why I sacrificed all other interests to those of the country. I am going away. . . . You, friends, continue to serve France. Her happiness has been my only thought. My good wishes go with you. Do not mourn my fate. If I have determined to go on living, it is that I may increase your fame. I shall write the story of the great deeds we have wrought together. Farewell, my children, I would gladly press you all to my heart. At least let me kiss your colours."

The general holds out the colours. Napoleon embraces him and kisses the flag. "Goodbye, comrades." He gets into the carriage, amid cries of *"Vive l'Empereur!"* and drives away.

Hardly has he left this soldierly atmosphere when he has to face the mob. With rigid face, the Emperor hears their cries of execration. Napoleon realizes that he has strained to the utmost the springs of his power. Striving to crush down all opposition to his will he has touched the most sensitive chords in the hearts of the multitude. He has wounded too many interests. Assuming the tone and bearing of a classical conqueror, at the height of his dictatorial power he has become reckless, employing artifice as well as force; he has not only

deceived a royal family but betrayed a proud nation. War in Europe is to assume a new character. No longer a war merely of governments and of regular armies, the people will enter the field to fight for their dearest interests. What right has one man to recast the whole human race? Who has given him this fearful mission? Even the nations who remained docile under his sway feel a lively sympathy for the heroes and martyrs of national independence. And what was the character of these national wars? Cruel and merciless on both sides, Napoleon's system of warfare added to its horrors. His military economy, especially in countries where he was opposed by the mass of the people, was wasteful and reckless, calculated to bring Europe back to a state of barbarism. To throw enormous masses of men into an enemy's country without adequate equipment or means of transport, to depend solely upon forced requisitions, reckoning that one-half the army would attain its object at the cost of the other half, while it held a certain amount of clever strategy on the part of its initiator, was too barbaric a system for a civilized nation.

When Napoleon arrives at Elba he seems to try to forget the past. The management of his household gives him occupation; he looks for a suitable site to build his country-seat. He rides, drives, and sails around the coasts as he pleases. Standing on the top of a hill from which he can view his whole realm he gives a rueful sigh: "One must acknowledge that the island is very small!"

A few weeks after Napoleon's departure, Josephine died at Malmaison. No one knows if she ever wrote to him. She left debts amounting to three millions, which he had to pay.

Madame Bertrand states, "It was I who told the Emperor that the Empress Josephine was dead. When he met me on

my arrival at Elba he made me get into his carriage to tell him the last news from Paris. His face did not change, he only exclaimed: 'Ah, she is happy now!'"

In reminiscence, to Gourgaud Napoleon states: "I was very well off at Elba. I thought of collecting around me the artists of Italy. I was more independent there than any prince in Germany. I could have held out eight months in the fortress. I should have stayed in Elba if Louis XVIII had had good ministers, but they feared me so little that they could not even send a *charge d'affaires* to keep watch upon me. I was insulted in all their newspapers. *Ma foi!* I am a man, and being a man, I felt that I should like to show them that I was alive. France ought to have sent a cruiser and two frigates to keep guard over the island; one always in port, the other with her sails set in the offing. I had besides, while in Elba, a princely household."

An English vessel brings Countess Walewska. For two days and nights they are inseparable. The Emperor issues forth only to give the necessary orders, and their four-year-old boy, dressed in the Polish national costume, plays in the meadow with the grenadiers. The Emperor would like to keep Walewska by his side, but he does not wish to provide the Empress with an excuse for not coming to live with him, and he sacrifices on the altar of the Hapsburg princess the phantom of his happiness. In truth Napoleon is forsaken by wife and child. This loss cuts him no less than the loss of power. Believing that his letters have been intercepted he writes to the grand duke of Tuscany, her uncle, begging for news. But the grand duke keeps silence.

When Napoleon realizes the truth, his old defiance regains the ascendant. He exclaims: "These sovereigns, who were

wont to send me, in all solemnity, their delegations of ambassadors, who gave a daughter of their blood to share my bed, and who called me 'Brother,' are now cursing me as a usurper, and spit upon my picture since they cannot spit upon the original. They have bespattered the majesty of kings with mud! What is the title of emperor? Had I no other name to bequeath, posterity would laugh."

It is an open question in Napoleon's mind whether he will ever quit the island. Still, his interest in future possibilities is intensified by the usual schemings of the inveterate adventurer. Slowly, as the conditions change, he makes plans and rejects, renews and modifies his designs. Hardly is Napoleon away from France when the Bourbons make their "entry" after the usual manner of exiled kings who return; and though the newspapers, under duress of the censorship the Emperor had established, disguise the facts, in his remote island Napoleon learns the ridiculous truth. According to a German description of this date, Louis "was extremely obese, so fat that he could hardly walk."

When Napoleon gets wind of intrigues, the adventurer's blood runs swiftly through his veins. He has the defences of Elba strengthened, and his artillerymen are trained in the use of hand grenades. "I am a soldier, and am ready to face a firing squad. But I will not be deported. Before they can do that they will have to take my citadel by storm." No attempt is made. In Vienna there is now a better understanding, and the likelihood of the rupture of negotiations diminishes. In France, however, disaffection from the Bourbons is growing. The whole situation is calculated to confirm Napoleon's determination to return to Paris.

"I AM THE CAUSE OF FRANCE'S UNHAPPINESS. I MUST EFFECT A CURE"

AT dawn several small frigates set sail for the French coast. On the deck of one of them stands Napoleon. He is now a man of forty-five, with more past than future; no longer young enough to take the world by storm, but not too old for a desperate venture.

The situation, on Napoleon's return from Elba in 1815, is admirably drawn by Lavellette, his friend, and one who was later sentenced by the Bourbons to be shot because he had been faithful to the Emperor. "Fallen from the throne, erased from the list of sovereigns, banished to the rock of Elba, he is a thing of the past; now he returns almost alone. Scarcely had he set foot on the French shore, when the people everywhere rose. All France repeated enthusiastically: 'No more royalty. No more Bourbons. It is Napoleon alone that France desires.' But within eight days I became aware that a deep gulf was yawning under our feet. The Emperor soon perceives this, for he no longer finds the submission, the deep respect, and the imperial etiquette to which he has been accustomed. Nevertheless, he submits admirably to his situation — at least, in appearance. At no period of his life have I seen him enjoy more unruffled tranquillity. Not a harsh word to anyone; no impatience; he listens to everything, and discusses matters with a wonderful sagacity and power of reasoning that are so conspicuous in him. He acknowledges his faults with most touching ingenuousness, and examines into his own position with a

penetration to which even his enemies were strangers. He was galled to find that those whom he had raised to wealth and title had deserted him."

Here as in all the crises of Napoleon's life he is able to give the impression at least of reverting to the more plastic moulding of his personality. In the midst of crushing defeats he is able to council, compromise and accept the reasonableness of others in his life and plans. His narcism is the more flexible as the egoistic projects are less sure and certain. Failures make the narcist more human. After the terrible disaster in Russia, as now on his return from exile at Elba, he regresses, in part at least, to the simpler and earlier pattern of sanity as in the consulate days.

What has really happened in this beginning of the last phase of Napoleon? He is just entering middle life, an age which Charles XII and Charlemagne found to be their great epoch of fulfilment. The great Frederick was still holding his firm seat in the saddle at this age. True, none of them had moved with the celerity and power with which this fulminating thunderbolt had visited himself upon the world. What produced this seeming old age in Napoleon? Not dissipation, not physical over-exertion in cabinet or field, not excessive worry and lack of sleep and rest. No, not any of these, but Napoleon's ego is blocked; the very essence of his narcism has become depleted, bankrupt. The identification with the dreamed projections of his egoistic plan had intoxicated him at first but now a strange wooden lethargy settles upon him. The emotional energy is now fixed upon an inner pattern that is no longer mobile. That which had seemingly been one of the most fertile minds of modern times is now able only to issue old stereotyped slogans which to the semi-disillusioned

are pitiable indeed. He is in a peculiar spiritual paralysis half aware that the afternoon of life has come before his sun has actually reached its zenith. All his old fabrications of strategy and cunning have been learned by Europe and he has no new ones to advance.

A sun of blood marks time fast on the dial of Mars; the new is soon the old and he who would create new plans of warfare to keep ahead of his enemies must keep free from statuesque fixity, however high the pedestal on which he stands. At last Napoleon has tarried too long in his pose of an antique hero. Power and pose are incompatible, yet Napoleon is forever desiring to operate in statics and dynamics at one and the same time. No greater evidence of his lack of insight can be cited than his public reappearance from Elba, when, instead of appearing in his old green coat and thereby showing the people that he has put aside the baubles and trappings of a demigod and is now merely the general, he shows himself attired in white silk, his face overshadowed by the waving plumes on his hat, his body wrapped in his vast coronation robes. The people are dumbfounded, and their cordiality ebbs away as they view his cold splendour.

For the moment Napoleon seems listless, benignantly stupefied by the ease of his return from Elba. Without a single opposing shot he has swiftly penetrated his former empire to Paris, its very heart. But what is the meaning of the momentary calm over Europe? Can it be that the other countries, too, accept his restoration as France apparently has done? His sudden return makes the continent reel with astonishment, but does not compel submission. Anger and indignation soon burst forth with incendiary fury — they will have none of this outlaw; no, this time he must be crushed more completely and forever.

Napoleon's colleagues catch the signs of this terrific outburst of wrath, and with superhuman courage they strive to stem it at the frontier. But the signs of resistance are slow to impress the stupefied mind of this emperor in his self-deluded omnipotence and safety. All too slowly does he awaken to cast off his vain imperial pomp and don the uniform of generalship. And then once more there runs a galvanic shudder throughout his immense war machine as it arouses to withstand the avalanche that is to be hurled upon it.

Napoleon's army is on the march once more, this time against the Vienna coalition. Austria, Prussia and Russia are placing a hundred and eighty thousand men each in the field, and the stage is set for what is destined to become the most talked of battle in history.

"THIS LITTLE ENGLISHMAN REQUIRES A LESSON"

THE exertions of the past two months have had their manifest effect upon Napoleon's appearance. His features, though impressive, are drawn, his long jaw has grown prominent. He has lost flesh everywhere except around the waist, so that his stomach looks almost pendulous. He repeatedly folds his hands, sometimes in front, sometimes behind, and he separates them frequently to take snuff or rub his nose. Sometimes he is heard to give a mechanical sigh, swallowing as if to calm an inward agitation.

Rain, rain, falls all night long at Waterloo. The Emperor does not sleep, but visits every piece of his war machine. His indomitable spirit seems coated with granite, yet he is facetiously radiant. At Austerlitz and at Jena he was sombre; cool and calculating, he primed his attack to a nicety. But to-night, his fatuous belief in his own invincibility lends hallucinatory victory to his over-confident spirit for at half past two as he finishes his rounds, he hears the sound of a marching column and believes that Wellington is in retreat without striking a blow.

Such a culmination fits into Napoleon's desires, and he talks cheerfully and volubly: "Bertrand, the English rearguard is preparing to decamp. I shall take the six thousand English prisoners who have just landed at Ostende. This little Englishman requires a lesson." As though to emphasize his school-masterish admonition there is a clap of thunder as he speaks. Perhaps Jehovah is giving a sign of approval; Napo-

leon glances up at the streaming low-hanging clouds. But the moments change in their fortuitous promise, and at half past three he loses two illusions. An officer returning from reconnoitering reports that the enemy is not moving but is quietly sleeping before kindled fires. Again, two Belgian deserters report that the English mean to fight and not to run away. But Napoleon is not discouraged. "All the better," he stoutly exclaims. "I would sooner crush them than drive them back."

The pitiless rain lessens now and then, but renews again at daybreak. The heavy guns cannot be placed as yet, the commissary wagons stick on the muddy roads and do not arrive for the soldiers' breakfast. The troops have not slept; they are wet through and still fasting. But the Emperor breakfasts at eight with his generals. Badinage concerning the Wellington ball at Brussels comes to the Emperor's ears, and he smiles good humouredly as Soult remarks, "The ball will be to-day." Napoleon teases Ney for saying, "Wellington will not be so simple as to wait for your majesty." A teasing raillery sits plainly on this almost mythical son of Mars. One commentator says, "He is fond of a joke." Another observes, "This is the basis of his character," and still another comments, "He abounds with jests more peculiar than witty."

Breakfast over, Napoleon grows anxious and somewhat distrait, for his strong right arm is strangely palsied — his artillery cannot be placed. His greatest gesture is with his artillery; without it he is always loath to strike. Converging artillery on a given point is his recipe for victory. Napoleon considers the opposing general's battle front as a sort of medieval fortress; the ramparts must be breached with cannon; the wall's weak point must be gaped with grapeshot — thus Napoleon begins and ends a battle with artillery. Blow on

blow, he drives in squares, pulverizes regiments, stamps out broken lines, destroys and disperses masses and remnants of resistance.

All this must be done by striking, striking incessantly; and for this purpose artillery is absolutely essential. Shall he wait for his artillery emplacement? He feels he must. His plan is a formidable one and is allied to his peculiar type of genius. It has made this gloomy pugilist of Mars almost invincible for nearly two decades. Shall he wait? This is hard for a Napoleon, and he counts upon his superiority over Wellington in guns. He waits moment after moment. It is past six now and the earth is not yet firm enough to move his artillery for the tremendous hammer stroke.

Had the rain ceased earlier, had even a stiff breeze blown at sunrise, the gray mists would have unblanketed the soaked ground and solidified the earth for cannon. Napoleon is still loath to strike without them and he must wait and wait. So inflexible is his plan that he cannot forego his usual order of attack. An action at six in the morning would have ended at two in the afternoon, fully three hours before the advent of the doughty Blücher. Alas, he will not give final orders, he delays and vacillates; moment after moment of waiting stretches into hour after hour on this continentally memorable morning of slowly dissolving mists.

The expert artillery officer of all time sits brooding in a quandary. At Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena and Friedland he improvised his plans, but did not at Borodino or Leipsic, where he reverted to carrying out a prearranged strategy. Has he now lost completely his elasticity? Perhaps. He cannot bring himself to act. A strange rigidity fixes his spirit and its sword no longer flashes in the air. The old fine frenzy no longer

flares up to break this indecisive lethargy, and slowly the rising mists reveal the extent of his soul's crystallization.

Napoleon seems ignorant of any immediate danger which his delay of battle may involve, although he knows that Blücher is already on the march to succour the English and also half surmises that Grouchy cannot come up in time. Well, Leipsic was fought out well on the old inelastic lines. Besides, "Who are those who oppose me now?" The English troops are not to be gainsaid, but their commanders, ah, well, —we know the ill-concealed contempt Napoleon feels for them. Even at St. Helena it does not change. Still in a strange paralysis sits this Napoleon who will not strike, and hours pass as he waits for the realization of his inner ideal ere he attack.

What holds Napoleon inactive? The genius of a Dante or a Michelangelo moves on for decades after this period. Do Hannibals, Caesars, Alexanders and Bonapartes lose their intrepidity and inventiveness at middle life? Is military genius shorter lived than other genius? The very compactness of pattern of the narcism in these warriors does much to explain this. Perhaps old age has no power over ideal genius but who shall say that the thunderous improvisations of a Napoleonic orchestration are essentially dissimilar to any other creative work? Has Napoleon as he sits brooding lost all capacity for victory, or is it that he can now win only according to predetermined plans? Can he not scent catastrophe and disaster? Does he not remember the almost fatal Borodino and the Beresina?

The man who formerly knew all the roads and bypaths to victory and pointed to them with a sovereign finger has lost the very name of action. He cannot make even a slight altera-

tion in his set plan. A battle cannot be put into action without the brazen throats of the artillery to sound the first note of the battle theme. Napoleon can improvise no longer.

Yet Napoleon's plan of battle is not at fault; hundreds of experts tell us that. It is a masterpiece. It involves a direct attack on the center of the allied line, breaching a hole through it and cutting it in two, then to drive the Prussians over Tingres, carry Mont St. Jean, seize Brussels, drive the Germans into the Rhine, and the Englishmen into the sea. Neither then nor since has any strategist been able to deny its supreme excellence. But the timing of the attack is wholly at fault. The salvo of artillery so dear to the Napoleonic heart cannot be abrogated, and thus he sits until after eleven, yes, nearly noon, before the cannon speak. At last inaction is to end, but alas, the action is too late. Though the tempo is speeded by the individual generals, they cannot recapture the lost province of the earlier delay, and in the meantime Blücher hears the mouthings of cannon; though wearied to the point of exhaustion, he takes heart and brings his troops nearer and nearer to succour the English, until the thought of their proximity drives Napoleon almost to a frenzy. Had battle but broken forth earlier something quite different might have been born of all this effort.

Let us form a picture of the battlefield. The ground is vast and undulating; each ascent commands the next, and all the undulations ascend to Mont St. Jean, where the highest is crowned with a forest. The collision of the armed masses has incalculable ebbs and flows; in action the two plans of the leaders are submerged and their shape is destroyed. The line of battle floats and winds like a thread, the fronts of armies undulate, the regiments continually shift their position. The

gloomy masses advance and retreat; the breath of death impels, drives back, swells and disperses these tragic multitudes. There is always a certain moment in which the battle degenerates into individual combat, is particularized and broken up into countless detail facts, which, to borrow Napoleon's expression, "belong rather to the biography of regiments than to the history of the army."

It is now four o'clock in the afternoon. Suddenly the English fall back. The crest of the plateau is bare save for artillery and sharp-shooters. The regiments, expelled by the French shell and cannonballs, fall back into the hollow. A retrograde movement begins; the English front withdraws. Wellington is recoiling. "It is the beginning of the retreat!" Napoleon cries.

Along the centre of the crest of the plateau of Mont St. Jean runs a species of ditch, whose existence it is impossible for a distant observer to guess. This deep rut hidden in the earth is as terrible as it is invisible. Napoleon is accustomed to look steadily at war; he cares little for figures, provided they give the total of victory. If the beginning goes wrong, he does not become alarmed for he believes he is to be victorious in the end; he fancies his mastery over events is equivalent to his ancient invulnerability. At the moment Wellington retreats, Napoleon suddenly becomes aware that the plateau of Mont St. Jean is deserted, and the front of the English army has disappeared.

The Emperor half raises himself in his stirrups, and as victory flashes before his gaze he turns and sends a messenger at full speed to Paris to announce that the battle is gained. Napoleon has found his thunder-stroke: he orders his army to carry the plateau.

Napoleon's heroic men are mounted on colossal horses and form a front a quarter of a league in length. Then appears a formidable spectacle: the whole of this cavalry, with raised sabres, standards flying, form in columns of division, descend, with the precision of a battering-ram, and open a breach in the hill. They enter the formidable valley and, emerging from the smoke, reappear on the other side, still in a close compact column, under a tremendous canister fire mounting the frightful muddy incline of the plateau of Mont St. Jean. At a distance they resemble two immense snakes; they traverse the battlefield like a flash. Behind the crest of the plateau, the English are waiting. They hear the swelling sound of three thousand horses, the clang of the cuirasses, the clash of sabres. There is a long and terrible silence, and then a long file of raised arms, brandishing sabres, and three thousand soldiers shout: "Long live the emperor!" as they appear above the crest. The whole of this cavalry debouche on the plateau; it is like the beginning of an earthquake.

It is a frightful moment — the ravine is there, unexpected, yawning, almost precipitous, beneath the horses' feet, with a depth of twelve feet between its sides. The second rank thrusts the first into the abyss; the horses rear, fall back, slip with feet in the air, throw and crush their riders. There is no means of escape; the entire column is one huge projectile. The force acquired to crush the English now crushes the French. The inexorable ravine does not yield till it is filled up. Men and horses roll into it pell-mell, and when this grave is full of living men the rest pass over them.

Night comes on; the battle of Waterloo is over. The French are now in panic. Napoleon's failure is an enigma as obscure to those who won as to him who lost. To Napoleon, it was a

The dethroned emperor on board the Bellerophon, by Orchardson

panic. Before ordering this charge he had surveyed the ground but had been unable to see this hollow way, which formed not even a ripple on the crest of the plateau. Warned, however, by the little chapel which marks its juncture with the road, he had asked a peasant a question — probably whether there were any obstacles. As Hugo said, Napoleon's catastrophe was brought about by a peasant's shake of the head.

And finally, what may we say of the outcome? Nothing more pertinent than that Napoleon's enemy would have suffered the defeat, had it not been for the morning delay and the sunken ditch. We can only add that the immobility of Napoleon's mind explains both. It is set and patterned and cannot cope with change, even in the sacred precinct of his own soul. He has from this moment lost control of the wheel of his good fortune. He is no longer the Napoleon of facile genius and inventiveness; he already tastes the inner dregs of his narcism and henceforth will but fabricate external excuses for his own internal defects so long as he lives.

After the first break initiated really by Blücher, night and the French rout come together. The gathering darkness does not cover the debacle but makes the French panic the more terrible and frenzied. In the midst of it all rides Napoleon in a sort of stupor, sitting his horse guided on either side, in complete collapse. By eight o'clock the clouds part, and the setting sun glows with a sinister sheen above the trees.

By the merest chance Napoleon is to escape the bitter indignity of personal capture and perhaps death on that first night, the latter not by his enemies but by his own infuriated troops, for they cannot forgive a hero for not being invulnerable to the last. Napoleon is never able to forgive himself

for not having died a heroic death on one of his numerous battlefields.

As to Ney, who has been designated the bravest of the brave in covering the retreat of the Russian campaign, seemingly so fearless of an English bullet, — here at the defeat of Napoleon, bathed in perspiration, his uniform unbuttoned, bleeding, muddy, magnificent, holding a broken sword in his hand, he shouts: " Come and see how a marshal of France dies on the battlefield! " But he does not die. He yells amid the roar of the artillery, " Oh, there is nothing for me! I should like all these English canon-balls to enter my chest! " But destiny has reserved Ney to face a firing squad of his own country. When Napoleon is told at St. Helena of the brave marshal's fate he says with poignant feeling: " They have assassinated Ney! "

The rout in the rear of the guard is mournful; an army which disbands is like a thaw — all gives way. Ney borrows a horse, leaps on it, and without hat or sword dashes across the Brussels road, stopping at once English and French. He tries to hold back the army, he recalls it, insults it, clings wildly to the rout to hold it back. The soldiers fly from him, shouting, " Long live Marshal Ney! " In vain does Napoleon build a wall of what is left of the guard; in vain does he expend his own social squadrons in a final effort. He gallops along the line of fugitives, threatens and implores.

As dusk falls a haggard, gloomy man, carried far by the current of the rout, dismounts. He is returning alone to Waterloo. Napoleon, the great somnambulist, in his shattered dream, is still striving to advance.

" Even this battle might have been retrieved," states Raoul, " had Napoleon not charged with the guard. We were mown

down like grape — we wavered — turned our backs, and the rout was complete. A general disorganization of the army ensued, and Napoleon, relapsing into the stupor which he had shaken off, was cold as a stone."

As we have already pointed out, the process of the overbalancing of Napoleon's great intellect was gradual and almost imperceptible. It was apparent even before he became Emperor; the lawless abduction and wanton execution of d'Enghien may have marked the beginning. That proceeding no doubt, denotes a recklessness of cause and effect which was new to Napoleon. After the battle of Wagram he stood on a pinnacle, from which he saw all the kingdoms of the earth spread out before him, but his foothold was both giddy and insecure. The Napoleon of 1810 was a very different person from the Napoleon of 1800. In the last days of his first reign there was a conspiracy in Paris to dethrone him on the ground of insanity. After 1812 he ceased to calculate coolly or to count the cost of any freak of ambition which occurred to him. In the Russian campaign he showed a feverish, reckless desire to push his luck and test the extreme limits of his destiny. He himself said of the Treaty of Leoben that he had played at *vingt-et-un* and stopped at 20. Later in life he demanded 21 at every coup.

"ENGLAND HAS NOW GIVEN ME THE GREATER AND MORE GLORIOUS CROWN OF THORNS"

THIS Prometheus bound to his rock voluntarily clasps his hands behind his back, for they are futile for any forward seeking in this world. In the six years spent at St. Helena Napoleon forms a definite view of himself, although his inner struggle to interpret is sometimes faulty and at times lamentably futile. "Now, thanks to my misfortune, one can judge me nakedly as I am."

Of his physical appearance from the time of his passing into British hands there are various accounts. The following is given by Captain Maitland, describing Napoleon as he came on board the Bellerophon, on the 15th of July, 1815, just a month before the completion of his 46th year: "He was a remarkably strong, well built man, about 5 feet 7 inches high, his limbs particularly well formed, with a fine ankle and very small feet, of which he seemed rather vain, as he always wore while on board ship silk stockings and shoes. His hands were also very small, and had the plumpness of a woman's rather than the robustness of a man's. His eyes were light gray; teeth good; and when he smiled the expression of his countenance was highly pleasing; when under the influence of disappointment, however, it assumed a dark, gloomy cast. His hair was of a very dark brown, nearly approaching to black, and, though a little thin on the top and front, had not a gray hair among it. His complexion was a very uncommon one, being of a light sallow color different from almost any other I ever met

with. From his having become corpulent, he had lost much of his physical activity, and, if we are to give credit to those who attended him, a very considerable portion of his mental energy was also gone. His general appearance was that of a man rather older than he was. His manners were extremely pleasing and affable; he joined in every conversation, related numerous anecdotes, and endeavoured in every way to promote good humour; he even admitted his attendants to great familiarity; and I saw one or two instances of their contradicting him in the most direct terms, though they generally treated him with much respect. He possessed, to a wonderful degree, a facility in making a favourable impression upon those with whom he entered into conversation. This appeared to me to be accomplished by turning the subject to matters he supposed the person he was addressing was well acquainted with, and on which he could show himself to advantage."

Napoleon says to Gourgaud: "After all, I only care for people who are useful to me, and so long as they are useful to me I never care what they think; I pay attention only to what they say. If you are attached to me, you ought to pay court to the Montholons; it is they and only they, who are devoted to me. You, Gourgaud, and the Governor, make my life very hard."

Bertrand in a moment of irritation confides to Gourgaud that the emperor is an egotist. "He only cares for those from whom he expects some service. The emperor is what he is, my dear Gourgaud; we cannot change his character. It is because of that character that he has no friends, that he has so many enemies."

Indeed, Napoleon's imperial ideas of state and aloofness

made any idea of friendship impossible, and the friends of his youth were dead. In the days of his power he made courtiers; "I never pretended to make friends." Now the retribution has come; when he has need of friends, he finds only courtiers. It is not a pleasant trait in Napoleon that he should expect the blind renunciation of every human tie and human interest; such devotion a Messiah alone may exact. But much excuse must be made for an egotism which is the inevitable result of the prolonged adulation of the world. We all are apt to fancy that we thoroughly understand Napoleon's disposition, but in the memoirs of Gourgaud we see him in a new light.

Rapp, the most independent and unflattering of all Napoleon's generals, who, as his aide-de-camp, was constantly by his side, says, "Many people describe Napoleon as a harsh, violent, passionate man. It is because they never knew him. Absorbed as he was in affairs, opposed in his plans, hampered in his projects, his humour was sometimes impatient and fluctuating. But he was soon appeased, though the confidants of his cares, far from appeasing, would endeavour to excite his anger."

Drouot constantly averred when at Elba that the Emperor's anger was only skin deep. There was no one at St. Helena who had more to endure and more to try him than the Emperor, no one whose life had been less trained to patience and forebearance, but we rise from the study of Gourgaud's volumes with the conviction that few men would have borne so patiently with so irritating an attendant. Sometimes Gourgaud is moved to speak openly of the disparity of their burdens, and speaks of his "chagrin." The Emperor turns upon

him: "You speak of sorrow, you! and I! What sorrows have I not had! What things to reproach myself with! You, at any rate, have nothing to regret. . . . Do you suppose that when I wake at night I have not bad moments — when I think of what I was, and what I am?"

"AH, DOCTOR, WHERE IS THE BLUE SKY OF CORSICA?"

AS to his habitation, Longwood is a collection of huts which had been constructed to be a cattle-shed. It is swept by an eternal wind; it is shadeless and damp. Lowe himself can say no good of it, and may have felt the strange play of fortune by which he is allotted the one delightful residence on the island with twelve thousand a year, while Napoleon is living in an old cow-house on eight.

Napoleon is now confined to two small rooms of equal size — about fourteen by twelve feet and ten or eleven feet high. Each of these rooms has two small windows looking towards the regimental camp. In one corner is the little camp bed, with green silk curtains, which the Emperor used at Marengo and Austerlitz. The ornaments are the salvage of the wreck of his family and empire: a portrait of Marie Louise, the King of Rome, a miniature of Josephine, etc.

O'Meara gives a graphic picture of Napoleon in his bedroom. "His sofa is covered with a long white cloth. On this cloth reclines Napoleon, clothed in his white morning gown, white loose trousers and stockings, all in one, a checkered red madras handkerchief upon his head, and his shirt collar open, without cravat. His air is melancholy and troubled. Before him stands a little round table with some books, at the foot of which lay in confusion upon the carpet a heap of those he has already perused."

His usual costume, however, is a hunting uniform, a green

coat with sporting buttons, and, when the cloth grows shabby, he has it turned rather than wear English cloth. He retains the famous little cocked hat.

He breakfasts alone at 11, dresses for the day about 2, and dines, at first, at 7, though he afterwards changes the hour to 4. Just before Gourgaud left the island Napoleon makes a new arrangement: the mid-day breakfast is abolished; there is dinner at 2—changes probably devised to beguile the long weariness of the day. He passes practically all his days in this hut, reading, writing, talking, but withal bored to death.

The world sees nothing of this shabby exterior; what it does see is totally different, for Napoleon keeps up, as part of his contention about title, the utmost state consistent with his position. He drives out with six horses to his carriage, and an equerry in full uniform rides at each door. The etiquette is not less severe indoors. Gourgaud, Bertrand and Montholon are kept standing for hours, till they nearly drop from fatigue. Antommarchi, who has to put on a court dress when he visits his patient, has to stand in his presence until he nearly faints. At St. Helena the small court that remains is chivalrously sedulous to observe the strictest forms toward their dethroned Emperor. None of them come to his room without being summoned. If they have something of importance to communicate they ask for an audience. None uninvited join him in a walk, and all in his presence remain bare-headed, until he becomes aware that the English have been ordered to remain covered in speaking to him, when he desires his followers to do the same.

To many the petty pomp may seem absurd, but with the suite we cannot help feeling a melancholy sympathy, as we see these gallant gentlemen determined to prove that, whatever

Napoleon might be to others, to them he is always their sovereign.

One pleasure of the captive's life is the arrival of books. Then he shuts himself up with them for days together — bathing in them, feasting on them. He, indeed, is inclined to remain in the house, for he hates the signs of prison, the sentries, the orderly officer, the chance of meeting Lowe. By remaining at home, he tells Gourgaud, he preserves his dignity.

Besides gardening, riding, reading and dictation, he has few distractions. At first he rides, but the close attendance of an English officer is intolerable, and for four years he does not mount a horse. He plays billiards in a careless fashion. At chess he is unskilful, and it taxes all the courtliness of his suite to avoid defeating him, a simple trickery which he sometimes perceives. At all games he likes to cheat, as a joke; he refuses to take the money thus won, saying with a laugh, "What simpletons you are! It is thus that young fellows of good family are ruined."

It is apparently a solace to him to read aloud, though he does not read remarkably well, and has no ear for cadences of poetry.

For six years he sups the bitterness of slow, remorseful, desolate death. Of his wives he states: "I wonder if I ever really loved anybody; if so, it was Josephine — a little. She indeed almost always lied, but always cleverly, except with regard to her age. As to that she got into such a tangle that her statements could only be reconciled on the hypothesis that Eugène was 12 years old when he was born. She never asked anything for herself or her children, but made mountains of debt. Her greatest defect was a vigilant and constant jealousy.

However, she was not jealous of Marie Louise, though the latter was extremely susceptible as to her predecessor."

Had Josephine had a child of his, Napoleon explains, he never would have left her. It would have been better so for her, and for France; for it was Austria that lost him. But for the Austrian marriage, he would never have made war on Russia.

No name represents so completely and conspicuously dominion, splendour and catastrophe. He raised himself by the use, and ruined himself by the abuse, of superhuman faculties. He was wrecked by the extravagance of his own genius.

However self-critical he may be, Napoleon never utters a word of regret for having assumed a crown, or for having wished to found a dynasty. Again and again he returns to his basic social idea: "I was the natural mediator in this struggle between the revolution and the past; my empire was in the interests of the rulers as well as in that of the peoples. My aim was the social rebirth of Europe; fate interfered before I had completed my task." Closely associated with his self-criticism is his own estimate of his deeds. His historical sense, which is an integral part of his composition, leads him to an objective contemplation of himself. Las Cases tells us that Napoleon talks of his career as if three hundred years lay behind him. Countess Montholon movingly observes: "It seemed to me as if we found ourselves in another world, and I was listening to a Dialogue of the Dead."

He stubbornly defends his alleged crimes. One day he is seized with the impulse to confide to an English physician the whole story of the d'Enghien episode; since as Consul, he ran the risk of being murdered, a counterstroke was necessary. Another time he deliberately sets himself to the task of find-

ing out what O'Meara really thought of him before he came to know him, for the Emperor knows the doctor is wholeheartedly devoted to his person. O'Meara describes a man capable of any crime to achieve his end.

"I expected as much!" exclaims Napoleon. "Probably many Frenchmen think the same. They'll be saying: 'Yes, he climbed to the top of the ladder of fame, by his own efforts; but in his climb he had to commit many atrocities.' . . . Cromwell achieved his aim when he was in the full maturity of his age, and attained to the highest rung of the ladder through cunning and hypocrisy. But Napoleon came to the fore as a stripling, and his first steps are illuminated with deeds of glory. . . . Whose blood have I shed? Who can boast that in my place he would have acted differently? What epoch confronted with similar difficulties has ever come through with such blameless results? . . . I believe it to be without parallel in history that a plain man should have attained to such amazing power without committing a single crime. In face of death itself, I could make no other declaration."

Instead of blaming others for failure, instead of giving vent to his inborn misanthropy, instead of storming the heavens in his resentment, he fosters a sense of justice in his days of exile. Napoleon becomes tolerant, and declares that mankind is prone to gratitude rather than to ingratitude; the only trouble is, people always expect more thanks than the deed is worth. Las Cases informs us that his greatest censure now is expressed by silence. He defends even those who were faithless, and he excuses his brothers.

"It is difficult to give people their due. . . . Do they even know themselves? Those who forsook me would never have believed in the days of their good fortune that a time would

come when they would deny me. . . . Our last trials were more than human nature could endure. As a matter of fact, I was left in the lurch rather than actually betrayed, just as Peter denied his master. . . . Perhaps they have already shed tears of repentance. Who ever had more friends and more adherents than I? Who has ever been more beloved? . . . My fate might have been far worse. . . . Every future historian will have to allow me my share. . . . Facts speak for themselves. I closed up the chasm of anarchy, and put an end to chaos. I cleansed the revolution from the filth it had accumulated, I ennobled the peoples, I stabilised the thrones. I encouraged all those who had talents, rewarded every merit, and widened the boundaries of fame and glory. . . . Could not historians protect me against many grave charges? . . . If I am accused of despotism, they can claim that dictatorship was necessary in the circumstances. It is freedom I attacked? They can answer that anarchy was still threatening on our very threshold. Love of war? I was never the aggressor. Striving for world dominion? This arose accidentally, because of the conditions of the time. Too ambitious? Yes, true indeed. But my ambition was of the sublimest: to found the kingdom of reason, with full development and unrestricted enjoyment of all the human faculties. The historian may deplore that such ambition could not wholly attain its goal."

In summing up what he has achieved, he says: "My fame does not rest upon my forty victorious battles, nor does it lie in the fact that I bent the monarchs to my will. Waterloo will wipe out the memory of so many victories; the last act makes one forget the first. What will never pass away, is my book of laws, the minutes of my Council of State, my correspondence with my ministers. . . . Through its simplicity my code of

laws has had more effect than any civil codes before it; the schools I have set up, my methods of instruction, are creating a new generation; crime has decreased during my rule, whereas in England crime has become more prevalent. . . . I wanted to found a European system, a European code of laws, a European court of appeal; there would have been but one people throughout Europe."

It is interesting to note that Napoleon takes no pride in his forty victories but gives himself credit for the Code Napoleon which is well known to have been the composite product of several very superior jurists. His desire to found a confederation of Europe, made much of by many writers, is so overloaded with the excessive importance of the rôle he is to play in such a confederation, that the practical value is sadly marred. True is his contention that his activities have resulted in many solid improvements that are for all time, and though they were made necessary for quite other reasons now, in all probability, hidden from our sight, they are none the less important and worthy of all praise. His highest moments, with the exception of the Crossing of the Bridge of Lodi lie perhaps in certain acts in themselves, or better, the 'lyrical moment' of their coming fruition, as when at Austerlitz, after a rapid survey of the field of battle he exclaims with ecstatic surprise, "In six hours the enemy will all be destroyed! Wake me in four hours and I will finish it quickly."

"AFTER MY DEATH, FOR THE NATIONS MY NAME SHALL BE THE WAR-CRY OF THEIR STRUGGLES"

THE extraordinary energy and application of Napoleon's mind are patent to all, and it is not to these that we wish to call attention, for the genius of Napoleon lies not in his superhuman energy. Many another man has possessed the same dynamic qualities and has left nothing to make his life memorable. It is rather to the intuitive aspects of his inventiveness, of which he himself was so innately unaware that not only did he misinterpret it when present but was incapable of manifesting it except on extraordinary occasions under excitement and extreme stress, when situations that might have paralyzed any other became the inciting source of his greatest genius. This is but further evidence that the source of genius lies in the unconscious and is without conscious control or complete interpretation.

What do we know of the creative mind in its deeply buried intricacies? Before elaborating some of its unconscious motivations, we may say something of the essential trend of Napoleon's mind, and then limit our consideration of his genius to its manifestation in a single part of his activity, namely in his military career, in his strategy and tactics.

It is not difficult to see that Napoleon's mind was essentially political and not military. The times were such as to call for military activity for the satisfactory accomplishment of political ends. Political activity then, and frequently since, has failed

to ply scientific principles to the gaining of its ends. Napoleon saw that the revival of politics as a comparatively exact science would be of great utility, but the times were against him. Realizing full well that he might never be permitted to carry out his civil policies except by force of arms he bent all his energies on a successful military career.

Coming under the early influence of men of exceptional ability, his early military education was the best and most practical then attainable. His sound training in artillery and fortification made him capable of treating an open battlefield in terms of a fortified citadel. Thus for the most part he always completely routs his opponent, leaving no formations for an orderly retreat or an indecisive battle. He always plans to crush or annihilate the enemy, not merely to defeat him and allow him to withdraw for renewed activity in the immediate future.

Singularly enough, his strategical innovations were not really shown until the campaign of 1806. The first five or six years he was simply more hard-driving and more energetic than others. Even the dramatic cloak of Marengo covered no new expression of great strategic or tactical genius. At that time he was complete master of all the finesse of war of his time, but no more. At Ulm and Austerlitz there are slight and rather hesitant traces of the disfocus, the fluid or disorganized materials out of which Napoleon could with lightning-like imagination mould a strategy suited to the unpredictable eventualities.

Soon we see his keen mathematical ingenuity at work. His mobile cavalry screen is then first put forward in 1805, but he soon found that this was in the long pull ineffectual, for cavalry can only come and go quickly, and make observations, but cannot hold the ground observed.

The modern sculptor Vincenzo Vela presents strikingly the last moments of Napoleon. The stoutness is cleared away by illness and privation

In 1806 Napoleon improvised a solution: the general advance of the army followed immediately behind the cavalry screen, but the supporting reserve followed a day's march in battalion *carré* ready to move in any desired supporting direction. By extra quick movement the reserves could be called upon to strike with unfatigued vigour within a few hours. It was practically using one army to wear down the enemy, disclose its weak points and then throw a fresh army upon this weak point. It was essentially this trick that the allies played against Napoleon at Waterloo; on the two sides Blücher and Grouchy comprised this supportive reserve. Blücher arrived in time, though almost too late, as we have seen, whereas Grouchy left Napoleon unsupported.

Failure to employ this invention, which may be called successive impact, caused two indecisive engagements in Poland. Evidently it was very hard for this thunderbolt to hold anything in reserve, so that his new tactics, while very wonderful in effect, left him unmoved to accept them as an invariable mode of procedure. At Friedland in 1807 he kept precisely to this new form of tactics, and his success was final and complete. Thereafter Napoleon keeps to this plan and fails only at Eckmühl and Borodino, the two indecisive engagements. Its greatest success was due to the fact that it was intuitive and not reasoned, and this is so because his opponent was always unaware whether Napoleon had his entire force at the point or whether he had a second supporting army to fall upon their exposed flank when it had become disorganized and exhausted. Thus Napoleon, by this irregular employment of supreme mobile strategy, kept his opponent bound and restrained from independent action.

Napoleon never entrusted this strategy fully to any of his marshals. He himself was most gifted in exercising it when

in the best of health and under the terrific tension of a restrained action. It called for an intense, fully flexible mind capable of unlimited redirection; one might say only a fluid and accurate mind could use this method of strategy. For instance, at the battle of Dresden this plan was used to the utmost, and then for a time we find Napoleon reverting to the old system which he had shown to be useless; again, quite as suddenly he readdressed himself to his new and improved tactics. He uses them again and again in 1814 and 1815, but suddenly falls back again at Waterloo to tactics that are hopelessly inferior to his mediocre opponents'. To be convinced that he was unaware that he had fallen from his high place of genius one need but read his memoirs and note his puerile argument to explain his defeat.

As is so common, Napoleon himself seemed unaware of the real points of genius he possessed; hence his memoirs and works on strategy written at St. Helena are well-nigh worthless and were even so regarded at the time.

The synthetic and constructive aspects of Napoleon's genius had their disciplines even though they were inspirational or intuitional. Inasmuch as inspiration is largely derived from unconscious impulses it can never be as open to observation as are the activities and executive plans of conscious cognition. Nor can intuition be explained or taught except as another may be led to feel the same mood or attitude; hence Napoleon was never able to impart to his marshals the intuitive totality of his working genius in military affairs or in his political policies. Finally the tendency of the ego impulse from the unconscious was best shown in states and circumstances in which the impulsion was most constrained or repressed as in his impromptu changes on the battlefield. Napoleon's *talent*

was born of the high art of rational and intellectual grasp and was the state that gradually usurped the earlier intuitive and unstable but highly creative part of his genius.

Another factor is the genius' ability to hold greater quantities of libido in a state of suspension than many others. There is also an ease with which the libido tension flows into an ego activity or tendency. Hence such geniuses as Napoleon are not only highly productive in a special field but have during the time of their productiveness a most varied capacity. Both these capacities are probably inborn or hereditary.

The more easily the individual can transfer his primary identification with his mother to the world about him, the greater will be his capacity to maintain a variety and intensity of interest. This Napoleon excellently exemplified throughout his early career.

Now we must have already surmised that there are two Napoleons in military matters as in civil life. One Napoleon was reasoning, cold and calculating, steely critical — this was the highly talented person of his daily existence, the one the average astute man generally saw. But the other Napoleon was highly unstable, intuitive, motivated at irregular intervals by the fertile genius of his unconscious mind; at these moments he almost excelled human comprehension; he drew so heavily upon the intricacies of unconscious patterns that it seemed as though he gathered, summed up, all human passions for and against him, and calculated with unerring exactitude the consequences of each decision, so that what he said in 1816 in an uncensored and unguarded self estimate is perhaps not far from the truth — that he had widened the boundaries of fame and glory possible for one man to achieve.

One of the economic values accruing to this employment

of Napoleon's genius faculties is the saving of mental energy. His mind, consciously relieved of matters which would continually hector men of less confidence and less sure of their design, is able to rest in comparative ease in the periods of disfocus. On the battlefield the changing course of events left his adversaries mentally exhausted, whereas Napoleon not only allowed his mind a silent or sportive concern in other things but he could sleep profoundly while his opponents were harrassing their brains beyond use at the final crisis.

When the banished Napoleon reads in an English newspaper that he has hidden away vast treasures, he leaps to his feet, and dictates these splendid sentences:

"Would you like to know about Napoleon's treasures? Yes, they are vast, but they are not hidden away. The harbours of Antwerp and Flushing, where there is room for the largest fleets in the world, harbours which are open all through the winter; the waterworks at Dunkirk, Havre, and Nice; the huge docks at Cherbourg; the port of Venice; the high roads from Antwerp to Amsterdam, from Mainz to Metz, and from Bordeaux to Bayonne; the passes over the Simplon, Mont Cenis, La Corniche, and Mont Genèvre, which open up the Alps in four directions, and excel all the constructions of the Romans. Then there are the roads from the Pyrenees to the Alps, from Parma to Spezia and from Savona into Piedmont; the bridges across the Seine, and the bridges of Tours and of Lyons . . . the Rhine-Rhone canal and draining of the Pontine marshes . . . the re-establishment of the Church destroyed by the revolution; the setting up of new industries; the new Louvre; warehouses, streets, the water supply of Paris, the quays along the Seine . . . the revival of the weaving mills in Lyons; more than 400 sugar factories; the repair and

embellishment of the royal palaces at a cost of 59,000,000 francs and the refurnishing of them out of Napoleon's private fortune at a cost of 60,000,000 francs; the redemption of the only remaining crown diamond, the Regent, which had been pawned to Jews in Berlin for 3,000,000 francs; the Napoleon museum, where all the works of art had been obtained by purchase or by the peace treaties; many millions for the support of agriculture and horse breeding. . . . These are the treasures of Napoleon, which represent an expenditure of millions and will outlast the centuries! These are the monuments which defy calumny. . . . Moreover, history will record that they were all erected while long wars were being waged, and without loans being raised to pay for them!"

One evening, after dinner, an inquisitive member of his circle asks when he was happiest. Napoleon tells them that at his marriage and when his son was born, he could not say he was happy, but he was content. "When I was First Consul I was not yet sure enough of myself. . . . The happiest days I ever knew were after my first victories in Italy, when the masses surrounded me, shouting 'Evviva il liberatore!' I was only twenty-six, but I foresaw what I might become. It was as if I were being lifted up into the air, and the world were disappearing beneath my feet!"

When Las Cases tells him how, in the remotest valleys of Wales, shepherds ask for news of the First Consul, or how yellow men in the Orient speak of him in the same breath with Tamerlane, then the emperor forgets the weariness of his life on the rock. In such a mood, some trifling item in the newspaper may arouse a flight of fancy: "Yes, the reaction is doomed! Nothing can destroy great principles; they will endure forever in the light of the wonderful deeds we have

done. . . . I lighted the torch; friends and foes alike will acclaim me the leading champion, the greatest representative of the new principles. After my death, for the nations I shall still be the sun of their rights; my name will be the war-cry of their struggle, the slogan of their hopes. . . . I ought to have died in Moscow. Till then my fame was undiminished. . . . If only heaven had sent me a bullet in the Kremlin! My dynasty would have been established; history would have compared me with Alexander and Caesar. Whereas, as things have turned out, I am practically nothing. Had I fallen at Borodino, my death would have been like Alexander's. A death at Waterloo would have been a good one. But perhaps Dresden would have been better. No, no, at Waterloo would have been best — the love of the people, their mourning! "

He is as a rule calm and stoical. Sometimes he gives a sublime groan: " Adversity was wanting to my career." At another time, he sits in silence, his head resting on his hands. At last he rises, " After all, what a romance my life has been! " and walks out of the room. Nor does fame console him, for he doubts it. " All the institutions that I have founded are destroyed, such as the University and the Legion of Honour, and I shall soon be forgotten." And again, " History will scarcely mention me, for I was overthrown. Had I been able to maintain my dynasty, it had been different."

To Antommarchi he exclaims: " My country! My country! If only St. Helena were France I could be happy on this accursed rock. Ah, doctor, where is the blue sky of Corsica? Fate has decided that I must not see again the scenes to which the memories of childhood recall me."

He has now made up his mind to stay on this rock, and since no one offers to make a verdant bower for him, he

plans to make a garden for himself, using Chinese gardeners, Indian coolies, French servants and English stablemen to help him. Trees are imported from the Cape, and for seven months the work goes on. This garden on a rock, so swiftly brought into being, is the last miracle wrought by Napoleon.

During the last six months of his life Napoleon rejects two schemes of rescue. "It is written in the stars that I am to die here. In America I should be assassinated, or forgotten. Nothing but my martyrdom can save my dynasty. That is why I prefer to stay in St. Helena."

About the middle of 1818 Napoleon's health begins to fail. He is well aware that the family malady which had carried off his father, and later his sister Elise, is making rapid inroads on his constitution. Towards the end of 1820 he walks with difficulty and remains in a weak state until the following April, when the disease assumes an alarming character. "How I am fallen!" says Napoleon, as he lies on his bed, "I, whose activity was boundless, whose mind never slumbered, am now plunged in lethargic stupor, so that it is only by an effort that I can raise my eyelids. Once I was Napoleon, now I am no longer anything. My strength, my faculties, forsake me. I do not live; I merely exist."

To Bertrand he says: "Come nearer, and translate what I say word for word. My death is the result of injuries worthy of the hands that inflicted them. I surrendered to the British people, that I might settle down at a British fireside. In defiance of international law, I was loaded with chains. . . . England overpersuaded the princes, and the world saw an unprecedented sight: Four great powers hurled themselves upon one solitary man. How shamefully you have treated me on this rock! There is no possible mortification to which you have

not subjected me! . . . With cold calculation, you have slowly done me to death! The vile governor has been the executioner appointed by your minister. I end like the proud republic of Venice! I bequeath the shame of my death to the royal family of England! "

Napoleon's ideas of the hereafter were rather pagan than Christian — he pictured a sort of Valhalla, or Mohammedan heaven. As he lies on his deathbed he says, " I shall behold my brave companions in arms in the Elysian fields. Yes, Kléber, Desaix, Bessières, Duroc, Ney, Murat, Masséna, Berthier; all will come to greet me. They will talk to me of what we have done together. On seeing me, they will become once more intoxicated with enthusiasm and glory. We will discourse on our wars with the Scipios, Hannibal, Caesar and Frederick. There will be satisfaction in that unless," he adds, laughing bitterly, " they above should be alarmed to see so many warriors assembled together."

It is reported to him that a comet has been seen, to which he exclaims excitedly, " That was the precursor of the death of Caesar! "

He declares he will die, as he was born, a Catholic. To Antommarchi, who is an atheist, he says, " I believe in God; I am of the religion of my fathers; everyone cannot be an atheist who pleases. Can you disbelieve in God? Everything proclaims His existence, and, besides, the greatest minds have thought so."

The sick man is much wasted; for several weeks he has not been shaved; his face is sunken and dusky. His bed has been carried to the drawingroom, for his bedroom is too confined. He is racked by terrible attacks of gastric spasm. Sometimes he dozes and dreams, and in these dreams women appear to

him. "I saw my good Josephine, but she would not put her arms around me. . . . She was unchanged, loving as always. She said we should soon meet to part no more."

He has the latest newspapers read aloud. An attack on him in one of them excites him, and he has his will brought to him. Breaking the seals he has labouriously affixed, without saying a word he writes with tremulous hand:

"I had the duke d'Enghien arrested and brought to trial because this trial was necessary for the safety, the interest, and the honour of the French people, at a time when the count of Artois, according to his own admission, was maintaining sixty assassins in Paris." He dictates: "Monsieur Le Gouverneur! Emperor Napoleon died on the ——, after a long and painful illness. I have the honour to inform you of the fact. . . . Please let me know what arrangements your government has made for the conveyance of his body to Europe, and also in respect of the members of his suite. . . . Count Montholon, you will sign that."

Who would have expected that destiny would leave this man so much time to contemplate death, this man who faced sudden death so many times on sixty battlefields?

On the 29th of April, 1821, after a feverish night, Napoleon dictates the drafts of two communications, one dealing with the utilization of Versailles, the other with a reorganization of the National Guard. He dictates the superscriptions, "First Dream" and "Second Dream." Next day he sinks into a delirium, and imagines himself on the field of battle. Around him flit the wraiths of his earliest comrades: "Desaix! Masséna! Victory is ours! Quick! Forward! We have them!" He gradually becomes insensible; he scarcely speaks for the next few days.

EVENING GUN

Drip, dripping, drip,
The rain ne'er ceases trip,
Tripping down his windowpane.

Rasp, rasping, rasp,
The willow's ghostly grasp,
Striving, clasps his roof in vain.

THE fourth of May is a dark and melancholy day. The rain falls in torrents, and a fierce gale howls over the drenched crags of St. Helena. Napoleon's favourite willow is torn up by the roots, and every tree at Longwood is laid prostrate in the mud.

The elemental warfare disturbs not the quiet spirit of the dying emperor as, in the darkened chamber, he no longer resists the approach of death. Toward two o'clock that evening, his delirium becomes quite evident and is accompanied by nervous contractions. On the morning of the fifth he articulates a few broken sentences, among which the only words distinguishable are "Tête d'Armée, France," — the last that ever leave his lips.

At six o'clock in the evening a gun from the fort announces the setting of the sun. At the same moment the soul of Napoleon speeds to its last account.

"POSTERITY! WHAT WILL POSTERITY SAY OF ME?"

I never cease to see
The glimpse I had in childhood of his throne,
The back round, like a drum, and on the back
In gold that Saint Helena's burnished since,
The small and simple N, the letter that says "No!" to time.

L'Aiglon (*Rostand*)

DOWN the centuries, Napoleon's name will still be used as an index of the heroic. It is quite likely this would be the natural tribute to his genius even had not Napoleon himself sought all his life long to build up the Napoleonic legend. Characteristic of his type of narcism, the intent early arranged itself that this inner idealism should be so put forth for posterity that it could easily be utilized by the imagination of seekers of the heroic.

Napoleon begins this constellation of his idealized self almost as soon as he achieves command as First Consul. Even before this period, perhaps at the bridge of Lodi, or on the night thereafter when General Bonaparte sees himself as "an exceptional man," he crystallizes his image of a legend worthy of the heroes of antiquity. He certainly lives more and more into this heroic mold when he is not otherwise engaged in an intense subjective projection of his immediate will and purpose.

Narcism is shown not alone in the behaviour of its possessor. It may also be traced in the individual's structural physiog-

nomy through the various developmental epochs. We know that the earliest forms of narcism are aggregated in the physique; it is then slowly symbolized in concepts of the psychic self. Inasmuch as the child is father to the man, it may not be surprising if we are able to trace a continuance of the character-stamp from its physical mould in earliest youth throughout the life cycle. At first we may seem baulked in this speculative attempt, inasmuch as no true likeness of Napoleon is given to us by painters authorized by Napoleon after his coronation. The air of destiny in Napoleon's mind was then crystallized, and he began the baneful career of literally posing for posterity. Yet even this fails to expunge the traces of narcism revealed in physical appearance and bearing that still screens through the artists' conventional representations of Napoleon.

While early sketches of the youthful Napoleon show no particular artistic merit, they nevertheless reveal traits that serve our psychologic interest perhaps quite as well as those of the artists of renown.

The early portraits are replicas in miniature of Letitia's stern, lean and dark countenance. They disclose a fiery temperament. The youth has a defiant look, and is afraid of nothing. The forehead is high, the eyes are large, while the nose is slightly aquiline. The mouth and chin appear to be weak, lacking character. In the main the sketch is of value as it bears distinguishing facial characteristics which cling to Napoleon for several years. In spite of what we know of his advanced mental equipment at this period, the early portraits carry a persistent imprint of childish characteristics — a strong portent in the narcistic makeup. His spindling thinness increases, and to this physical handicap is added a lack of physi-

cal grace. He is never known to sing, to play any musical instrument, or to show eagerness for boyish pastimes that express the carefree moods of his companions.

Even as a youth of twenty-three his face is grave and there is no tendency to smile. "Too many cares spoil my life and influence my disposition. They make me solemn beyond my years." How often do we find Napoleon's characteristic explanation given by many another to account for an inherent makeup. We see in the environment the cause of our own innate characteristics.

Even at Auxonne, when still only a lieutenant-colonel and inspector of artillery, he leans toward the heroic rôle as he writes his needy mother: "My only food is work. I eat once a day." Whether his ill health at this time is due to his penuriousness, to malaria or to a natural anxious restlessness, he looks gaunt and anemic and is repeatedly on the verge of sick leave — this young man who will soon exhibit a hardihood and endurance above those of most men.

When we step into the gallery of Napoleon's portraits we first encounter the work of a well known artist. The Italian campaign is portrayed by Baron Gros. That the artist is enormously impressed by his subject is seen at once. Gros actually took part in Bonaparte's Italian campaign and was present at the perilous taking of the bridge of Lodi. The canvas while it has the elegance of the style of Gros' masters, lacks fidelity to the classic ideal and is seriously marred by sentimentality. It warms Napoleon into more emotional life and feeling than he actually possessed. The whole, however, is dramatic and expresses a noble sort of thought.

A somewhat similar emotional *raison d'être* is later given by Napoleon's visit to the soldiers stricken with the plague in

the Egyptian campaign. Here Gros depicts Napoleon in the heroic rôle of actually touching the victims of the dread disease. It celebrates Napoleon's quelling an incipient panic among his soldiers as they hesitate to advance beyond Acre.

Napoleon is still thin and his skin is like parchment. His lower jaw is very prominent and his nose is slim. His eyes are deep-set behind his bony cheekbones. His expression is one of Spartan hardiness and reserve. In the brilliancy of the second Italian campaign he still wears the sombre look, although he experiences the bright worldly future of an " exceptional man." But now the great disillusionment is upon him; passionate letters are unheeded; Josephine is loth to leave Paris for the possible bleak camp life at the Italian front. His pride is wounded, and soon these wounds will harden into many bitter scars.

We now pass from representations of the stripling to the portraits of the general by David. No longer is the fiery, untamed spirit of venture shown, rather we are made to feel the possibility of conflicts in affairs of state. Napoleon's eyes are now wide open with more intent directness, indicating the working of an unconquerable will. A few actual campaigns have refined the face and figure of this hero of the French Renaissance. Napoleon accomplishes the seemingly impossible task, for he poses for three full hours for David's memorable portrait. David rightly fears that the sitting will never be repeated, for him or any other artist; he therefore makes a tremendous effort to complete the features. He gives us the General in all his pride, vigor and authority, in all the newness and portent of a greater heroic rôle to come. It contains the acme of the sharp, keen qualities which, though constant in the early portraits, are summated here. It almost begins to

show an innate trace of a hardening decadence from this first fruition. The pinions of this eagle are poised for the flight toward Paris to find a resting place beneath the great dome of Notre Dame — the coronation less than three years distant.

Let us note the change of manner and style of Napoleon's appearance. His hair is no longer worn long, tied behind with a ribbon as in the eighteenth century. Styles have changed everywhere, and not merely the change of climate in the Egyptian campaign has brought about Napoleon's leaning toward wearing the hair short. Whatever the reason, we see the fine modeling of the classic type of head of Napoleon. The hair is saved from the unhealthy powdering and comes out almost glossy black. His general physical health has improved and the cadaveric thinness gives way to a more mature robustness.

Longhi's portrait of Napoleon as first consul is strikingly similar to the death mask. It is the least flattering and probably the most like Napoleon at this time. Here are the absently gazing eyes as though their possessor were concerned with a now unobvious subject. The chin and jaw are heavy; while the upper lip is thin, with a feminine curl of lip that must have given its possessor a mocking sense of sweetness; the corners of the lips are pinched, which but adds to the delicate modeling of the mouth. This, as so frequently noted in the character-type which we have demarcated, throws the upper face in striking contrast to the lower; the upper, powerful, remotely commanding the lower, which is delicate with a feminine sensitiveness that marks its possessor as oversensuous.

All through the consulate of the ensuing three years there takes place a retrograde change from the eagerness, aliveness and outgoing qualities so clearly revealed in the earlier portraits. Isabey perhaps unconsciously portrays this subtle change.

It screens by and through all censorship between emperor and artist. The actual change is not so much in quantity as in quality. Napoleon has now reached the full embodiment of a ruler and chief of state — gone forever are the features of the dingily attired and half-starved artillery officer. Isabey's well known sepia of Napoleon walking in the garden at Malmaison is the best of its kind. Napoleon will not pose, but the artist may "catch as catch can" this veritable restless, turbulent embodiment of the French revolution, now foregone. The artist tells us that at Malmaison he executed the first full length portrait of General Bonaparte that was ever made. "From morning till night I can follow him with my eyes as he promenades all alone in the grounds, buried in thought, his hands behind his back. I can thus easily seize his pensive expression and mark the outlines of his body." When the canvas is finished he gives it to the general, who is pleased with the likeness and congratulates him especially on having been able to do the work without his having to pose.

David, closely associated with Napoleon, presents a pretentious canvas of *Napoleon Crossing the Alps*. Though purely imaginative, it depicts strongly the grandeur, magnificence, triumph and splendor of Napoleonic deeds already achieved and still greater ones to come. The charger is not less impassioned than its rider in the sense of appreciation of the almost impossible bravery of conquering the Alps. "Soldiers, Hannibal crossed the Alps, but I have turned them"; in this moment Napoleon's idea of the Simplon Pass is born. David gives full dramatic force to his painting. In actual artistic worth it is unconvincing and lacks the impressionism and beauty of the later and more ambitious painting of the coronation.

Napoleon at Malmaison, by Isabey

David's *Coronation of Napoleon* is an artistic triumph depicting the zenith of Napoleon's imperial investure. All the world here shall see and know that Napoleon is veritably the Emperor of the French. The splendour, panoply and pomp of the ages contribute to this scene. In the very centre stands Napoleon, resplendent with glory and grandeur. Two years elapse after the coronation before David finishes this great painting. Napoleon comes to talk with the painter but not to pose; he no longer censors what the painter has painted of him, but actually directs, and David listens and obeys cheerfully. Nor is the painting less dramatic or ill-conceived. Napoleon knows best what he desires to preserve for posterity. Though the coronation takes place in Notre Dame, one would not be able to visualize it in this painting. Roman, not Gothic, architecture is befitting the crowning of this modern Caesar. In David's very impressive painting posterity shall thus see Napoleon portrayed by his own imperial command. Pope Pius is not without a place in the ceremony of Napoleon crowning himself and his empress, but he is only a secondary figure; lest the artist paint him merely as an onlooker, Napoleon orders David to give him some gesture of action, and so the artist discreetly depicts the Pope putting forth his hand in approval, blessing the imperial pair.

The empire must be further expanded, glorified and immortalized in art, and now we have David's painting, *The Distribution of the Eagles,* a custom in Imperial Rome before and after the enlargements of empire came to pass. In the centre Napoleon is figured in imperial robes, the dispensor of all glory, so dear to the valourous soldier's heart. Though the painting is crude and quite artificial, David renders a nobility and beauty to the scene quite in keeping with all this work.

Scarcely have the *te deums* of the coronation of this Caesar of the Nineteenth Century faded e'er this romancer of the heroic starts afresh to build the fable and legend of his reign. Over eighty thousand works of art are the outcome of his initiative, and no other modern has been the inspiration of so prolific an output of portraiture. Over three thousand of these are caricatures. The Napoleonic dread of ridicule is supposed to have been one of the chief causes of the broken treaty of Amiens, so greatly perturbed is the narcist of anything that may dim the lustre of his personal worth. "Your English newspapers do nothing but ridicule me!" is Napoleon's petulant cry at the memorable break between England and the French Republic.

The Madeleine, a classic Roman temple, springs from his fertile mind doubtless suggested to his sportive imagination by the Roman Maison Carrée at Nîmes in Southern France. As a sacred edifice the interior is incongruous; it is in the architectural style of a Roman bath, but Napoleon really intended it as a hall of Fame, and some day a laggard people may restore it to its original purpose.

Napoleon has nicely blended his own ideas with Caesarian principles of grandeur. Nor is he content with these but must rear a replica of the Column of Trajan in the great square laid out by Louis XIV. The removal to Paris of the actual column of Trajan in Rome was contemplated by Napoleon, but this failed due to the pressure of public opinion.

Napoleon's monument, the Column of the Grand Army in the Place Vendôme, is even more magnificent than its model. It dully proclaims in mute brass and bronze the beaten cannon and armaments of capture from his enemies. Upon this tall column Napoleon mounts for all time. It is purely Roman,

even to the spiral bands of Napoleon's victories that wind their toilsome way up to the togaed figure at the top, the statue of Napoleon as a Roman Senator.

Not content with the fulfilment of these architectural dreams, Napoleon inspires his architects still further to reproduce two great triumphal arches, one of which is a replica of the Arch of Constantine in Rome. In the Arc du Carrousel the architects even bettered their Roman model. Here atop are the scenes of Venetian triumph, the plunder of the four horses of Saint Mark, once the glory of Nero's arch in Rome showing the imperialism of a Roman conquest, even as Napoleon now dreams of the modern world. Napoleon sees to it that the arch is no mean caricature but a faithful copy, line for line, of the original monument.

The Arc de Triomphe is by far the largest and grandest in the world. Napoleon will not live to see its completion, but in the second burial of his ashes, the cortège is to pass beneath the arch, a mute witness of his triumph over time and death. In fact the arch outdoes the Romans themselves. Not even Augustus Caesar attempted to build so great a monument to personal ambition. "It must not merely equal, it must surpass the past," is Napoleon's order.

While in Italy Napoleon comes in contact with the great Italian sculptor, Canova. His classic style is placed at the disposal of Napoleon, and he makes a number of studies and completes at least two important works of sculpture. We have a statue by Canova in the classic Roman style of an emperor. Napoleon's figure is shown in the heroically nude on hellenic lines, but only the head is that of Napoleon; it is placed on the astoundingly beautiful body of a vigorous Greek athlete. On his right forearm is a statue of Victory; in the left hand,

a Roman Caesar's staff of imperial sway. The statue is very handsome and pleases our newly fledged emperor very much. Has he not come as close as possible to the imperial investure of a Roman Caesar in the assumption of the Carlovingian crown? Even as the Caesars were deified before their death, so while Napoleon still lives he would make himself a demi-god. Alexander declared himself the son of Jupiter, and might not Napoleon also approximate his desire for glorification? All despotic rulers automatically seek kinship with Jehovah and in many lesser men of the Napoleonic mold it is buried not so deeply.

Napoleon tries in vain to urge Canova to come to Paris and devote his highly artistic abilities to immortalizing the heroic of his reign. In his attempt to live the heroic rôle, Napoleon finds imaginative precedence in Tiberius who had his statue made with the body of a nude Greek god, with a bearing of aloofness, a certain abstractness and a continual reminiscence of the antique. In the statue of Napoleon there is more than a hint of Octavius before he became emperor. Perhaps the fact that Octavius too was short suggested to Canova the possibility of disguising Napoleon's low stature as was that of the earlier emperor.

And now Napoleon adopts Gérard, who becomes associated with him in painting the members of the imperial family. His style is imposing, nobler minded and more classic than David attempts, but what is more significant, the slight changes scarcely detectable before now begin to be obvious. The facial outlines show a softening and blurring. This passes from mere slight detection to open and unmistakable deterioration as Napoleon begins to take on the soft, stout, indolent characteristics shown in his father's portraits.

The dead Napoleon, by Vernet

In the previous portraitures we note the outstanding characteristics to be his deep frown and straightforward gaze, suggestive of reflection and stern purpose, the features of a man self-made and self-willed, early accustomed to command. But their possessor is commanded by an inner man of destiny, and this destiny will ultimately work its will even against the remaining personality and its best interests. This is the narcism which we know is the unconscious implantation of the maternal identification gathered into the ego-ideal and projected into and through the world's affairs, so long as it has purpose and power of sway.

The admixture of the continued stiffening and hardening process of Napoleon's narcism must have led him to adjudge these falsely as expressions of sublimity and grandeur. The austerity passes for a recapture of ancient heroic legends of an Alexander or a Caesar. And thus we see continually a shadow of withdrawn inner reflection laid and overlaid in the succeeding portraits that might have pleased Napoleon in his artists' attempts to add continually new distinction and lustre to their august patron.

One finds an increasing aloofness and separateness in the later portraits as though here were the limits of a superman, who, as we know, often said, "I am not as other men; I am a law unto myself." The sharp saliency of his eyes gradually gives way to something duller, and the rotund fatness of the features stamps out the shrewd hardness of former expressive lines. Slowly but surely they are replaced by washed-out features that suggest the thin trappings of a phantom senility, but is really the stamp of the strange involution of a functionally ossified system of ideas clogged by disuse, a sort of spiritual rust or premature crystallization.

In portraits of Napoleon after his fortieth year we find that his face has lost the eager lines; the features which were so fine are now masked by heavy folds of fat and protruding chin. The mouth loses its authoritative quality; the eyes, although still fairly keen, have lost their aquiline clearness. There is an almost infantile pout to the mouth of this man at whose voice all Europe trembles. So far as possible Napoleon does not tolerate portraits which show him in an unfavorable light. These later likenesses show the way the deterioration goes on, and the results with which we are familiar.

In Ingres' sketch made during a mass at the Tuileries, the eyes are half closed, dreamy, one might say almost stupid, the face is wooden and impassive. The mouth is again shown as pouting and the cheeks are drawn in, suggestive of a sucking movement. The whole expression is blank and set, and very unflattering to Napoleon's conception of a superman. As the idealized portraits come more and more to the fore, we see more flattering portraiture in which the eyes are dominant, as though their possessor were distant in spirit. The set pattern of Napoleon's features is still there but much submerged and overlaid by fat, yet something of the alive vigour and alertness passes to a distinct posing, as though the contemplated dream of far distant greatness is nearer fruition, almost fulfilled.

The general change which Napoleon's physiognomy undergoes is evidenced in a gradual loosening of the frown of apprehensive tension, a corresponding tightening of the pout pattern, a marked shortening of the upper lip and a deeper indentation or pinch of the corners into the cheek. This is easily seen by comparing the faces in chronological order.

One may hazard the supposition that the possible dominant

fixations noted in Napoleon's character are preëminently oral eroticism with an admixture of the power-mechanism of the anal character — acquisitiveness of power rather than its autocratic consolidation and perpetuation. So long as his dynamism of character remained essentially mobile and depended upon a continuance of this characteristic, he moved on and upward.

The portraits of Napoleon in 1814 and 1815 would seem to hold some of the characteristics we know that he possessed at this time. His muscles are still powerful, but he is supersensitive and nervous. Accustomed to command, he cannot endure anything in the nature of compulsion. If his clothing is at all tight he will tear off his coat, and in a mood of irritation gives the servant a box on the ears. He often jumps up from the table without eating breakfast, and strides up and down. He soothes his exhausted nerves by spending hours in a hot bath. "If it were not that my blood works so slowly I would go mad."

Gérard, sensing the dramatic culmination of Napoleon's military strategy, uses the topic of the *Battle of Austerlitz* for his immense canvas. Napoleon himself gives approval.

Meissonier's gift of direct and forceful descriptive painting is requisitioned from the actual and factual portrayal of *Friedland,* and *The March from Moscow.* In both the glamorous pose of 1807 and the sombre intentness of the Russian resolve of 1814 are faithfully given — in fact too faithfully for the present-day artist's satisfaction. Meissonier takes such pains with an exact likeness that it is almost painfully descriptive and photographic. To such degree did the artist faithfully portray his own idea of Napoleon that he himself poses in Napoleon's great coat and by a system of mirrors paints himself as Napo-

leon. The congealed inner resolve of Napoleon is in happy though dreadful accord with the bleak landscape of this Russian campaign. The expression about the eyes even shows a touch of misgiving and Napoleon's cautious dread of the outcome. So deeply is the concern upon this inner resolve that Napoleon's energy seems insufficient for careful preparation for the preservation and comfort of the Grand Army. Meissonier has unconsciously portrayed the stolidity of Napoleon as he rides at the front of his vast army, on and on, day after day. An air of mystery and awe seems to enshroud this almost spectral staff as they follow their spectral world-conqueror. The idealized demigod has met a reverse, and the general and strategist are stunned, awaiting the recovery of this innermost dictator of destiny; it holds sway over all and cannot be cast aside. Meissonier has painted Napoleon on the march from Moscow even better than he knew; his painting is a truly great psychologic work of art.

The audience has gone home; the theatre is darkened. No longer will the Parisians look for caviar victories for breakfast. The Russians are within the gates of the city to collect for the last consignment of 1812, now much overdue. Every nation feels somewhat the same: They call him Napoleon, the outlaw, the usurper, the upstart. Napoleon is now on the Bellerophon on his way to permanent exile at St. Helena. The English artist Orchardson, despite the British dislike of Napoleon and the fact that their national debt is Napoleon's monument, presents a faithful and impressive picture of the dethroned emperor on shipboard. It is a fine and characteristic pose. Dejected and sombre, Napoleon stands and takes one long, lingering look at the vanishing shores of France, which he will never see again. "Land of the brave, I salute thee!

Napoleon Bonaparte
1769-1821
Death-mask

Farewell! France, farewell!" The portrait is touched with legendary heroism and resignation.

We see Napoleon much more universally and nobly done in the dramatic portrayal by Rude, who began in a fine classic style but debased his art with too much sentimentality. Here we have a symbol of the *alpha* and *omega* of Napoleon's birth and death, one of the most imaginative of all the Napoleonic works of art. Napoleon is just waking to immortality; his eyes are not yet open, the sleeping cowl is thrown back, and his spirit is on the point of rising from the couch of stone to the after life which he had pictured as a Valhalla of kindred heroic spirits.

In the death mask, we see a characteristic not infrequently observed in the faces of people immediately after death. The grosser characteristics of the conscious control of the features disappear, and in the repose of death appears something which is perhaps unconscious from the natal hour; something sweeter, finer, more spiritual. In this very valuable piece of evidence we see how the flesh has fallen away, and Napoleon's features seem to return to the earlier ideals of himself.

The drawing by Horace Vernet of Napoleon lying in death is founded on the mask, and has given us what we have already suggested, that Napoleon underwent a purification, a regression to earliest infancy; a renaissance of the soul.

In keeping with his spirit, as though he still inspired the French though two decades had passed since his death, the Dome des Invalides is rebuilt from the Louis XIV period to receive his ashes. A crypt is constructed, and here at last rests this colossus of a modern Caesar, in his splendid porphyry sarcophagus, isolated from all other French rulers, in a tomb

more magnificent and awe-inspiring than those of Alexander and Caesar.

The mysteries of the Napoleonic legend have attracted many artists down to the present, although the idea of the heroic rôle was started by Napoleon in his own day and spread tremendously after his death. Not only French artists, but artists of other countries have returned again and again to the theme of Napoleon's reign as a most inspiring one. Endless works of art dealing with Napoleon have been done since his death. Some of them are merely good illustrations; others are works of art of very considerable merit. As an illustration we have a picture of Napoleon as a lad in the military school at Brienne; he had to suffer some such kind of ridicule and contempt as suggested here. This is a type of the endless illustrations which have been founded on his legend.

Napoleon had early learned that the power of his all prevailing sword could be enhanced by the spoken and written word. Thus he weaves line on line the fabric of his immortality. From the distant ocean-rock it held its sway until the legend extended in the minds of those thirsty souls who possessed so little of the heroic in their own lives. It is his apocrapha, written by Napoleon about this idealized self no longer ranging the world of actual deeds. He daily spins the cocoon of his legend, and while his memoirs deal almost exclusively with his rapid ascent to supreme power and his defeat, he lends all these moments a magiclike quality — more than the deeds of a superman, veritably those of a demigod, the only substance out of which an enduring legendary character can be made.

Faintly he recognizes the worth of a complete nationality movement, because this would require the dispossession of

himself as the central figure, — the very injection of himself as such really started the nationality movement. It is a reaction to this attitude that Napoleon egoistically tried to foist upon Europe. His pose of champion and martyr to the nationality principle against the Holy Alliance falls at Waterloo. Even the memory of a Bonaparte as the usurper, or as the antique republican hero of Rousseau and other idealists, has to be expunged, and this Napoleon almost accomplishes, as he dictates specious sophistry to his associates. He strives to put the head and tail of his career close together by taking out the despotic interludes. His egoistic pursuits being thus eliminated, a hero is born. The sublime Napoleon thus stands among the Immortals: a republican, a lover of liberty, a champion of the Revolution, a hero of independence, a friend of oppressed peoples; but in its shadow lurks the ruthless militarist, conqueror and despot.

This illustrious myth aids not a little in the restoration of the Napoleonic dynasty in 1852. Napoleon's insatiable craving for renown exceeds his desire for immediate praise, despite his inordinate craving for the latter. Not only must he be considered the greatest man of his age, but a fit companion of the more ancient heroes, Alexander and Caesar. To the last moment in his island prison he sees to it that all the ugly vicissitudes of his unparalleled career shall be obliterated as completely as he and his able companions are able to make them.

A part acceptance of his specious casuistry, only, is easily the beginning of the foundation of the legend of the Napoleonic worship, and as he himself so well knew, no earnest historic research could prevail against the imaginative enthusiasm of seekers of the heroic in his favour. These fables which he helps to create are even recounted as authentic, though the writers

of history have earnestly striven to exclude them. Do what we may, the fictitious Napoleon will die hard; the masses of the people will still invest him with the halo of mystery, superstition, romance and superhuman power over people and events. Poets, painters and novelists will contribute to build up the myths surrounding him.

Raffet years ago began the symbolical and mystical treatment of the Napoleonic cycle; for example, his *Retreat of the Sacred Battalion at Waterloo,* and there can be no finer example of idealization in art than the *Nocturne.* It is the bizarre apotheosis of the imperial drama, a weird and fantastic bit of impressionism: It is midnight in the Champs-Élysées. A cold wind blows; the moon is partly hidden by clouds. Suddenly appears the phantom army. The dead Napoleon holds a review of spectres, "aroused for one night from eternal slumber by the sound of the trumpet. An army of horsemen pass by like a whirlwind, and salute with their swords the modern Caesar on his white charger." They come from all parts of the world, soldiers from the burning sands of Egypt, the snowy steppes of Russia, the vineyard-dotted fields of Italy, to participate in the review, only to melt away into the land of shadows at the first blush of dawn.

Everything connected with Napoleon is theatrical, his coronation, his death, his funeral. The second funeral created a tremendous furore in France and did much to perpetuate the legends. On the Esplanade des Invalides, the giant funeral car passed between an avenue of thirty-two statues of famous kings and heroes. Oddly enough, this hedge of statues ended in one of Napoleon himself. The incongruity of the arrangement struck even the urchins, who pointed out that the emperor brought up his own procession. Thackeray, who was present,

The awakening of Napoleon, by Rude

said, "Bertrand put on the body the most glorious victorious sword that ever has been forged since the apt descendants of the first murderer learned how to hammer steel."

Who shall say that the sword of Napoleon's spirit has not conquered in spite of all? The great romancer at last wins and conquers all meanness in the actual Napoleon. Casting the legendary Napoleon aside, the truth remains: his genius as a sovereign and a great military strategist is perhaps almost unparalleled. Let us acclaim the real Napoleon in his own words:

"After all, what a romance my life has been!"

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Abbott, J. S. C., "Napoleon at St. Helena; interesting anecdotes." Harper, 1871.

Antommarchi, F., "The Last Days of Napoleon." London, 1826.

Beardsley, E. M., "Napoleon: the Fall." London, 1918.

de Beauchamp, A., "Napoleon; an authentic narrative of the campaign of 1815." London, 1815.

Bonaparte, Louis, "A Reply to Sir Walter Scott's History of Napoleon, by the Brother of the Emperor." London, 1829.

Bourne, G., "The History of Napoleon Bonaparte." Baltimore, 1806.

Browning, Oscar, "Napoleon, the First Phase." London, 1905.

de Bourrienne, L. A. F., "Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte." Paris, 1850.

de Chateaubriand, F. A., "Portrait of Bonaparte; being a view of his Administration." New York, 1814.

Doris, Charles, "Secret Memoirs of Napoleon," published anonymously in 1815; London edition, 1896.

Encyclopedia Britannica, 12th ed., Volume V.

Evans, Henry Ridgely, "The Mythical Napoleon." Open Court Pub. Co., 1905.

Fisher, H., "Napoleon." London, 1921.

Fournier, A., "Napoleon the First." Holt, 1925.

Geer, Walter, "Napoleon and Josephine." Brentano's, 1924.

Gibbs, M. B., "The Military Career of Napoleon the Great." Chicago, 1895.

Hazlitt, William, "The Life of Napoleon Buonaparte." 3 vols. New York, 1847.

Horne, R. H., "The History of Napoleon Bonaparte." London, 1879.

Jung, Th., "Mémoires de Lucien."

Junot, Duchesse, "Memoirs of Napoleon, his court and family." Appleton, 1854.

Lanfrey, P., "The History of Napoleon the First." Macmillan, 1894.

Las Cases, E., "Memoirs of the life, etc., of Emperor Napoleon." 4 vols. New York, 1855.

Latimer, E. W., "Talks of Napoleon at St. Helena with General Baron Gourgaud," trans. 1903.

Laurent, P. M., "History of Napoleon." 2 vols. Appleton, 1864.

Lévy, Arthur, "The Private Life of Napoleon." Scribner, 1894.

MacFarlane, Charles, "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte." London, 188–.

de Montholon, C. J., "History of Captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena." 4 vols. 1846–7.

Morgan, James, "In the Footsteps of Napoleon." Macmillan, 1915.

Napoleon I., "The Table Talk and Opinions of Napoleon." London, 1868.

Napoleon I., "Napoleon's Dream Book, Fortune-telling, etc." Dick and Fitzgerald, 1901.

Napoleon I., "The Corsican, a diary of Napoleon's Life." Houghton, Mifflin, 1910.

O'Meara, B. A., "Historical Memoirs of Napoleon." A. Small, 1820.

Reid, W. H., "Life and Campaigns of Napoleon Bonaparte." 1849.

Rosebery, Lord, "Napoleon, the Last Phase." Harper & Bros., 1901.

Seeley, Sir John Robert, "A Short History of Napoleon." Boston, 1886.

de Ségur, P. A., "Mémoires." Paris, 1873.

Sloane, W. M., "The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte." Century Company, 1896.

de Talleyrand, C. M., "From Consul to Emperor." Classic Memoirs. London, 1901.

Vieusseux, A., "Napoleon Bonaparte, his sayings and his deeds." London, 1846.

INDEX

abdication, 181 f
Aboukir, 58 ff
Acre, 57, 60, 94, 144, 228
L'Aiglon, 225
Ajaccio, 20 ff, 24, 60
Alexander I of Russia, 117 f, 121 f, 126 f, 131, 156 f, 161, 163 f, 166, 170 f, 182
Alexander the Great, 52, 109, 143, 152, 195, 220, 234 f, 240
Alps, 120 f, 105, 218, 230
Alvinzi, Joseph, 42
America, 221
Amiens, 232
Amsterdam, 218
Ancients, Council of, 63, 65
Antonmarchi, Francesco, 207, 220, 222
Antwerp, 218
Arc de Triomphe, 233
Arc du Carrousel, 233
Arcola, 41
art, viii, 46 f, 128 f, 186, 219, 232
d'Artois, Comte (Charles X), 223
Asia, 121, 124, 152, 157
Aspern-Essling, 118
Assembly, the, 24, 65, 92 f
Attila and Leo, 44
Augereau, P. C. F., 41, 103
Austerlitz, 116 f, 126, 145, 158 f, 192, 194, 206, 212, 214
Austria, 34, 38, 40, 42, 114, 117, 121, 156 f, 191, 209
Autun, 7 f
Auxonne, 19, 24, 227
Avignon, 27

Bank of France, 72 f
Barras, Paul Jean, 35 ff, 62, 67 f
Bastia, 21 f
Bastille, the, 20
Bayonne, 218
Beauharnais, Eugène de, 85, 139, 159, 174, 208
Beauharnais, Josephine de, 35 ff, 40, 52, 57, 77, 84, 89, 107 ff, 112, 148, 151 f, 182, 185 f, 206, 208 f, 223, 228
Belgium, 193
Bellerophon, The, 238
Beresina, 177, 195
Berlin, 171, 219
Bernadotte, J. B. J., 120
Berthier, Alexandre, 222
Bertrand, Henri, 192, 203, 207, 221, 243
Bertrand, Mme., 185
Bessières, J. B., 117, 222

Blücher, G. L. von, 194 ff, 199, 205
Bologna, 40
Bonaparte, Caroline, 183
Bonaparte, Charles, 3, 13 f, 23, 234
Bonaparte, Elise, 183, 221
Bonaparte, Jerome, 135, 157, 182
Bonaparte, Joseph, 6 ff, 14, 21 f, 51, 56, 107, 112, 132, 136, 138
Bonaparte, Louis, 41, 107
Bonaparte, Lucien (uncle), 15
Bonaparte, Lucien, 12, 57, 65, 67, 69 ff, 107, 112, 133–140, 148 f, 183
Bordeaux, 218
Bormida, 103
Borodino, 92, 95, 157 ff, 164, 173, 194 f, 215, 220
Bosphoros, 121
Boulogne, 50
Bourbons, 33, 63, 71, 88, 114, 187 f
Bourrienne, L. A. F. de, 11, 45, 47 f, 67, 91, 151
Brienne, 8, 10–13, 240
Brussels, 112, 193, 196, 200
Buttafuoco, Matteo, 23

Caesar, Augustus, 111, 233
Caesar, Julius, 66 f, 85, 87, 91, 111, 130, 142, 195, 220, 222, 235, 240
Caesar, Octavius, 234
Caesar, Tiberius, 234
Cairo, 54, 56
Camelet, 37
Campo-Formio, 111, 156
Canova, Antonio, 233 f
Carlsruhe, 92
Castiglione, 40
Catechism, Imperial, 110, 149
Catinat, 85
Caulaincourt, A. A. L. de, 166, 181 f
Chardon, Abbé, 7
Charlemagne, 52, 189
Charles V, 112
Charles, Archduke of Austria, 118
Charles XII, 189
Cherbourg, 218
Code Napoléon, 119, 211 f
Condé, 85
Constantine, Grand Duke, 117
Constantinople, 121, 124
Constitution, 44, 67 f
Consulate, 72, 75
Continental System, 156, 166, 179
Convention, 29
Corniche, La, 218
Coronations, 107 ff, 231, 234
Corsica, 2, 8, 18, 20 ff, 44, 220
Cossacks, 174
Cromwell, Oliver, 66 f, 210

Dante, 195
David, J. L., 105, 228, 230 f
Davout, L. N., 117

death, 139, 143, 182 ff
Decrès, Adm., 155
Desaix de Veygoux, L. C. A., 80, 82, 103, 222 f
Directory, 39, 43 f, 46, 49, 62 f, 65, 70
Discipline, Laxity of, 18
divorce, 150 f
Drake, 88
Dresden, 156, 216, 220
Drouot, A., 204
Dunkirk, 218
Duroc, G. C. M., 222
Duteil, J., 30

Eckmühl, 215
Egypt, 51 f, 63, 80, 92 f, 154, 161, 177, 228 f
Elba, 10, 79, 182 f, 185 ff, 204
Ellis, Havelock, v
Enghein, Duc d', 82, 88, 90, 120, 201, 209, 223
England, 44, 49 f, 60, 70, 98, 114, 118 f, 154 ff, 172, 192, 195 ff, 207 f, 221 f
epilepsy, 18, 69, 91–97, 118, 158 ff
Erfurt, 126, 131 f
Euphrates, 121

Faure, Eli, v
Ferdinand, Archduke, 94
Ferrara, 40
Fesch, Joseph, Cardinal, 3, 6, 14, 21
Flushing, 218
Fontainebleau, 182 ff
Fontanes, Louis de, 85, 87
Fouché, Joseph, 63, 70, 140, 149, 156, 183
Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, 152
Frederick the Great, 85, 143, 189, 222
Frederick William, 94
Freud, Sigmund, ix f, xiii
Friedland, 105, 126, 194, 215, 237

Galicia, 157
Galitzin, Prince, 164
Ganges, 172
Gaul, 142
genius, 216 ff
George III, 60, 98
Gerard, F. P., 234, 237
Germany, 39, 95, 126, 186, 196
Girondists, 27
Goethe, J. W., 127 ff
Gourgaud, Gaspard, 186, 203 f, 207 f
Grenville, Lord, 98
Grétry, A. E. M., 112
Gros, A. J., 227 f
Grouchy, Emmanuel de, 195, 215
Guard, Imperial, 117

Hannibal, 143, 195, 222, 230
Hapsburg, 186
Havre, 218
Heine, Heinrich, v

Henry VI, 85
Henry VIII, 88
history, vii, ix
Holland, 120
Hugo, Victor, 199
Hundred Days, the, 95 f

India, 121, 124, 143, 155
infantility, xiv f, 25, 48, 123 f, 144 f, 147–150, 154, 176
Ingres, J. A. D., 236
insanity, 124 f, 201
Institute, 47
Invalides, the, 239
Isabey, J. B., 229 f
Issus, 55
Italy, 122, 161, 179, 219, 227 f, 233
Italy, Army of, 29, 31

Jacobins, 27, 67 f, 70, 77, 88
Jena, 92, 94, 129, 192, 194
Jesus, v
Junot, Andoche, 80, 159

Kléber, J. B., 58, 104, 222
Kremlin, 165 ff, 183, 220
Kutusoff, Mikhail, 117, 158, 173

Lannes, Jean, 41, 82, 99, 155
Las Cases, E. A. D. de, 209 f, 219
Lavellette, 188
Leghorn, 40
Legion of Honour, 119, 131, 220
Legnano, 39
Leipsic, 194
Leoben, 201
Literary activity of N., 16, 19, 23 f, 27 f
Lodi, 39, 48, 66, 212, 225, 227
Lombardy, 39, 42
Longhi, Giuseppe, 229
Longwood, 206, 224
Louis XIV, 232
Louis XVIII, 186 f
Louvre, 218
love, 77, 80, 103, 140, 144 f, 147 f
Lowe, Hudson, 204, 206, 208
Luxembourg, 72
Lyons, 218
Lyons Academy Prize, 23 f

Madeleine, 232
Madrid, 171
Mahomet, 91, 110
Mainz, 218
Maitland, F. L., 202
Malet, C. F. de, 173
Malmaison, 185, 230
Malta, 53
Mantua, 39, 133
Marboeuf, de, 7
Marengo, 103, 144, 159, 206, 214
Marie-Louise, 79, 152, 182, 186, 206, 209
Marmont, A. F. L. V. de, 40 f, 158
Marriage to Josephine, 36 f

Masséna, André, 120, 222 f
Meissonier, J. L. E., 237 f
Metapsychology, ix
Metz, 218
Michelangelo, 195
Milan, 40, 43, 46, 107, 109, 171
Mont Cenis, 218
Mont Genèvre, 218
Montholon, Charles, Comte de, 203, 207, 223
Montholon, Comtesse de, 209
Mont St. Jean, 196 ff
Moreau, Jean Victor, 55
Moscow, 158, 164, 167 ff, 220, 237
Moulins, Camille des, 67 f
Muiron, Captain, 30, 41
Murad, 58
Murat, Joachim, 70, 107, 117, 120, 157 f, 172, 183, 222

Naples, 40, 138
narcism, x, xiii ff, 9, 12, 14 f, 22, 34, 45 f, 47, 49, 51, 57, 65, 73–81, 89, 97, 103, 111, 121 ff, 128 f, 137, 154, 162 f, 175, 178, 183 f, 189, 195, 225 f, 235
navy, 119
Nelson, Horatio, 55
Nero, 85
Ney, Michel, 157 f, 174, 200, 222
Nice, 218
Niemann, 178
Nîmes, 232
Notre Dame de Paris, 107, 177, 229, 231

Oberon, 129
Oedipe, 126
O'Meara, B. E., 206, 210
Orcha, 175
Orchardson, W. Q., 238
Orezza, 21 f
Ostende, 192

Paoli, Pasquale, 8, 19 f, 21 f, 23
papacy, 43
Paris, 32 f, 45, 51, 70 f, 89, 107, 117, 158, 161, 178, 181 f, 187, 190, 197, 228 f, 234, 238
Paris Cadet School, 14 f
Paris Opera, 89 f
Parma, 218
Piedmont, 218
Pius VI, Pope, 43 f
Pius VII, Pope, 107 ff, 183, 231
Plutarch, 46
Poland, 78 f, 157, 215
Polignac, A. J. M. H. de, 88
Poniatowski, Prince, J. A., 159
Ponte Nuovo, 22
portraiture, 225–239
Prussia, 94, 129, 181, 191, 197
psychoanalysis, viii ff, xiii
Pyramids, 54, 145
Pyrenees, 218

Raffet, 242
Ramolino, Letizia — Mme. Mère, 3 ff, 19, 45, 73, 107, 112, 226

Raoul, 200
Rapp, Jean, 204
Rasputin, 164
Récamier, Mme., 113
Regnault, J. B., 166
religion, viii, 53, 110 f, 130, 222
Rémusat, Mme. de, 92
Rhine, 196, 218
Rhodes, 57
Rivoli, 42
Robespierre, Maximilian, 32
Rome, 85, 183, 218, 231
Rome, Roi de, 156, 158, 173, 181 f, 206
Rostand, Edmond, 225
Rostino, 21
Rousseau, Jean Jacques, 2, 241
royalists, 71
Rude, Francois, 239
Rumianzoff, Count, 126
Russia, xiii, 79, 92, 95, 114 f, 117 f, 121, 131, 144, 153, 155 ff, 160 ff, 170, 174 ff, 189, 191, 200 f, 209, 238

Saint Bernard Pass, 99
Saint Cloud, 65 f, 136
Saint Helena, 97, 195, 200, 202–211, 216, 220 f, 224, 238
Saint Petersburg, 132
Saint Roche, 32
Salamanca, 158
Savona, 218
Schönbrunn, 165, 168
Scipio, 222
Seine, 218
Selim, Sultan of Turkey, 142
Senate, 178
senility, 123 f, 189, 195, 221
Sérurier, Gen., 69
Shakespeare, William, 128
Sieyès, Abbé, 63, 71
Simplon, 218, 230
Smolensk, 157, 174
Soult, Nicolas, 117
Spain, 158
Spezia, 218
Strasburg, 92
Studjenka, 176
Stuttgart, 92
submarine, the, 50 f
suicidal tendency, 45, 183
Supper of Beaucaire, 27 ff
Suvaroff, A. V., 171

Tabor, Mount, 58
Tacitus, 85, 130
Talleyrand, Prince, 63 f, 70, 92 f, 98, 125 f, 140, 149, 182
Tallien, J. L., 37
Tamerlane, 219
Tartars, 166
Thackeray, W. M., 242
Tiflis, 172
Tilsit, 121
Tingres, 196
Toulon, 26, 29 f, 40
Tours, 218
Tuileries, 104, 107, 236
Turenne, 143
Turkey, 32, 140

Tuscany, 186
Tyrol, 42

Ulm, 114, 214
Urbino, 40

Valence, 19, 45
Venice, 39, 218, 222
Vernet, Horace, 239
Verona, 39, 42
Versailles, 223
Vienna, 115, 158, 171, 187, 191
Vilna, 177
Vistula, 156
Voltaire, 126

Wagram, 95, 118, 201
Walewska, Countess, 78 f, 183, 186
Waterloo, 96, 144, 192–201, 211, 215 f, 220, 241
Weiland, C. M., 128 ff
Weimar, 128
Wellington, Duke of, 192 ff, 197
Wells, H. G., v
Werther, 127